WIRE

Smegma

Cum on feel the noize

DABRYE BIOSPHERE AKIO SUZUKI & JOHN BUTCHER
DIE TRIP COMPUTER DIE BRIAN ENO
Philip Samartzis Leopard Leg John Wiese

THE WIRE 270 AUGUST 2006 www.thewire.co.uk

£3.80 9 770962 068076 08
THE WIRE 270 AUGUST 2006
Adventures In Modern Music

On Saturday 2 July 2005 ten concerts took place around the world as part of Live 8 in support of the campaign to Make Poverty History. One of these concerts was Africa Calling. Produced in association with WOMAD, the day featured an extraordinary line-up of some of Africa's finest artists, performing in the spectacular setting of Eden.

LIVE 8 AT EDEN
[AFRICA CALLING]

This album is a record of a unique day, in celebration of the music and spirit of Africa, featuring

YOUSSOU N'DOUR • ANGELIQUE KIDJO • MARIZA • TINARIWEN
DAARA J • THOMAS MAPFUMO • AYUB OGADA • GEOFFREY ORYEMA
MARYAM MURSAL • EMMANUEL JAL • KANDA BONGO MAN
COCO MBASSI • CHARTWELL DUTIRO • AKIM EL SIKAMEYA • SHIKISHA
MODOU DIOUF AND O FOGUM • SIYAYA

Includes 8 tracks not previously released from this event

Donations will be made by Africa Calling from any profit arising to them to charities nominated by the participating artists

"The fact that this was always going to be one of the most dynamic shows was never in question... the true heart of Africa lay deep in the heart of Cornwall." The Independent

"...probably the best day of African music ever seen in the UK. The artists surpassed themselves, providing one amazement after another" fRoots

www.realworldrecords.com/africacalling

Inside The Wire 270 August 2006

Olivia of Sangam
photographed by Anna Schari

Regulars

The Masthead 4

Letters 6

Bitstream 8
Trawling for gossip with *The Wire's* news net. Plus *Trip Or Squeek*

Global Ear 16
Paul O'Reilly observes the reconstruction of Belfast's contemporary music scene

Charts 42

Out There 84
The pick of the month's festivals, concerts, club spaces, radio and more

Subscribe 88

Back Issues 90

Epiphanies 98
From Bob Marley's *Exodus* to Chicks On Speed's electro pulse. Vivien Goldman is radicalised by the beat of a drum

Features

Philip Samartzis 10
Andy Hamilton meets the electronic spatializer who has become a figurehead for Australian New Music

Leopard Leg 12
How this Brighton based female shamanic free rock collective went wild in the country. By Mie Clarke

John Wiese 14
The prolific Californian noise generator is on a mission to find the frequencies that will blow your mind. By Bruce Russell

Cross Platform
Brian Eno 18
The Ambient maestro introduces his latest venture into generative video: a painting cycle that would take hundreds of lifetimes to watch. By Louise Gray

Invisible Jukebox
Biosphere 20
Norway's Techno veteran bleeps his way through tracks by Derrick May, AphexTwin, Mari Boine and more. Tested by Anne Hilde Neset

Die Trip Computer Die 24
Guerrilla sampling duo Lepke B and Xentos 'Fray' Bentos have been electrocuting the UK post-punk underground since the late 70s. By David Stubbs

Akio Suzuki & John Butcher 26
On a recent odyssey round the resonant spaces and sacred stones of Orkney, the Japanese sound artist and the UK improvisor were affected by the spirit of place. Bibe Kopf kept the tour diary

Dabrye 30
Michigan producer Todd Mullinix's spectral, shapeshifting take on hiphop has made him new friends, including Beans, MF Doom and Vast Aire. By Peter Shapiro

Smegma 34
Three decades of free rock mayhem hasn't dimmed the enthusiasm of the LA freakout troupe who have worked with Wild Man Fischer, Richard Meltzer, Merzbow and Wolf Eyes. By David Keenan

Reviews

Index 43

Soundcheck 44
This month's selected CDs and vinyl reviewed, including *Dubstep Allstars Volume 4*, Anne Briggs & Shirley Collins, Evan Parker and more. Plus specialist columns on event rock, critical beats, dub, electronica, global, hiphop, jazz & improv, outer limits, reissues, compilations and unusual formats

The Inner Sleeve 69
Luke Fowler on RD Laing

Print Run 70
New music books, including biographies of Horace Tapscott and Lou Harrison

On Screen 72
New music DVDs and films, including Irene Schweizer and Detroit Techno

On Site 73
Installations and gallery events, including Sunn O))) and Nam June Paik

On Location 74
Concert and festival reviews, including Sonar 2006, Venn Festival, Nattjazz and John Zorn's Derek Bailey tribute

The Masthead

Smegma

What's the word for it? Devotion? Resilience? Sheer bloody-mindedness in the face of indifference? Whatever it is (and maybe it's all three), the core of artists who constitute this month's cover story have it in spades. Smegma — the name, incidentally, was originally conceived more as a riposte to the French Prog rock behemoths Magma than as a locker-room joke — are a group who, for over 30 years, as David Keenan so accurately states, "seem to have been present at a whole bunch of crucial subcultural conflagrations." If it were possible to run Smegma's work through some kind of fictitious spectrograph, the machines needles would peak at anything that tasted of freeform jazz, garage noise and general freakery. The tracers would pick up subtleties that sounded a kinship to the energies of punk, there would be seismographic (let's mix mechanic metaphors) tremors that anticipated grunge. The personnel, friends and fellow travellers surrounding Smegma combine to make a virtual Who's Who of West Coast America's alternative scene.

So why, to ask the blindingly obvious question, have Smegma slid under the radar of public recognition for so long? It's true that there's a joyous unravelledness around their edges that makes them difficult to categorise neatly. This is possibly one reason why, even at *The Wire*, we've watched Smegma for years and, well, wondered. Another reason, harder to own up to, is a lingering attitude (how we wish it wouldn't linger!) that Vivien Goldman touches on in her piece for this month's Epiphanies (see page 98). She remembers pitching an article on The Slits to the music weekly she wrote for in the 70s. The editor looked at the album sleeve to *Cut*. "They're so... fat," he eventually responded.

This isn't the place to recapitulate one of those women-in-rock essays that we've all read, but it's important to recognise that the insights offered remain valid. Most important among them is this: that women are looked at and judged by different standards than men. None of us is immune. There never wasn't a decision not to put Smegma's Oblivia on the cover — there's a fantastic strength to both image and subject — but we knew that some would find the picture challenging. To those we say: be challenged. Keenan's interview with Oblivia et al expresses eloquently the critical possibilities that Smegma offer. The accompanying coverline, by the by, is not a limp penile pun, but (and I'm guessing here) a song title that announces the debut appearance of 70s glam stompers Slade in *The Wire*.

LOUISE GRAY

The Wire

Editor-in-Chief & Publisher
Tony Herrington tony@thewire.co.uk

Editor Chris Bohn chris@thewire.co.uk
Acting Deputy Editor Louise Gray louise@thewire.co.uk
Reviews Editor Nick Cain nick@thewire.co.uk
Editor-at-Large Rob Young rob@thewire.co.uk

Art Direction & Design
James Goggin contact@practise.co.uk
Design Rafael Koch contact@practise.co.uk

Advertising Sales
Andy Tait andy@thewire.co.uk
Shane Woolman shane@thewire.co.uk
Advertising Production
Slim Smith design@thewire.co.uk

Subscriptions & Administration
Ben House, Phil England subs@thewire.co.uk

Acting Web Editor
Lisa Blanning lisa@thewire.co.uk

Archivist Edwin Pouncey edwin@thewire.co.uk

Thanks this issue to Cecilia White

Words Steve Barker, Mike Barnes, Ed Baxter, Clive Bell, Marcus Boon, Ben Borthwick, Philip Clark, Mia Clarke, Byron Coley, Neil Cooper, Julian Cowley, Christoph Cox, Alan Cummings, Jon Dale, Gaeta Dayal, Lina Dzuverovic, Phil England, Kodwo Eshun, Matt Fiytche, Phil Freeman, Louise Gray, Andy Hamilton, Jim Haynes, Richard Henderson, Ken Hollings, Hua Hsu, David Keenan, Rahima Khazam, Biba Kopf, Art Lange, Alan Licht, Dave Mandl, Brian Marley, Marc Masters, Keith Moline, Will Montgomery, Brian Morton, Ian Penman, Tom Perchard, Edwin Pouncey, Mosi Reeves, Simon Reynolds, Tom Ridge, Stephen Robinson, Peter Shapiro, Chris Sharp, Philip Shelburne, Nick Southgate, David Stubbs, Dave Tompkins, David Toop, Elisabeth Vincentelli, Dan Warburton, Derek Walmsley, Don Watson, Val Wilmer, Barry Witherden

Images Sébastien Agnetti, Shinya Aizawa, Kareem Black, Chris Buck, Leon Chew, Eva Edajó, Jason Evans, Erwan Frotin, Dominik Gigler, Raphael Hefti, John Hooper, Ivan Jones, Körner Union, Dirk Lindner, Declan O Neill, Andy Rimball, Savage Pencil, Anna Schori, Clare Shilland, Jun Takagi, Jo Ann Toy, Danielle Van Ark, Eva Vermandel, Kai Von Rabenau, Jake Walters, Keiko Yoshida

Subscriptions

See page 88

The Wire
23 Jacks Place, 6 Corbet Place
London E1 6NN UK
Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5022
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011
subs@thewire.co.uk
www.thewire.co.uk

Rates (12 issues)
UK £35
Europe £55
USA and Canada US$100/£55
Rest of the World
£65 Air/£50 Surface

Distributors

News stands

UK, Europe & Rest of World (excluding USA)
COMAG Specialist Division
Tavistock Works, Tavistock Road
West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QX
Tel +44 (0)1895 433800
Fax +44 (0)1895 433801
conrad.nemellua@namagazine.co.uk

USA
IEG (Source Interlink Fulfillment Div.)
27500 Riverview Center Blvd
Suite 400 Bonita Springs, FL 34134
Tel 239 949 4450
rsennenbeig@uesinc.com
NB: For US subscriptions contact *The Wire*

Independent record shops

UK & mainland Europe
Shellshock, 23A Collingwood Road
London N16 6EL
Tel +44 (0)20 8800 8110
Fax +44 (0)20 8800 8140
info@shellshock.no.uk
www.shellshock.co.uk

USA
Forced Exposure
219 Medford St
Malden, MA 02148 7301
Fax 617 1129 4774
fe@shore.net
www.forcedexposure.com

Rest of world
Contact The Wire direct
Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5022
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011
subs@thewire.co.uk

Bookshops

Worldwide
Central Books (Magazine Dept)
99 Wallis Road, London E9 5LN
Tel +44 (0)20 8986 4854
Fax +44 (0)20 8533 5821
sasha@centralbooks.com

NB: The Wire *can also supply record shops in Europe and the US direct*

Issue 270

Adventures in Modern Music
August 2008 £3.80
ISSN 0952-0686 (USPS 006231)

23 Jacks Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN, United Kingdom Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5013
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011 info@thewire.co.uk
www.thewire.co.uk

The Wire is published 12 times a year by *The Wire* Magazine Ltd. Printed by St Ives plc. Digital imaging by DP Graphics (www.dpgraphics.co.uk)

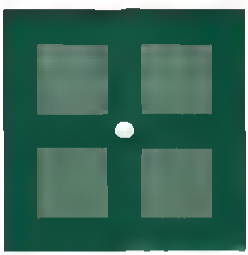
USA: *The Wire* ISSN 0952 0686 (USPS 006231) is published 12 times a year by *The Wire* Magazine Ltd at a US subscription rate of $100. Periodicals postage paid at Middlesex, New Jersey 08846. Postmaster send address changes to: *The Wire* Magazine c/o EO Box 177, Middlesex, NJ 08846. US agent, Pronto Mailers, 200 Wood Ave, Middlesex, NJ 08846. NB: Subscribers, please also inform *The Wire* direct of any address changes.

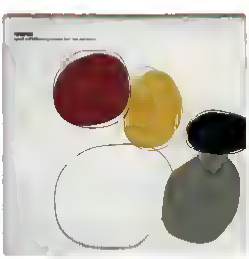
The Wire was founded in 1982 by Anthony Wade. Between 1984–2000 it was part of Naim Attallah's Nemara Group. In December 2000 it was purchased in a management buy-out organised by the magazine's staff. It continues to publish as a 100 per cent independent operation.

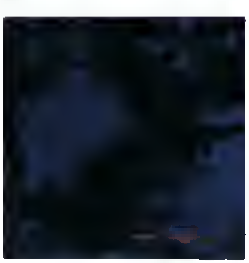
The views expressed in *The Wire* are those of the respective contributors and are not necessarily shared by the magazine or its staff. *The Wire* assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, photographs, illustrations or promotional items. Copyright in the UK and abroad is held by the publisher or by freelance contributors. Unauthorised reproduction of any item is forbidden.

Subscriber specials

For details of how to subscribe to *The Wire* turn to page 88 of this month's issue, or go to www.thewire co uk/subscribe







When you subscribe to *The Wire*, not only do you get 12 issues of "the most essential music magazine of the contemporary era" (thanks Forced Exposure, we love you too), you also get yourself in line to receive a series of free CDs that are specially produced for *The Wire* and its subscribers, that are not available anywhere else, and that you wouldn't get if you just bought the magazine in a shop. For instance, if you subscribe to the magazine this month, you will receive a free and exclusive compilation documenting the Eco e Narciso sound art project in Turin, see page 93 for details

Many of the previous CDs in this series, some of which are shown above, are still available to subscribers with back issue orders: see page 91. Likewise, full track listings, plus audio samples, for all the available CDs in the series can be accessed at www thewire co uk/subscribe

Letters

Write to: Letters, *The Wire*, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN
fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, email letters@thewire.co.uk

Alternating Current

So, can we redo the July issue (The *Wire* 269)? Die Todliche Doris: excellent, long overdue feature. Hey, they were cool. Annea Lockwood: great, but too short a piece to truly cover her body of work to date and to explore the interesting, transcendent ideas underlying it. David Tibet: an overlong examination of stale, rehashed kooky crumble metaphysics. I'm not against knocking the dominant paradigms, but it isn't coming from here. Can I make a suggestion? Reduce the size of the Tibet piece while removing him from the cover; then double the size of the Lockwood piece and put a relevant image on the front. For future editorial decisions: no further features about Mr Tibet until the storm breaks and we are all about to be judged – then he may come in handy. Until then, can we redo the July issue? It was nearly so good.
Martyn Quinn via email

Congratulations on the Current 93 issue! I caught them live in Athens last month and they were breathtaking. Baby Dee is one of a kind.
Petros via email

June uprising

Keith Moliné, in his article on Current 93 (*The Wire* 269), makes the sweeping statement that "within a year [of *Swestikas For Noddy*], a whole host of copyists had sprung up, strumming on acoustic guitars and intoning doomily about runes." This is presumably a dismissal of Death In June, since it is, in fact, hard to think of any other post-industrial outfits who were adopting similar strategies at that time. Moliné's grasp of history is dubious, since Death In June were active well before the release of *Swestikas For Noddy*. Even David Keenan, no admirer of Death In June, had the good grace to acknowledge in *England's Hidden Reverse* that Douglas P was the first member of Tibet's circle who could actually play an instrument and that he wrote most, if not all, of the music for Current 93's most enduring album. Moliné's article is deficient in failing to recognise the crucial role of Pearce in Current 93's move towards a folk-based idiom.
Richard Rees Jones Vienna, Austria

Current's commercial breakdown

I greatly enjoyed your fascinating Current 93 interview, but was a little shocked to discover from the pictures that musical comedian Jasper Carrott now assumes the name 'David Tibet'.

Yours confused,
Alasdair Dickson via email

Style tips

Firstly I must agree with Wolf Dieter Winkler's letter in *The Wire* 269 about the new design. It does make for an easier read but alas, the distinctive flourishes of Non-Format have been sacrificed. One important factor remains, though: the amount of blank space within the pages of the magazine that gives *The Wire* something of a unique look. Most magazines seem to sell up every last inch of space to advertise things, assumedly to generate revenue, creating a very chaotic feel when trying to read them; whereas your magazine is not afraid of having white spaces between the front and back covers, allowing you to read without feeling that you are being advertised at every two minutes. Please don't ever change this!

I read with interest your article on Sonic Youth (issue 268), which seemed tinged with a fair amount of negativity. At first I had to wonder about this, as your Letters page in the past has contained comments from people about a tendency for *The Wire* to kiss up to Sonic Youth, which I thought was a bit of an unfair criticism – but my perspective comes from being into Sonic Youth for many years and generally liking a lot of what they have done, so maybe my own opinion is not entirely unbiased.

Having heard much of *Rather Ripped* when it was BBC 6 Music's album of the week two weeks ago, though, I am not sure that the criticism was unjustified as their new album is something less than thrilling. The major label response to the sprawl of their independent albums came in the form of the concise *Goo* and *Dirty*, but after this their albums seemed to open out more and they regained their ability to experiment. *NYC Ghosts And Flowers* and *Murray Street* were, to me at least, the best albums since *Daydream Nation* whereas *Sonic Nurse*, although a decent enough album, seemed to mark a retreat from the adventurous nature of the previous two albums and head back towards the pop song territory of the early Geffen stuff. The *Rather Ripped* songs seemed to be lacking in any truly distinct material and sound more like Sonic Youth doing what they do because they feel they have to. They seemed to acknowledge this in what they were saying as well by stating that they use their side projects as a way of experimenting whilst using Sonic Youth as a vehicle for more accessible song based stuff. The trouble with this is that even doing their pop thing they are not truly commercial and will fall between stools if they put out albums of lesser quality just to aim it at a market that only likes short pop songs. This market is a fickle one and will change allegiance the moment they realise what you are really about.

I will no doubt buy *Rather Ripped* in the coming weeks and try to make up my mind what I think about it, but in the end, I suspect it will be one of those albums that only gets played once in a while in the hope that my initial opinion of it will have changed. By the way, I don't think *The Whitey Album* has aged too badly. The humour still comes through, which I think is essential to enjoying that album.
Bruce Davies via email

Paradise don't come cheap

Just a note to let you know that I doubt that Lee Renaldo said that I work to make ends meet (Sonic Youth, *The Wire* 269). I have always worked so as to not have to play music that was not good music.

Simple as that: if you play to make that living, you often have to do anything. I chose not to a long time ago.
William Hooker via email

Corrections

Issue 269 In the Soundcheck review of This Heat, we referred to one song as "Music Like Escaping Dance". The correct title is "Music Like Escaping Gas". □

The Wire 271

The September issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 24 August

www.thewire.co.uk

New exclusives on *The Wire* site this month include a free music software download for Mac OS X users, designed by Lasfoutter John, exclusive MP3 downloads from Smegma, Dabrye and Leopard Leg, and more

Sign up to The Conduit, our fortnightly newsletter containing information on additional Web updates, at www.thewire.co.uk

Adventures in Modern Music on Resonance 104.4 FM

A weekly show of new music hosted by *The Wire* staff, broadcasting across Central London on 104.4 FM every Thursday, 8–9:30pm GMT, repeated every Wednesday, 7–8:30am GMT, with simultaneous streaming at www.resonancefm.com

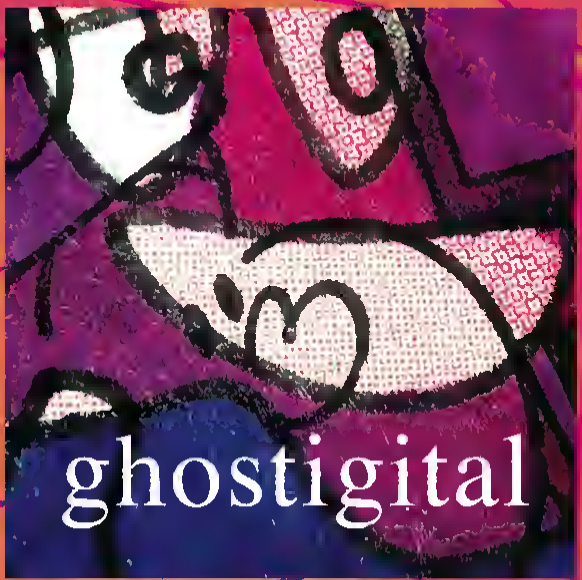
Shows are archived as downloadable MP3s at www.thewire.co.uk/web/air.php

'in god we trust'

with guests mark e. smith, dälek, steve beresford, sensational, and more

'10/10 ...fucks your brain so hard you'll feel like a vegetable afterwards'. vice

cd, 7" out now



Residual Echoes
MFI-GPSP

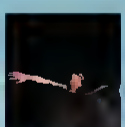
Four long excursions into psychedelia that brings to mind the experimentation of early Floyd, the guitar heroics of 'You're Living All Over Me' and the iconic groove of the Velvets

Innate Limited Vinyl & CD

Diane Cluck
Monarcana

"My favor to singer/songwriter in alt of New York City — Devendra Banhart. Melodic innovation and wri-letter, bewitching harmonies an insanely beautiful album.

Rainy Friends CD



My Brightest Diamond
Bring Me The Workhorse

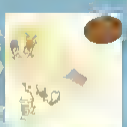
Evokes tremendous joy and sorrow with the magnitude of Italian opera and the modesty of a Japanese haiku

Asthmatic Kitty CD

Sabertooth Tiger
Extinction is Inevitable

LA trio's debut is a relentless blast of HOT SNAKES inspired punk. Guest drummer Jon Theodore (The Mars Volta)

ISC CD



Ohsees
The Cool Death Of Island Raiders

Folky-synth pop with a bounce from John Dwyer (Coachwhips) and Co. Album features 11 feddy bear anthems all produced by Dave Sitek of TV on the Radio.

Hot Cha CD

Princess
Superstructure of an era

Dense, sweeping soundscapes mixing post-rock influences with a strong electronica element. A stunning debut effort, check it out now. Rocksound

Feel CD

Mordant Music
Dead Air

A Blade Runner pitta of cadaver dub electron ca featuring the opulent tone of former Thames Television announcer Philip Elsmore. Lavish multi foldout teardrop packaging. This is the amplified sound of dead air.

Mordant CD

Hefner
Catfight

43 unreleased songs from John Peel faves and Britain's largest small band!

Darren Hayman Ltd 2CD

RECORDS

CARGO RECORDS

17 Heathmans Road Parsons Green London SW6 4TJ • phone 020 7731 5125 • fax 020 7731 3868 • email info@cargorecords.co.uk • www.cargorecords.co.uk

Bitstream News and more from under the radar

The line up for the fourth **Adventures In Modern Music** festival has been announced. Co-curated by *The Wire* and Chicago's Empty Bottle venue, the festival takes place between 20–24 September. The line up is: Cobra Killer, Tim Hecker, Rhys Chatham's Essentialist, Jandek (20), Edan, Badgerlore, Hive Mind, The Coughs (21), Tetine, Colleen, Yellow Swans, Cast King (22), Om, Subtle, Paul Flaherty & Frank Rosaly, Zu (23), Steinski, Hamid Drake/William Parker Duo, Trapist, Keyo Dot (24). A season of films, programmed by *The Wire*, will run at the Gene Siskel Film Center in Chicago throughout September. www.emptybottle.com, www.siskelfilmcenter.org

JASON EVANS

Edan

The composer **György Ligeti** died on 12 June, aged 83. Ligeti and composers like Iannis Xenakis, Karlheinz Stockhausen and Pierre Boulez revolutionised postwar classical music with their radical, atonal and often sparse works. He was born in Transylvania in 1923 and began his musical training at the city's conservatory. Ligeti's studies were interrupted in 1943 when he was forced to work in a Nazi labour camp. His family was deported to Auschwitz and killed, only his mother survived. Ligeti was appointed a professor at the Budapest Conservatory in 1950, but fled to Vienna in late 1956 after the Soviet army suppressed the Hungarian uprising (he eventually took Austrian citizenship). In the late 50s he met Stockhausen, and went on to work in his electronic music studio in Cologne. Ligeti's first major compositions were *Apparitions* (1958–59) and *Atmosphères* (1961), written using a technique he termed "micropolyphony". Stanley Kubrick's use of the latter, along with *Requiem* (1963–64) and *Lux Aeterna* (1966), on the soundtrack to his 1968 film *2001: A Space Odyssey*, brought Ligeti a higher profile. He took a teaching post in Hamburg in 1973, retiring in 1989, but continuing to compose. His works of the 70s and 80s focused more on complex mechanical rhythms. In the mid-70s he wrote an opera, *Le Grand Macabre*. Ligeti had been ill for some time and used a wheelchair for the last three years of his life, but his family declined to divulge the cause of his death. www.gyoergy-ligeti.de

The Nigerian singer, guitarist, percussionist and bandleader **Ambrose Adekoye Campbell**, cited by Fela Kuti as the father of modern Nigerian music, died in his sleep on 22 June, aged 86. Campbell played a significant part in establishing African music in the UK. Born Oladipupo Adekoye Campbell in Nigeria in 1919, he arrived in the UK as a merchant seaman at the start of the Second World War, jumping ship in Liverpool and making his way to London. He formed the West African Rhythm Brothers in 1946, and by the early 50s they were a fixture on the London jazz scene, earning a long-term residency at the Abalabi Club on Soho's Berwick Street. The group were a key part of the thriving bohemian scene of the time, as documented by Colin MacInnes's novel *City Of Spades* (whose Cranium Cuthbertson character is based on Campbell). During this period Campbell and the group recorded several 78rpm 10" records for the Melodisc label, many of which were reissued by the London label Honest Jons earlier this year on the *London Is The Place For Me 3* CD. Campbell remained active in London throughout the 60s, forming a production company. In 1972 he relocated to Los Angeles and began a

ANDREW POTHECARY

György Ligeti

Ambrose Adekoye Campbell

lengthy collaboration with the producer Leon Russell, best know for his work with Willie Nelson (on whose million-selling *On For The Road* Campbell plays). He moved to Nashville in 1982 and continued to make music, eventually returning to the UK in 2004, settling in Plymouth. He is survived by two daughters and three sons.

The website **ubu.com** has recently made available for free consumption a wealth of archival film footage. On offer are 21 films by Viennese Aktionists Otto Muehl and Otmar Bauer dating from 1967–70, five of William Burroughs's 'cut-up' films (from 1963–72), ten of American artist Jack Goldstein's mid-70s short films, *FluxFilms*, a collection of 37 films by artists associated with the Fluxus movement compiled by Fluxus founder George Maciunas in the 60s, broadcast footage of a performance of György Ligeti's *Poème Symphonique For 100 Metronomes*, and four films of sound poet Henri Chopin, among several others. ubu.com

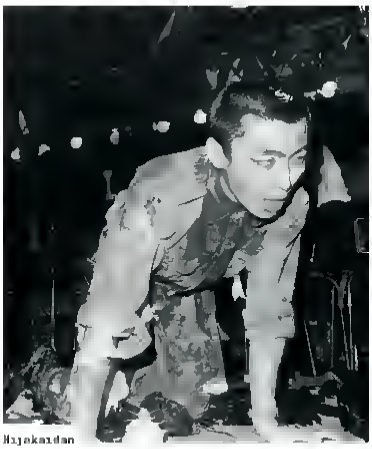
ROBERT RICHARDSON

Henri Chopin

The work of **Non-Format**, the London based design duo who art directed *The Wire* between 2001–2005, has been documented in a monograph, edited by the designer and writer Adrian Shaughnessy and published by French imprint Pyramyd Editions. www.pyramyd-editions.com

In September the Mute label will release a double CD/double DVD package devoted to the music of the late **Frank Tovey**, best known for his Fad Gadget project. Assembled by Tovey's family in conjunction with the label, *Fad Gadget By Frank Tovey* will include rare and unreleased tracks, live footage, and a documentary on Tovey's life and music. www.fadgadget.co.uk, www.franktovey.de

Some of the biggest holes in the discography of Japanese free jazz guitarist **Masayuki Takayanagi** are due to be filled in the next few months. On 20 August three albums recorded in 1975 by Takayanagi with his group New Direction Unit will be reissued. Japanese label Doubtmusic will reissue as a double CD set the two volumes of *Axis: Another Revolvable Thing* (recorded in September 1975). PSF will reissue *Eclipse* (recorded in May 1975 with the same lineup of the NDU). This is the first time any of the albums have been reissued. In late July/early August the Jinya Disk label will release two previously unavailable solo Takayanagi live recordings: a solo performance from 1982 and a live recording with his New Directions group dating from 1983. www.doubtmusic.com, www.psfrecords.com, www.jinyadisc.com


Hijokaidan

The German label **Vinyl On Demand** has released a new batch of archival recordings: a triple LP box set of rare early recordings by the 80s Spanish industrial group **Esplendor Geométrico**, a **Ceramic Hello** double LP, a reissue of the late 70s/early 90s Canadian minimal electronics duo's solo album with extra unreleased material; a double LP by **Campingsex**, the pre-Mutter New Wave group featuring Max Müller (brother of Wolfgang Müller of Die Tödliche Doris), comprising their 1985 album and live recordings, a double LP by **EG Oblique Graph**, pre-Muslimgauze recordings by Bryn Jones, and a **Hijokaidan** double LP, *2nd Damaskus/Zouroku No Kibyou*, a reissue of the group's first official release along with mid-80s live material, packaged in a box with a T-shirt and a DVD containing footage from live performances in 1990 and 1999. The albums were available on an advance subscription basis, but are also being sold through the label's website and mailorder outlets. www.vinyl-on-demand.com

The **Industrialised Culture Research Network** (ICRN), a "researching group of writers", has announced details of the Return Of The Repressive, a four-part event scheduled to take place over the weekend of 1–3 September at Birmingham's Custard Factory venue. On the Friday, a large-scale sound and visual installation by **Laibach**, recreating the "industrial ambience" of the Slovenian city of Trbovlje, where Laibach began 26 years ago, will open. The opening will be followed by a performance of Laibach's *Concerto For Magnetophone, Gramophone, Radiophone And Megaphone*, DJ sets, and performances by Schloss Tegal and Shit And Shine. On Saturday evening there will be screenings of rare industrial films, and the UK premiere of *Divided States Of America*, a Laibach US tour documentary. On Sunday evening there will be a seminar on the topic of industrial culture. icrn.blogspot.com, pluralmachine.blogspot.com, www.laibach.nsk.si

The latest instalment in the London based **Sonic Arts Network**'s CD series has been published. *Music Dances Itself* is curated by Japanese performance artist and dancer Junko Wada. The CD contains material by Akio Suzuki, Rolf Julius, Arnold Dreyblatt, Christina Kubisch and Wada's husband Hans Peter Kuhn among others, and is accompanied by a booklet with images by British artist Sarah Waring based on Wada's live performances. www.sonicartsnetwork.org

Laibach

Akio Suzuki

PAUL SIKIA

In September **Pere Ubu** will release a new album, their first since 2002's *St Arkansas*. The album is entitled *Why I Hate Women*, and was recorded by a quintet line-up including *Wire* contributor Keith Moliné on guitar. The group's website explains that the title is a reference to US crime novelist Jim Thompson, and "is based on the Jim Thompson novel he never wrote but would have". A deluxe, surround-sound reissue of Pere Ubu's 1976 debut, *The Modern Dance*, is also planned. www.ubuprojex.net □

Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil

Mysterious traveller
By Andy Hamilton

Under the radar: Philip Samartzis

Philip Samartzis, mainman of Melbourne's sound art scene, rations his visits abroad. "We're concerned about the availability of kangaroo meat over in Europe – it's really tough." Not having it, he means. "And not just the meat, but the light and the sense of place – they're the things you miss when you leave." Known for environmentally based CD compositions such as *Soft And Loud*, and as curator of festivals such as Melbourne's Liquid Architecture and – with Elke Moltracht – Berlin's Immersion, Samartzis emerged through rock, noise and Ambient channels. What's unusual is his insistence that he's not a 'musician'. "I like the word 'sound artist' – it could be anything from installation art, to sound design, to improvisation," he comments.

"When I was growing up it was extremely hard to find leftfield music," he explains. "I listened to Lou Reed's *Metal Machine Music* – intrigued at the textures, the colour, noise and chaos of it, which really opened my ears." That 1975 album, whether an early essay into noise or a joke, had a deep effect, complemented by Kraftwerk's *Autobahn*. But he was never in a group, and has never learned an instrument. After leaving school he worked in the post office and travelled the world, but that early listening seeded an idea that eventually took him as a mature student to Melbourne's RMIT, and to his current job teaching Sound in the School Of Art there. After punk and post-punk, he discovered Industrial music, and was inspired by acts like Wire and Neu!. But a major influence is the French musique concrète of Pierre Schaeffer, Pierre Henry and François Bayle, plus mavericks Luigi Russolo, Conlon Nancarrow and the late Gyorgy Ligeti. Over the last 20 years, Samartzis has been at the centre of Australia's transformation into a focus of experimental music and sound art.

Soft And Loud (Microphonics 2004) shows his musique concrète sympathies in its a dazzling array of sonic objects constructed from sounds of Japanese cities, its fragmentary procession showing a minute attention to detail. He finds a great sense of fun and playfulness about the way that musique concrète manipulates and juxtaposes sounds. "With musique concrète, whether the source material was a prepared piano or a locomotive, I could hear the process and the composer's inventiveness better."

Samartzis's emphasis on 'non-musicianship' puts into sharp focus the contrast between music and sound art. "I go back to the old Brian Eno idea," he explains. "Since I've never learned an instrument, I come to music purely from an interest in sound, and that brings a freedom to your thinking, broader than an interest in structures based around harmony and melody and rhythm." Though he collaborated with Andrew Curtis in the late 80s in Gum, producing an abstract but not totally ironic take on pop/rock culture, it's only since 1998 that he's worked regularly with musicians, notably improvisors David Brown, Sean Baxter, Gunter Müller and Sachiko M. "I do have to think in musical terms, because most of the people I teach do... But I don't use the word 'musician' or 'composer' – I know, I am a composer!" he adds.

Samartzis works with video and installation artists, though not commercially. "I decided ten years ago that I wouldn't compose for money, as the artistic compromises are too great. When I do sound designs I work collaboratively to achieve an equal artistic outcome." Second, it develops out of phonography in the way it often straddles the fine line between independent contribution of sounds, and production/post-production. On *Glacial Erratic* (Dr Jim's 2003), by the trio Western Grey with guitarist Dave Brown and percussionist Sean Baxter, Samartzis's contribution is listed as "electrical, mechanical and environmental sound." Brown describes the rigour with which Samartzis recorded and assembled the pieces, reshaping and refining them to an extraordinary level of precision – the result is an inspired synthesis of improv, lowercase electroacoustics and artfully deployed silence.

Samartzis is also concerned with spatialisation, exploring the possibilities of spatial representation which music, as a time based artform, neglects. *Soft And Loud* was originally conceived for eight channel surround sound, and Samartzis describes spatialisation as a "compositional technique". Spatialisation is the choreographing of virtual space in a sound system, using a combination of natural acoustics and amplified sound – even stereo can create the illusion of zones of sound travelling in three-dimensional space outside the normal physical limits of speaker enclosures, including above and below the listener. "We are immersed in sound as we navigate the world, but musicians still tend to think in a limited stereo sound field. The GRM suggested ways in which listening can be heightened by multi-speaker diffusion, which I've been researching in various projects using surround sound installation." A new split album with GRM favourite Bernard Parmegiani on Synaesthesia/Plates Of Sound contains selections from Immersion, a series of spatialisation events Samartzis curates.

Some of Samartzis's most valuable work is curatorial, promoting the work of others. "Especially in Australia, you have to create your own opportunities," he argues. "Over the past ten years, it's become a very important part of what I do. I get no satisfaction out of working at home in the studio and releasing solo CDs. I want to be part of a community or a culture." These comments are reinforced by Dave Brown, who describes Samartzis's "openness to anything regardless of style or fashion... His belief in sound art, although rigorous and strong, is generous and always encouraging."

I conclude by asking Samartzis who his audience is. "That's an interesting question. As I've grown older, my audiences seem to have stayed young. But the sad thing is that they're never the same faces over time – they dabble for a year or two with experimental or avant garde music, or improvisation, then disappear and are replaced." It may never be a large audience, but this singleminded artist has established a dedicated core of listeners, as he quietly builds a body of beautiful, carefully wrought sonic creations. ☐ Unheard Spaces *is available on Microphonics. Samartzis & Bernard Parmegiani's* Immersion *is on Synaesthesia/Plates Of Sound. Philip Samartzis curates the Immersion Festival in Berlin in September; details at www.philipsamartzis.com*

TALKIN LOUD CLASSICS

8 landmark albums from Talkin Loud, now reissued as expanded editions with bonus tracks, new sleeve notes and photos.

NUYORICAN SOUL
NUYORICAN SOUL

MJ COLE
SINCERE

INCOGNITO
TRIBES,VIBES + SCRIBES

YOUNG DISCIPLES
ROAD TO FREEDOM

GALLIANO
THE PLOT THICKENS

URBAN SPECIES
LISTEN

4 HERO
CREATING PATTERNS

TERRY CALLIER
TIMEPEACE

Available at midprice August 2006 from all good music stockists

Coming autumn 2006– Courtney Pine Modern Day Jazz Stories, Roni Size Reprazent New Forms (Deluxe Edition)

The New Wave Of Jazz Is On Impulse!

Impulse Records is most closely identified with its greatest star, John Coltrane, but from the beginning it tried harder than any other jazz label to present a broad musical spectrum. Impulse recorded everything from the most traditional to the most innovative and challenging, and managed to unify it all into a modern sensibility that has yet to fade. To celebrate its 45th Anniversary, Impulse Records will release a 4CD deluxe box-set plus 10 artist 'The Impulse Story' albums which are compiled and annotated by Ashley Khan, the author of the definitive study of Impulse's legacy. His book 'The House That Trane Built: The Story Of Impulse Records' is published by Granta in August. Plus, for the first time, 10 reissued Impulse albums as exclusive digital downloads.

Thinking of Jazz? Think Impulse!

Available 31st July

(4CD 985 6283) ▲

(Granta Books ASIN: 1862078464) ▶

The House That Trane Built:
The Story Of Impulse Records

Coming soon in September: PURE FIRE - A Gilles Peterson Impulse Collection!

See www.impulserecords.com or www.ijazz.org for exclusive impulse giveaways and competitions

The joy of hex By Mia Clarke

Woodcraft folk Leopard Leg

Over the last two years, following a decade of flourishing rock and dance artists and labels, Brighton has gradually emerged as a salient reference point within the noise music community. Groups such as Dylan Nyoukis's Blood Stereo and his label Chocolate Monk, the excellent Polly Shang Kuan Band, Terminal Outputs and Green Mist have all been releasing an onslaught of cassette tapes and discs – many of which have crossed the Atlantic due to ties with US noise proponents such as Thurston Moore and Wolf Eyes.

The newest addition to this burgeoning seaside community is the young 12 piece female drumming troupe, Leopard Leg. Formed by Polly Shang Kuan percussionist Maya-Victoria Kjellstrand in 2005, Leopard Leg started out as a solo recording project in her bedroom, where she would play along to tape loops. Following an offer to support Wolf Eyes in London, Kjellstrand drafted in 11 random strangers and friends – some of whom had never played music before – and Leopard Leg was born: a beautifully dissonant force of shattering, swelling drumbeats and vocal chants that overlap and intertwine like some atonal barbershop quartet.

Following a split EP with San Francisco's noise Metal quartet TITS, Leopard Leg recorded their debut album, *The Seven Sistered Sea-Secret Of Shh Shh Shh*, during the middle of the night, in a forest in the East Sussex countryside. It's a haunting, shamanic swirl of noise extracted from a two hour improvisation. Recorded on seven tape recorders set up around a campfire, they used two melting floor toms and various drums, whistles, bells, violins, flutes, bowed saws, a mini gong, a xylophone and a harmonium – as well as shaking and swishing the trees and leaves.

"We really wanted to record outdoors, so that we'd be able to use sounds that would naturally occur," explains Kjellstrand. "We wanted it to have an organic effect on what we were doing, and also to be in a completely different situation for making music than we were used to. It needed to be just us alone in Seven Sisters forest."

"We must have looked like such a sight!" recalls Moreen Farrell, a Massachusetts native who lives with Kjellstrand. "All these girls walking through the woods in the middle of the night, dressed up and carrying tons of drums. Miranda was wearing ballet slippers and had to tie plastic bags round her shoes. Some girls were just wearing little dresses, it was so silly!"

Kjellstrand grins. "We were totally ill-prepared for the situation. First of all we ended up in someone's garden, then we found a tree. But we just weren't *feeling* it. We started to get really bitchy with each other. Then we found the perfect place, but it was full of nettles. So we had to get back in the car and drive for 20 minutes. All we had was a candle."

Harmonium player Rowan Forestier-Walker laughs. "'Yeah, we'll just use sticks!' But then we found this amazing place and set up a massive fire... Just after we started, we saw this other light across the way. Maya and Christina went to investigate, but there was nothing there, just a little teepee."

"Then they came running back screaming, crashing down the hill," giggles Farrell. "They were so scared! Then Emma was like, 'I'll go!', so she went back up there with Christina, wearing this little 1950s dress and a little hat and fur coat. Christine had this huge green mohican and a leather jacket studded with spikes. So they walk up, and it's these two guys who are tripping. Can you imagine what they must have thought, with those two girls coming at them, like, 'Um, we're just going to play some music right now. It's a little weird, but don't worry...'"

"We played pretty constantly," says Kjellstrand. "We didn't talk at all about what we were going to do beforehand, but we designated Rowan as an inspiration point. For each thing we do, we get one of us to look up a word or topic, which we then all think about when we're playing."

"I chose to think about the state of things today, and abuse of nature," explains Forestier-Walker. "I wanted us to reconnect back with that and just really listen to what was around us, just being still within. We started off the recording in silence, simply listening."

"You quickly get over the fact that you're in the woods," adds Farrell. "We were just there, in that moment, and that was all that mattered. There was this crazy point where I was shouting and I looked around, just amazed at being in this forest, surrounded by fire. It felt so amazing. I was thinking about how this never happens any more, even though it used to be the core of human communication."

Kjellstrand agrees. "It's so detached from anything that has shaped any of us, yet we are intrinsically linked to it – whether it is in the form of our histories, or our part in understanding destruction, or whatever. Some of us had a really hard time. It was quite emotional. You couldn't hide behind anything. There were no amplifiers or pedals. It wasn't how it usually is with us, were we can get really loud and some of us could not be doing anything."

"The day after Maya and I recorded, we got so depressed," says Farrell. "We were crying in our rooms and didn't know why. Then again, I made a determination before I went to the woods that I was going to change something in my life. Which, coincidentally, happened."

"We have a joke about 'hexing' it out when we play," says Kjellstrand, "and letting go of what's inside of us. Whenever Leopard Leg plays a show, loads of us get horribly depressed the next day. Sometimes I feel like I don't ever want to play music again. I feel like I won't ever be able to make that same connection, because it was too real. It's really hard."

"Even in rehearsals," continues Forestier-Walker, "some of us will come out crying, or just feeling absolutely crazy. There's so much energy released."

"People walk out all the time," adds Kjellstrand. Farrell smiles. "But sometimes there's a point when we're all in the same zone. Even if it's just for five minutes, it's an amazing moment. That's why I think we keep doing it. We have to." ☐ The Seven Sistered Sea-Secret Of Shh Shh Shh *is out on UpsetThe Rhythm*

MIRANDA HOSSEIFIUS

Music for the enquiring mind and the passionate heart

LEO RECORDS NEW RELEASES

CD LR 450 *FACE !!!*
JOELLE LEANDRE
LAUREN NEWTON

CD LR 451/452 *HAPPENING*
FRANÇOIS CARRIER with
Mat Maneri, Uwe Neuman
Pierre Cété Michel Marriott

CD LR 453/454 ANTHONY
BRAXTON with the Creative
Jazz Orchestra
COMPOSITION NO 175
COMPOSITION NO 128

CD LR 455
IVO PERELMAN
INTRODUCTION

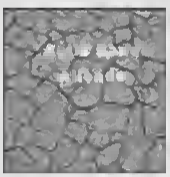
CD LR 456 *BIOSPHERE*
CARR / NORD / HOFMANN /
MADDOX

CD LR 457 GEBHARD ULLMANN
CHRIS DAHLGREN
JAY ROSEN *CUTITOUT*

CD LR 458/459
JOELLE LEANDRE
AT THE LE MANS JAZZ FESTIVAL

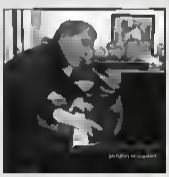
CD LR 460 *AWAKENING*
MARK O'LEARY
STEVE SWALLOW
PIERRE FAVRE

CD LR 461
GRATKOWSKI / LEHN / POORE
TRISKAIDEKAPHONIA

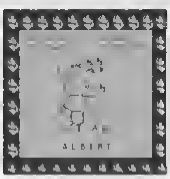


CD LR 462
ACTIS BAND
ALLENDE

CD LR 463
SIMON NABATOV
TOM RAINEY
STEADY NOW



CD LR 464
JOHN WOLF BRENNAN
PICTURES IN A GALLERY
solo piano



CD LR 465 *ALBERT*
MARK NAUSEEF IKUE MORI
WALTER QUINTUS
SYLVIE COURVOISIER

CD LR 466
MITCHELL / HAYNES
THE URBAN CHOREOGRAPHIC

CD LR 467 *WWW*
WINTSCH / WEBER /
WOLFARTH

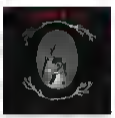
Distributed by **Discovery Records** Nursteed Road Devizes Wiltshire SN10 3DY
Mail order directly from **Leo Records** 15 Woodland Avenue Kingskerswell Newton Abbot
TQ12 5BB fax 01803 872 167 e mail leorecords@blueyonder co uk www.leorecords.com

THE SILENT SHOUT

Brille

UPSET! THE RHYTHM

RECORDS



LEOPARD LEG / T.I.T.S.
Seven Sistered Sea Secret Of Shh Shh Shh / Throughout The Ages
(2LP) UTR04

Transatlantic noise girls unite! Split Double LP from horror drum unit Leopard Leg and witch psych project TJ T.S.

YIKES
Secrets To Superflipping
(CD/10") UTR05

Chaotic thrash-n-roll from members of Coachwhips, Pink & Brown and Big Techno Werewolves

UPCOMING SHOWS

THRONES & ZOMBI
Saturday 29th July / 8pm / £6
Barden's Boudoir (38 Stoke Newington Rd)

HAIR POLICE & DIETER MUH
Tuesday 1st August / 8pm / £5
Barden's Boudoir

GANG GANG DANCE
Bank Holiday Monday 28th August / 8pm / £7
Luminaire (311 Kilburn High Rd)

XBXRX & BLOOD ON THE WALL
Tuesday 19th September / 8pm / £5
Luminaire

COUGHS
Sat 11th November / 8pm / £5
Barden's Boudoir

ALL SHOWS LONDON UK
www.wegottickets.com

www.upsettherhythm.co.uk

Total precision grappling By Bruce Russell

"Sound vibration is extremely powerful as spells and invocations" declares Hollywood's John Wiese. "The *Vedas* describe essentially nuclear weapons born out of sound. I don't want to blow things up, but I am interested in the relationship between consciousness and spirituality. I often wish I could find the right frequency to cut through a dimension."

Wiese works with sound at a level he describes as "exhausted spectral incantation" and his overriding interest is in spirituality and our relationship to reality. That said, what really strikes anyone coming across his work for the first time is its ferocious focus, its delicacy of touch and its sure sense of composition. Wiese uses noise to create predetermined psychological and perhaps cosmological effects. His music is also concise. 2004's album *Arrhythmia Wave Burst And Panner Crash* is only 23 minutes ten seconds long, yet every sound is used for a purpose. The real kicker that keeps his audience coming back is trying to decide what those purposes actually are. While his music is aggressive and extreme and could readily be conceived as being on the verge of causing an explosion, it is also genuinely lyrical and well thought out. Pressed to describe his output, Wiese responds, "I don't feel like I have accepted any limitations of style. I can't escape the feeling that all my work sounds like it was made by me, but I don't think it all sounds the same either."

Apart from ongoing collaborations with Phil Blankenship of the Troniks label as LHD and his immaculately named grindcore duo Sissy Spacek with Corydon Ronneu, Wiese has recently released material recorded with Merzbow, Dead Machines, Heavy Seals and Sunn O))), as well as a summary of his own early works, *Teenage Hallucination*. "I think of myself as a freelance band member," he says, "a contributor without the pressure of band member status. That way everyone is free to do anything they want with whoever they want and things don't get tied down and complicated..." For a guy who says he doesn't want things to get complicated, Wiese seems determined to prove that those of us who think we're busy and achieving something are merely fooling ourselves. In an average six months he spews out a string of singles, collaborative releases and group projects that defy the casual observer to keep track. "If I've done a lot, it's basically because I can't help it," he avers. "I have never tried to do more than the minimum I could... really, I just make work that I'm interested in." His drive to collaborate, meanwhile, is rooted in an ongoing artistic restlessness. "My interest in collaborating with other artists is in one sense to avoid staying locked in one place," he says.

Wiese's most recent solo release, based on live performance recordings, is for Blossoming Noise. It's called *Black Magic Pond*. He's also contributed to the just-released ten LP noise box set, *California* (see Soundcheck), and has another CD, on Troubleman called *Soft Punk*. According to its maker, the latter compiles "my best tracks off 7"s over the last two years. All the tracks have a lot of content, so arranged altogether I think it'll be my best album to date. Total precision grappling..." By the time *Soft Punk* sees release, Wiese will be touring the US throughout October, supporting Wolf Eyes on their Sub Pop album tour.

Wiese doesn't see it as especially relevant that he often deploys a laptop in his performances. He characterises it as a "fancy pedal" – just one among a range of devices he employs. "I use a computer to work on sounds," he says. "I also use an oscillator, contact mics and other homemade devices, along with basics like microphone, field recordings, etc, but combined with Max/MSP patches I've made over the years. When I listen to my work, I don't hear a computer, I just hear the sound." Working as a graphic designer and typographer by day, Wiese clearly sees computers as means to various ends, rather than ends in themselves, and equally relishes the microscopic control possible in the digital realm. This goes as much for sound editing as for type design. His preferred methodology can include mindbending amounts of editing to reduce substantial bodies of original sound to their essence.

One way or another, it would be fair to say that Wiese takes an interest in extremities of sound and human experience. "I've listened to Metal since I was in grade school, always attracted to the farthest perimeters I could discover. By junior high I was really into Death Metal when I started recording my own noise tapes, so I'm sure the two are linked for me." As a consequence, he has undertaken two major tours and recorded two albums with Sunn O))), as well as contributing to the new album by San Diego's militant vegan Death Metallers Cattle Decapitation. In 1999 he also formed Sissy Spacek, in which he plays bass and programming. While he may describe this duo as grindcore, the reality is a little different. The recordings of their infrequent performances are extensively reworked by Wiese to form a version of what grindcore might be like if made by aliens on the basis of verbal descriptions alone. The extremities of the genre are completely reconfigured into a digital simulacrum that is alternately beguiling and jarring. Their three albums are being compiled onto the aptly named *Scissors* CD for Misanthropic Agenda this year. The same label is also aiming to release *Gore Jet*, compiling the duo's singles.

He reflects that if he were older he would have been a tape music artist in the classical mould, as that was his instinctual approach to working with sound. "If I was born 20 years earlier I probably would be doing the same thing with tape," he elaborates. "In my early years I was making work without knowing anything about experimental music... when I discovered musique concrète it was a total revelation. I probably identify with this more than anything else I've come across."

Evidence of his affinity for concrete includes his recently completed "recycling music project in three parts" called *Magical Crystal Bleh*, which began "as a series of concerts on the West Coast of the United States. Each night, recordings were made and used in the following night to create a compounding concrete performance." The results of this process make up volume one, which were further recycled by other artists, and then reworked once more by the originator to make volumes two and three – 101 minutes of music in all. While Wiese is determined to continue his search for the doorway between dimensions, here's hoping he doesn't accidentally crack that nuclear weapon equation before he reaches it. ☐ Soft Punk *is on Troublemen Unlimited, the* California *box set is on Troniks*

John Wiese

Concrète thinker: John Wiese

JENNIFER JOHNSON TIM KOH

The Indian Parrot

The Music of W.A.Mathieu

Devi Mathieu, *soprano*
Thomas Buckner, *baritone*
Joseph Kubera, *piano*

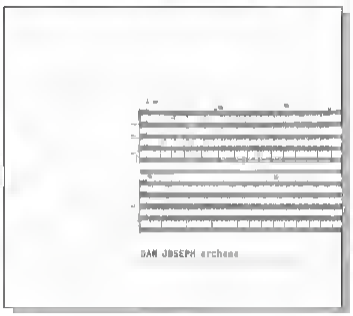
archaea

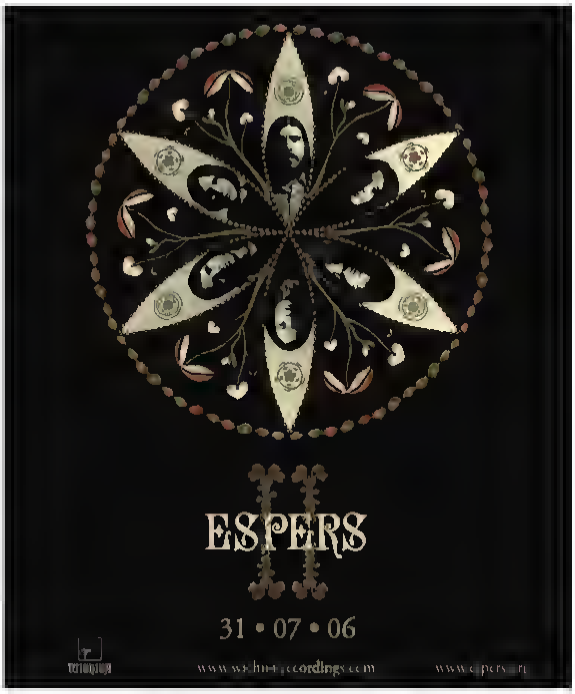
Dan Joseph

Tom Chiu, *violin*
Loren Dempster, *cello*
Marija Ilic, *harpsichord*
Dan Joseph, *hammer dulcimer*
Michael Lowenstern, *clarinet*
Danny Tunick, *percussion*

mutablemusic

109 W 27th St, 7th fl.
New York, NY 10001
Phone 212 627 0990
Fax 212 627 5504
info@mutablemusic.com
www.mutablemusic.com





www.persistencebit.com

check out
the new music from

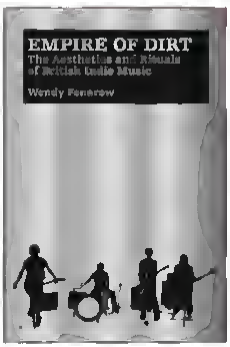
→ **persistencebit records**
wang nc
shin
the ventriloquist
(a)pend cs shuffle
andy vaz
mon
soul one
smbp

WESLEYAN
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Empire of Dirt

The Aesthetics and Rituals of British Indie Music

by Wendy Fonarow



"This book taught me a lot about the business I thought I knew inside out. I loved the 'audience zones' and 'trickster' sections, and I'm looking forward to the next book—on lead singer syndrome!"—**Peter Hook, bass player, Joy Division and New Order**

"While still respecting the key indie faith that it is all about the music, man,' *Empire of Dirt* shows how the ritual nature of indie practice reveals the limits and blind spots of this belief. Must reading for all who care about music that matters"—**Barry Shank**

$24.95 in paperback

Order from your favorite bookseller or call 800-421-1561
(603-448-1533, ext. 255 outside the US)
www.wesleyan.edu/wespress
Save 20% when you use code W300 and order from our web site

Global Ear Belfast

The Electronic Hammer at Belfast's Sonic Arts Research Centre

A survey of sounds from around the planet. This month: as Northern Ireland tentatively pursues 'peace and reconciliation', Paul O'Reilly finds tensions reflected in the capital's New Music output

The gentle shadows describing this early summer evening in Belfast's city centre are at unnerving odds with the harsh neon lighting and industrial steel which constitutes the inside of the new Sonic Arts Research Centre (SARC). The SARC building was opened in 2004 with a series of one-off concerts/events featuring Karlheinz Stockhausen, who performed a selection of his own compositions, past, present, and in progress, utilising the venue's spatialisation possibilities – previously only found in other centres specialising in the treatment of musique concrète, such as IRCAM – to maximum effect. Since then, the scientific acoustic design of SARC has provided a platform for all manner of musical genres, both inside and outside of the conventional academic brief. In a single month alone, its audience has been treated to performances from radical composer/improvisor Richard Barrett, free jazz visionary Anthony Braxton with his trio, interpreter of traditional Gaelic folk song Meighread Callan, and Belfast New Music ensemble BLISS (Belfast Legion for Improvised Sights and Sounds) who were in turn joined by members of the Dutch trio, The Electronic Hammer.

This melting pot of genres is nothing new to a city which has been searching for an identity, both cultural and political, throughout its well documented 'Troubles'. A minority of people from both sides of the argument have claimed the city as their own, and strongly eschew the views and values of their supposed neighbours, this has resulted in many of the city's artists and burgeoning immigrant populace embracing attitudes and modes of expression which are as diverse as they are apolitical. During last year's political parade season, Belfast based saxophonist Paul Auteur caused controversy when he and his group of Northern Irish musicians donned secondhand military attire and marched along sections of greater Belfast performing standards such as "The Bear Necessities" and "Love Me Tender" alongside ear splitting free improvisations. Recent acclaim for *How The Peace And Reconciliation Money Was Spent*, an operetta based on Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* with a newly configured libretto by Peter Morgan-Barnes, managed to ask uncomfortable questions of Northern Ireland's civil service, while the Belfast based company of singers and musicians managed to add a new level of subversion by performing the work within some of the governmental buildings which they criticise. Even within the more starchy world of classical music, the position of 'associate composer' was recently awarded to Belfast composer and bandleader Brian Irvine by the city's Ulster Orchestra, underlining a certain form of diversity embodied in the composer's polystylistic uses of South American tango, free jazz and rap, among many other genres.

Conflict has also affected Belfast geographically with governmental indecision and a recent myriad of investment opportunities resulting in performance spaces appearing in some of the most unlikely quarters of the city with no apparent overall planning structure. In one of Belfast's oldest known pubs, White's Tavern, you are likely to find jazz or traditional folk music, while a five minute walk will bring you to the focal point of the city's newspaper industry, where a pub known as The Front Page gives voice to open mic poetry nights, hardcore punk groups and hiphop nights featuring a broad cross section of performances, from biting local satire to visiting artists such as Canadian rapper Buck65. In the same district, upstairs at the Spanierd bar features The Improv Room every Tuesday night, which sees local musicians of all ages and standards receiving the opportunity to jam with the resident Dave Lyttle Trio, who also perform their own original compositions throughout the night. The fact that this takes place around two kilometres away from the SARC building should go some way to explaining the expanse of live music present within the city centre.

One of the main pillars of support for this abundance of non commercial sounds is the company Moving On Music, set up in 1995 by Brian Carson and Paul Brown, and which is responsible for bringing all manner of artists to Belfast, from legendary saxophonist Ornette Coleman to a recent DJ set from Einsturzende Neubauten's Alexander Hacke, as well as running educational workshops and supporting local musicians. It was Moving On Music that facilitated the recent BLISS/Electronic Hammer collaboration in SARC's main performance space, known as the Sonic Laboratory. Based in The Hague, Netherlands, The Electronic Hammer is an amorphous trio of sound creators/manipulators, featuring Diego Espinosa on an unconventional drum kit performing with Juan Parra and Henry Vega on laptops. Following an initial trio extemporisation, Parra is joined by members of BLISS to produce another improvisation, this time employing a piece of software known as the Frequencyliator. A new tool for networked laptop improvisation, the Frequencyliator allows local and remote participants to interact and exchange musical data over various networks, including the Internet. The software also contains a voting system which allows participants to vary parameters in real time and accept or reject proposed changes by other users.

All of the musical suggestions and decisions proposed by Parra and the members of BLISS were projected onto a large screen, so the audience members were able to observe a graphic representation of the growth of acoustic structures while simultaneously noting where the suggestions came from and which members voted for them. All four participants – Parra, Alain Renaud, Christopher McClelland and composer Jason Dixon – furiously typed on their laptops while an enraptured audience were privy to a completely new form of collaboration and group democracy: every mouse click had the potential to alter the sonic landscape, while throwing up some unusual possibilities and consequences. When you have a province with governmental rule in disarray and a city facing its usual summer of parades and protests, it is heartening to know that democracy can be found in the most unlikely places. ☐ *Websites: www.sarc.qub.ac.uk, www.movingonmusic.co.uk*

BENJI DE BURKA

IMPORTANT RECORDS

NEWS.APPAREL.MP3. ON THE INTERNET WWW.IMPORTANTRECORDS.COM
UPCOMING BORIS...GRAILS CONRAD SCHNITZLER...MERZBOW...RIVULETS
FREE IMPREC100 SAMPLER W/ PURCHASE

ALASEHIR
SHARING THE SACRED
IMPREC 010D

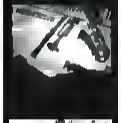
Alasehir is a side project of Barda Pond brothers Michael & John Gibbons. With guitars, sitar-tambours & percussion they establish a heady, heavy groove and jam on it throughout. Barda Pond meets Popol Vuh!

ALUMBRADOS
GENERATION OF VIPERS
IMPREC 102CD

Alumbrados is the second Barda Pond side project of Michael & John Gibbons being released on Important. Lush ethno-drones are created using guitar, sitar, cumbas, electronics & percussion.

FLAHERTY/CORSANO/YEH
A ROCK IN THE SNOW
IMPREC095CD

Paul Flaherty & Chris Corsano have re-written the concept of modern free jazz with their full on post-hardcore punk approach of euphoric togetherness. The addition of Burning Star Core's C. Spencer Yeh adds unique vocal/violin texture to the Flaherty/Corsano aggro jazz pummel. Liner notes by John Olson.



FLAHERTY/CORSANO/YEH
SNOW BLIND AVALANCHE
IMPREC096LP

Vinyl only full length limited to 1000 copies. The first 200 are on snow-white vinyl. Snow Blind Avalanche more prominently features C. Spencer Yeah's singular vocal and violin as it interacts with a slightly subdued Flaherty/Corsano. Gatefold liner notes by John Olson.

DANIEL MENCHE
JUGULARIS
IMPREC 103CD

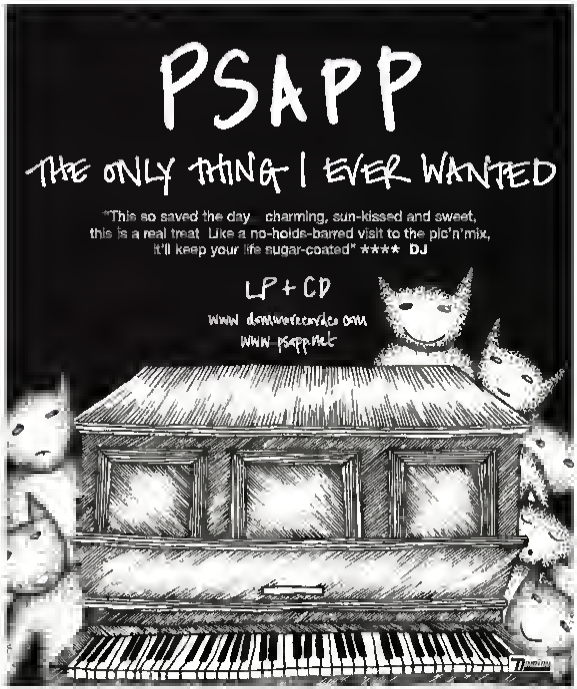
Jugularis is the first release in a pulsating series of blood themed recordings from Daniel Menche. Imagine for a moment that you're a blood cell being pulled through your veins towards an ever-beating heart. *Jugularis* is your soundtrack.

RAINCOATS STYRENES WORDSOUND BUSH TETRAS JAMES CHANCE NICO DICTATORS TWILIGHT CIRCUS BADAWI DURUTTI COLUMN BILL LASWELL EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN GG ALLIN DICKIES DUB TRIO MIKE LADD MC5 RAS MICHAEL NEW YORK DOLLS LEGENDARY PINK DOTS SKATALITES GLENN BRANCA FLIPPER MIRRORS MEKONS YELLOWMAN BAD BRAINS LEE "SCRATCH" PERRY TELEVISION BUSH CHEMISTS 10 FT. GANJA PLANT ROOTS TONIC TERRORISTS DR ISRAEL ALPHA & OMEGA DUFUS SUICIDE

www.roir-usa.com • www.myspace.com/roir

Proud member of A²IM www.a2im.org

UK distribution by Sheilshock



Cross Platform Sound in other media

Slow art for a fast world. that's Brian Eno's latest generative televisual 'paintings'. How long is now, asks Louise Gray

"I had thought of calling it *77 Million Paintings By Brian Eno And Not All Of Them Good*," jokes Brian Eno. He's speaking in the West London studio he's occupied for years on the occasion of the imminent launch of *77 Million Paintings*, a ridiculously affordable DVD-ROM that does for visual art what *Generative Music*, his 1995 software release, did for music. When I meet him, the piece is mutating slowly on a large, flat-panel screen on one of the walls in an otherwise spartan space that's furnished with a two or three keyboards, a similar number of computers and – oddly – one garden shed. Accompanied by a gradual Ambient soundtrack, aspects of the screen image change slowly: lines, patterns, masked-off blocks of colour fade in and out. Glowing gently on the wall, the constantly shifting image is as compelling or ignorable as one wants it to be. In other words, exactly how Eno defined Ambient in the first place.

"*77 Million Paintings* is two things in one," explains Eno. "It's firstly a software engine that allows things to be configured and shuffled, and secondly, it's a stack of images that I've made that are then manipulated by that engine. In the future, I hope to make just the engine, so people could put their own images into it. That would be interesting. You could load in a whole canon of someone else's work and have the pictures reconfigured." The program began with 300 slide images that Eno made, etched and then arranged in four layers. The number of possible combinations of all the images' elements gives the program – an unfixed artwork – its title. Today, Eno's playing the paintings at the program's fastest speed and it would take us 9000 years to watch in its entirety. At its slowest speed, we would be sitting in a room for several million years. Slow art for a fast world. It's no coincidence that another of Eno's activities is as co-founder, with British artist Jem Finer, of the Long Now Foundation, an organisation that encourages people to think in the very long term. (Currently, they're busy making 10,000-year clocks.)

It's difficult to locate a word that is capable of carrying the multifaceted nature of Eno's work with any degree of economy. From an early involvement with The Scratch Orchestra (an early indication of his interest in the part that process plays in music), to synth and tape work for Roxy Music (the vehicle that brought him, a self-declared non-musician, to a mass public), to creating and theorising Ambient music (and even these categories are a vast oversimplification), Eno has the kind of over-arching presence in the artistic avant garde that's hard to find parallels for. To call him simply an artist or facilitator somehow falls short. He's often thought of as an ideas machine, a thinker who can be relied on to produce an idiosyncratic discursive exploration of subjects ranging from cybernetics to theories of time to art in its widest definition. What is clear, however, is that there is a unified direction to his work that points towards an interest in the relationships of people – and things – to each other. It would not misrepresent him to say that music has social consequences, just as politics, computer theory and wars have social consequences. One can make a link from his ideas about art to recent broadsides fired against the war in Iraq or Tony Blair for prosecuting it.

Those who have followed Eno's progress since the early 70s will recall that *77 Million Paintings* is not his first foray into generative art. That came with *Generative Music*, a koan based program that, in its self generating capacity, upped the ante of how Ambient music was understood. "Years ago, I started thinking about what I called generative music and I coined that phrase in 1995 when I launched the concept to global silence," he says. "Just this morning, I looked on Google and there were over a million citations of generative music, but at the time it wasn't an idea that made a lot of sense to people. Essentially the idea of generative music is to think of the role of the composer differently: not as someone who specifies and builds a whole piece of music but as someone who designs a few seeds which flower and fruit in different ways, including ways that the composer couldn't have anticipated. It's not an original idea. It certainly stretches back to Steve Reich, the California school of composers and beyond that, to Cage and others. I like very much the idea of being someone who started a process, who built the machine and inputs into the machine and lets the thing come into its own. A lot of the music I did, all my Ambient music, for example, was made in that way."

The actual process of making art is an interest that dates back to Eno's art school experiences in the late 60s, a period in which he was working between

Above and far right: *77 Million Paintings* installation at Laforet Museum, Tokyo, 2006

NICK ROBINSON

Brian Eno

One in 77 million | Random image generated by *77 Million Paintings*

painting and music. The paintings were scored, and often several people would make several paintings from the same set of instructions. "I was very into ideas of instructions, scoring and processes that didn't repeat," he says. "What was happening musically during that time was that people were just starting to understand what electronics could do. It started to produce something entirely new, a music that was based around sound rather than structure or melody or rhythm. It became possible for people to start thinking in terms of sonic space in a way you really couldn't do before ... there was suddenly an incredible liberation, and this was coupled with what was going on in recording studios, which made it possible for someone like me, who can't play any musical instruments, to make music by putting things together and pulling them apart and working in the same way as I had as a painter."

If Eno describes the pictures on screens as visual music, it's no conceptual jump to see his music as a series of musical pictures. Like an earlier video work, *Mistaken Memories Of Medieval Manhattan*, *77 Million Paintings* was a response to a question. What else can I do with a television? For Eno, this meant making a TV part of something more natural (such as lying it on its side, so that lines became vertical like rain) or using it as a light source. "Light design has not been thought of musically," he says. "It has only been thought of theatrically. I wanted to bring something of the freedoms and malleability of working with music into light," a statement that suggests an affinity to director Robert Wilson's innovative stagings.

Evolving quietly on his monitors, these generative pictures also offer a more prosaic association. "Screensavers. No, not flying toasters and the like," he cautions. "I have been working with screensavers and in particular a program called Bliss, which allows you to specify sets of rules by which the image is built. I thought, wouldn't it be nice if you could make something that could be on while you're having a dinner party. Then about two years ago, I was walking down the road near here, all these posh houses, and I looked through a window where there was a dinner party. There was a big screen on the wall, and it was black of course, and the thing was inert. A big black hole sitting on the wall. I thought the time is right for this: people have screens of a high enough quality and they are flat, they are pictorial – and computers are capable of handling the amount of data these programs require."

This long-term, intangible nature of the work is something that interests Eno. There's no dedicated environment for the program. It's something that raises questions about human agency. It is, he says, a "new place between TV, painting, cinema". He's curious about its capacity to influence future work by other people. As an example of earlier seeds still bearing fruit, he cites one one of his album productions from 1979: "I get lots of CDs sent to me by people who want me to work with them and all I hear is Talking Heads. Everything I put on I think, oh, that's another Talking Heads record. It seems to me that they have been the single most important seeds ... Sometimes I talk to these people on the phone and I ask, so what brought you to me? And they say, '*Fear Of Music*. We love that record. That's the one we listen to all the time'."

Does his heart sink at this point? "Slightly, yeah. It would be so nice if someone said 'computational algebra' or something instead of Talking Heads."

But *77 Million Paintings* is an enterprise that touches on an objectless art, in the same way that performance leaves no tangible object behind. Intriguingly, it is also an example of an artist relinquishing control of any final product. Eno can't anticipate the images it will make and neither can anyone else. ("I have had it running for days and days on end, and not only do I see new combinations all the time, but also individual images that I have never seen before. Because of the randomness of the process, it's possible that one image might not be seen for several months.") Anyone running the program could take images off their computer and claim them as their own. (There's an equivalence here in an argument that Eno and David Byrne, his collaborator on *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts*, have just won against EMI, whereby the musicians have released tracks from the album on an interactive Website and made them available for remixing.) So where's the copyright? "In the cover text [to the program], it says you can take any picture you like, but I'd be very grateful if you mentioned the source." □

Brian Eno's 77 Million Paintings DVD ROM + DVD will be released in September on All Saints/ Wordsalad

Invisible Jukebox Biosphere

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Anne Hilde Neset. Photography: Ivan Jones

With three decades' worth of work behind him, Biosphere aka Geir Jenssen is one of the most prolific electronic musicians in Norway. Hailing from Tromsø, 450 kilometres north of the Arctic Circle, he founded the avant pop outfit Bel Canto in the mid-80s. He recorded their two first albums on the Belgian Crammed label, before setting himself up as a solo artist. As Bleep, he released *The North Pole By Submarine* in 1990, a precursor to Aphex Twin's warped electronics and what was later to be dubbed 'intelligent dance music'.

Inspired by the atmospheric soundscapes of Brian Eno and Jon Hassell as much as Hardcore Techno beats from Detroit, he released his first album as Biosphere, *Microgravity*, in 1991. The album fused the two influences into a panoramic galactic journey pinned down by an earthy pulse, and was rapidly picked up by Apollo, the Ambient subsidiary of Belgian label R&S. He subsequently worked with Ambient composer Pete Namlook on the *The Fires Of Ork* project, released on Namlook's prolific Fax label, as well as Higher Intelligence Agency's Bobby Bird. After Jenssen's second release for Apollo – the massively successful *Patashnik*, containing the hit "Novelty Waves", which ended up on a Levi's jeans advert – he dropped the beats to explore a more calm and introverted sonic terrain, frequently referred to as an aural equivalent of the solemn Arctic wastes of his native environment.

He released *Substrata*, widely considered an Ambient classic, on All Saints in 1997, and composed the soundtrack for Norwegian thriller *Insomnia* in the same year. He took part in Rune Grammofon's *Nordheim Transformed*, a remix project where Biosphere and fellow Norwegian electronic artist Deathprod re-imagined works by electroacoustic composer Arne Nordheim. Biosphere moved to Touch Records in 2000 and pursued a more electroacoustic direction with CDs such as *Cirque*, *Shenzou* and the Jules Verne-inspired *Autour De la Lune*. He has also been involved in various multimedia installations, most recently a soundtrack for a mountain walk on the Isle Of Skye in 2005. Jenssen's next album, *Cho Oyu*, will be released under his own name and features field recordings from a climbing expedition in the Nepalese mountains.

The Jukebox took place in London.

Wire
"Kidney Bingos"
FROM *A BELL IS A CUP UNTIL IT IS STRUCK* (MUTE) 1988

I know the voice. It's not Modern English, or something on 4AD? Oh, it's Wire. Of course. They were one of my favourite bands in the late 70s and early 80s.

How were you exposed to this music?

I had some friends who lived in this small place outside Tromsø, where I went to school, who were importing records mail order from England. They lived in a cottage without any water, but they had electricity and a record player, and I borrowed a bag of records which I took home and taped. I was often skiing to the cottage and back home to my bedsit with a plastic bag full of records dangling from my ski pole. I was also listening to presenter Harald Are Lund's radio programme *Grå Minutter* [Grey Minutes]: he was playing music like this – he is Norway's John Peel. Before that, I was listening to 10cc and Supertramp [laughs]. After hearing music like this, I could never go back. For me, it was fantastic, a new universe. It took three or four years before I bought a synthesizer. I started to experiment making music myself.

And then you founded Bel Canto?

Nils Johansen was playing bass guitar in a local punk rock band, Peder Eksem, at the time. We were both interested in playing electronic music, and wanted to work with a vocalist. We saw Annell Drecker singing in a not very interesting band, but we could hear that her voice was what we were looking for – a Cocteau Twins and Dead Can Dance-type voice. We played her some instrumentals and she started to make vocals and it went very quickly from there.

How did you get signed to Crammed Discs?

We sent tapes to all the record labels we liked: Mute, Cherry Red, 4AD, Crammed, Les Disques Du Crepuscule, and some German labels too. Then we bought InterRail tickets and took the bus from Tromsø to Narvik and then through Sweden to England. And we went to all these record labels – really naive – and asked if they'd listened to our demo. They usually showed us this pile of cassettes and said, 'I don't think we have', but Marc Hollander from Crammed was really nice. We told them we'd travelled from north of the Arctic Circle and they said, 'Go out and have lunch and come back in one hour and meanwhile we'll listen to your tape.' They liked it and wanted to release it. It was really good because our trip in England was so depressing because no one had time to listen. We even went to the ZangTuumTumb label, with Paul Morley and Trevor Horn, expecting them to have listened to our cassette [laughs].

Bel Canto released two albums on Crammed, what made you leave the group after that?

While working on the second Bel Canto album [1990's *Birds Of Passage*] I was working in another small studio with a sampler and I released this as my first Bleep album [*The North Pole By Submarine*, SSR 1989]. And I really enjoyed working on my own without engineers – I saw that I could do this myself without much gear. I was more into that kind of music instead of the pop verse/chorus thing.

Rhythim Is Rhythim
"Nude Photo"
FROM "NUDE PHOTO" 12" (TRANSMAT) 1987

Model 500 or Juan Atkins? Derrick May? I have all those records, but there are so many tracks it's impossible to tell which. I encountered this when I was signed to R&S in 1992. The first time I went to [their base in] Ghent I got signed together with Aphex Twin. We were sitting there together with Underground Resistance in the label office. I also had my own radio programme on student radio called *Bleep Culture* [laughs] together with [Bergen House producer] Bjørn Torske. So I called Bjørn, who was sitting at the radio station in Tromsø, and said, 'Guess who I'm sitting with?' and he was so excited. And Bjørn said, 'Please can we do an interview with [UR's 'Mad'] Mike Banks?' And I begged Mike, can you please do an interview with this guy in Tromsø, and he said, 'No, I'm tired'. But he gave in and they ended up having a really nice conversation – Bjørn even knew the UR catalogue numbers and everything [laughs]. Mike Banks never met anybody who knew the label that well.

The guys from Røyksopp were recording our radio shows. They lived locally and often came ringing my doorbell to ask if they could borrow records and my sampler. I was 20 at the time, they may have been 14. All the electronic artists came from Tromsø so we felt Tromsø was the Detroit of Norway. But we were also into club music from New York, Frankie Bones, Tommy Musto, Brooklyn Techno. That was even better, because the rhythm was disco loops, more organic, not too Technoid. I liked those rhythms

Gair Jonssen in Brixton, south London, April 2006

more than the 909 rhythms, which I've never been so into.

What made you move from rock and post-punk to Detroit Techno?

We can blame Per Martinsen from Mental Overdrive. He was living in London while I was living in Brussels in summer 88. And he came over with all this Acid House and Detroit Techno, all this stuff that I'd never heard, so it probably started from there.

Why did you change your name from Bleep to Biosphere?

'Bleep' is very 1989–90. You can't call yourself Bleep in 2006, it's too time-specific. I found the Biosphere name in a magazine and liked it. The biosphere is the part of the atmosphere which contains organic life. On the radio show I had themes where I talked about planets, or black holes, etcetera. And I played Detroit Techno and talked between the tracks, like a scientific programme in a way, but with Techno. I often mixed Ambient music with Techno to make it fit with what I was talking about. For example, playing a Brian Eno record with an Acid House record. And I thought, 'I never heard music like this', and that's what I wanted to do.

Bjork

"Ambergris March"

FROM *DRAWING RESTRAINT NO 5* (ONE LITTLE INDIAN) 2005

This is an Icelandic singer.

It's not Bjork?

Yes, her soundtrack to the latest film by her husband, Matthew Barney. Your earliest records feature a lot of soundbites and speech excerpts. Was your own interest in sampling voices a natural progression from working with Anneli Drecker?

I think it was typical in the early 90s, using film samples. Lots of people were doing it, like The Orb, for example. I was always looking for samples when I was hiring videos at the time. Often I missed the whole narrative because I would be listening out for things that I could sample. I don't do that very much anymore.

Your track "Novelty Waves" from *Patashnik* was the first electronic piece of music ever to be used in a Levi's ad.

Yes, that track went to number one in the UK independent chart before AphexTwin came along. So it was quite well known one year before the ad. It was also the first Levi's commercial that used a non-American artist. I also knew that all the people who had been used by Levi's were one-hit wonders, they made that track and disappeared [laughs]. R&S wanted me to continue in that style, to make a follow-up. But I wanted to go in a more serious direction, and make something that could last longer, so I changed style after that. I was getting tired of the Techno beats, I was finished with it in a way.

Barney's film is set on a Japanese whaling ship. You live in a part of the world where whaling is one of the main industries.

Not really. Only a few people who live in the Lofoten islands are active whalers. Whaling is not a big industry in Norway.

it's a controversial livelihood.

Yes, I know. But what's worse? 500 minke whales killed by the Norwegian whale hunters or the 450 million animals killed for food in Britain every year? The Norwegian excuse is that they are doing this for scientific reasons. That's a bad excuse because whale meat is sold in shops. But it's a very untrendy food. So is wearing sealskin clothes – if you wear them even in Tromsø the young people will give you bad looks. And there are more jobs and money in whale safaris, that's a much bigger industry. More people are making a living out of tourism, not hunting.

Aphex Twin

"Track 6"

FROM *SELECTED AMBIENT WORKS VOLUME 2* (WARP) 1994

[Immediately] AphexTwin. The first time I went to R&S, Richard James also came over – he was invited by Renaat [Vandepapeliere], who runs the label. And he came with a little rucksack and a big plastic bag full of tapes. And that turned out to be *Selected Ambient Works 1985–92* and "Didgeridoo" and all those singles. He was sitting in the studio, taping all the tracks onto a DAT to make a master for Renaat to pick tracks later. He didn't save anything on his computer, he just recorded to tape and erased it from his hard disk.

He told me he really liked the Bleep record, he said it was one of his favourite records, that he was playing it every day – this was in 1992. And I can hear some similarities from what he was doing then and the Bleep record. Both are Ambient and have some Techno elements. I met him only briefly a few times after that.

Would you call your music Ambient?

I don't use that term when people ask what kind of music I play – I just say I play electronic music. Brian Eno said Ambient was not meant to be listened to actively, like wallpaper, but I want my music more to be like a painting on a wall that you listen to. You should see it, it's not meant to be background music. AphexTwin tracks are also like abstract paintings, not wallpaper. Maybe I think the same about my music.

Mari Boine

"Ahccai"

FROM *LEAHKASTIN – UNFOLDING* (LEAN) 1995

Is it Lisa Gerrard from Dead Can Dance? Is it Norwegian? It's not Anja Garbarek... Older? Folk singer? It's not Sidsel Endresen? Oh, it's Mari Boine, of course. I hear it now. I did a remix for her on a compilation on Jazzland ["Ålddagasat Ipmalat" on *Remixed*, 2001].

She's good at what she does, but it's not my kind of music, I don't listen very much to World Music. It's too ethnic, it feels a bit politically correct. Although Jon Hassell has done something using elements of World Music in his early records that I really like. I often find ethnic music easily becomes kitsch, looking back in history, not forward.

I have respect for Mari Boine and what she has done for the Sami people. There is now a lot of joik [traditional Sami singing], probably because of what she has done.

What is the situation for Sami people in Norway now?

Sometimes I think maybe I should find some Sami relatives in my family, because then I can call myself a Sami artist and get lots of funding. If you are Sami you can apply to two places: the Samerådet [Sami government], and Norwegian cultural funds. Some really no-talent rock bands get hundreds of thousands [of Norwegian kroner] to produce a CD that sells 50 copies.

What is it like in Tromsø, are the Sami integrated into society?

I would say they are integrated in most areas. Northern Norway has a very mixed population. Some people are still living a traditional Sami lifestyle, herding reindeer. And the main traditional areas are even effected by overgrazing and erosion, due to too many reindeer.

Are you interested in Norwegian traditional music? The eight stringed herding fiddle has a melancholy, drone-like quality – is that something that might have played a hidden part in your music?

No. Norwegian folk music is just torture to me [laughs]. It reminds me of boring Sunday afternoons when there was *Folkemusikk Timen* [*Folk Music Hour*] on the radio, and my parents were having a nap after dinner. There was only one channel in the 70s. It reminds me of Telemark and really boring places in Norway [laughs]. It's too religious. People with small houses with small windows, really dark inside, praying to God.

The church in Norway thought some of the herding fiddle's overtones were related to the Devil's tune, and it's still only allowed inside at the priest's discretion. Didn't you played in a Norwegian church recently?

Yes, at the Numusic festival, in the Cathedral in Stavanger. It was hard work for the festival, they had to have several meetings with the regional bishop. And at the end they said, 'OK, we'll let in some electronic music'.

Nurse With Wound

"June 4"

FROM *SHIPWRECK RADIO VOLUME 2* (TCR/UNITED DAIRIES) 2005

Is this a Touch release? It's not Thomas Koner? He goes to Norway often, every summer he goes to Norway with a tent and camping gear, spending weeks there. Is it Coil related? Steven Stapleton? A lot of people are asking me if I know this guy and this music.

As part of an art project he went to live in Lofoten, recorded only local sounds and made broadcasts on the regional radio. Some of the material was collected on two double CDs.

My girlfriend was part of an art project in Lofoten where they have sculptures in the nature around the islands. The locals mostly hate it, of course. My girlfriend plays in this performance group called Baktruppen. A few months earlier they had been in Africa and bought a little wooden statue of an English colonial person with khaki shorts and hat. They erected a huge sculpture in Lofoten based on that figurine, four metres high, and the plan was to sink it into the ocean later, as a performance. They thought the locals would be happy to get rid of it. And then when the time came to drown the sculpture, locals chained themselves to it because they wanted to keep it! Baktruppen had even hired a big boat, at great expense, to take it out and drop it into the ocean, but they couldn't because the locals protested.

What about your relationship to nature – like most Norwegians you love outdoor life and I've heard you enjoy mountaineering. How does that impact on your music?

I have been climbing and skiing since I was a teenager, but when I'm doing that, I'm not thinking about music. I contradict myself, perhaps, since my next album is mostly field recordings from a climbing expedition in Tibet. In my music I'm not trying to describe this beautiful Arctic landscape, as you often read in reviews. I just like to live there. But I probably sell more records that way. If I lived in London and I read about this guy living close to the North Pole [laughs], making music – the press often describe it as a scientist's cottage – I would be interested, too.

Isn't there anything at all Arctic about your music – the sense of space and wilderness, for example?

My first demos with Bel Canto were very influenced by Depeche Mode, New Order and Cabaret Voltaire. But we decided that instead of copying what's happening in England, we should try to make something coming from our part of the world. So we did that with Bel Canto. Maybe I've developed a style, and people associate me because they know I'm from there. If I had been from New Zealand, they would probably have said that it describes the New Zealand landscape.

Scanner + Dessy
"Play Along"
FROM *PLAY ALONG* (SUB ROSA) 2004

Supersilent Spunk, something on Rune Grammofon? It's very acoustic

It's a collaboration between Scanner and Jean-Paul Dessy, a composer and cellist. Would you say your current music is closer to contemporary composition than electronica?

In between, I think. I'm a big fan of [Italian composer] Salvatore Sciarrino. Some years ago I was commissioned to make a piece for trumpet, piano and flute, and I don't like those instruments, so it was really hard. But once, while I was painting a door, I was listening to the radio and I heard this programme on the radio where they investigated the question, "Salvatore Sciarrino, famous in Europe, why not in Norway?" And suddenly I heard what you could do with instruments like flute and trumpet and piano, and all those acoustic instruments. I thought you really have to know the instruments and be super-clever to write something like that. And that's impossible if you just sample a flute and piano. It could be great to get a grant where you could just stop doing live sets and making albums for a few years and just learn to use acoustic instruments to write with them, go to music school. 'Contemporary music' is the wrong term, so much so-called contemporary music doesn't sound modern, it sounds based on what Anton Webern and Schoenberg did in the 1910s or 20s: it sounds like it's looking backwards, not forwards.

In 1998 you remixed a piece by the composer Ame Nordheim, who is thought of as the father of electronic music in Norway. Were you already interested in his work when you were asked to do this piece?

I hadn't heard his music very much, only a few times on the radio, and some friends played me a track now and then. I really like what he was doing in the 60s. When I was asked by Rune Grammofon to do these remixes I was listening closely to Nordheim, and it was a shock that he was making that music so early.

What was the experience like?

It was like everything else I do, I often sample musicians in short sections and I just took what I liked, as I would have done with any other records that I buy. And made music out of it, only using his sounds.

Have you ever been sampled?

Yes. The worst example is the movie *Se7en*. It was released on a double DVD a few years ago. In the menu you often have music in a loop. And this German guy said to me, 'How much did they pay you to do the menu on the *Se7en* DVD?' So I went out and bought the DVD and discovered they had used these long loops from *Substrata*. So I tried to investigate. I sent an email to the company who released it in the Czech Republic. It turned out it was a Czech guy who sampled my album and presented it to the film company as his own music. I think they have agreed to pay something for it now. I also sent an email to the composer who used my sounds and he was like, 'Yeah. I don't think I sampled you, but if that should have happened, can I pay you €50 and continue using it?' He knew that if the film company sued him he would go bankrupt.

Faithless sampled my bassline from "Novelty Waves". The track was called "Insomnia" and it was a huge hit all over the world. R&S contacted them and they said they had changed one note, so we couldn't do anything about it. People were asking me, 'How could this happen?' We had to let it go.

The Cinematic Orchestra
"Man With A Movie Camera"
FROM *MAN WITH A MOVIE CAMERA* (NINJA TUNE) 2003

Is this The Cinematic Orchestra? *Man With A Movie Camera*?

You've done a soundtrack to the same film. We were asked by this film festival in Tromsø to do music for a film and one guy at the film institute suggested that film. I started with field recordings. I approached it like a sound engineer for a real movie, but using only some sounds, so it was kind of strange: if you look out the window and only hear the sounds of one car and not the other cars or people. Just one car. So it created an alien, very strange atmosphere.

Can you talk about your current project involving video artist Egbert Mittelstaedt?

This project is a collaboration with images and music. I don't like video art normally. But he showed some of his video before a concert I did in Cologne and I really liked it, so I told him, 'This is the best video art I've ever seen'. And he saw my concert and liked my music too. After most people had left the hall we tried improvising, and it worked really well, so we decided to work together live, but it probably will be released on DVD at some point. ☐ Cho Oyu *is out now on Touch*

Lepke B played a pivotal role in the cheerfully nonconformist DIY post-punk outfits The Homosexuals and Milk From Cheltenham, before becoming a pioneering VJ and unleashing the jerry-built electronics and subversive sampling of his current group, Die Trip Computer Die. Words: David Stubbs

Ugly dead music

"There's no longer musique concrète. Today, it's musique plastique," declares Lepke B(uchwalter), sometime member of the collective that comprised Milk From Cheltenham and for the last ten years, one of the three ex-Homosexuals who make up Die Trip Computer Die. On the three albums they have managed to produce in their lifespan, Die Trip have succeeded in reconciling the great visual arts movements of the early 20th century (coincidentally, Buchwalter sports a leonine mane reminiscent of the surrealist André Breton), the nonconformist traditions of the late 70s/80s South London/RaR scene, a twisted but unabashed take on pop music, and all the tricks and gizmos of new technology shunned by the more puritanical ploughers of the avant garde. "I'll cheerfully listen to Beyoncé and Back, or Charles Ives. Or Harry Partch," says Lepke, before explaining how fellow Die Tripper Ted Barrow creates circuit benders out of old toys. Barrow, who Lepke describes as the group's "secret weapon", is their most proficient musical member. The trio is completed by Xentos 'Fray' Bentos, also known as L Voag, whose outré 1979 pop/anti-pop masterpiece *The Way Out* has just been reissued. And then there is Lepke himself, whose great strength is that he has no musical training whatsoever and is determined never to acquire any. "People will say of things I do, 'What the hell is this, it sounds like it was recorded in a biscuit tin' And I'll say, 'Well, actually, it was'."

They thrive on the perverse and the paradoxical. Their latest album, *Die Like A Rock*, represents a return to the song structures of their 1999 debut, *Stadium Death*. Yet, as is their wont, it's a heavily laden, painstakingly wrought mosaic of samples, unorthodox instrumentation and free playing, all of which jostles, festers and rumbles beneath the album's faux glam pop surfaces. "Nobody hears the nervous breakdowns we go through," sighs Lepke, about Die Trip's fraught recording processes. Lepke in particular is reluctant to talk about his past, albeit brief, life with The Homosexuals, worry that many people out there would rather wallow in late 70s post-punk retroism than attend to his present work. "We do feel slightly awkward in that people are always going to compare us with The Homosexuals," he says. "We get people saying to us, 'You were great in 1981', which is nice of them, but how's that supposed to make you feel?" Such was the philosophy, too, of The Homosexuals in their short lifetime (1977–82). They only released a couple of singles and EPs during those five years, but left in their wake a vast detritus of uncomfortable lo-fi recordings later worked up by RaR's Chris Cutler into a self titled LP in 1984. Despite comparisons with The Kinks and Wire, The Homosexuals were wilfully anti-entryist, as their moniker suggested. They embraced punk's DIY ethic – however, like This Heat, their affinity with the more elaborate resistance rock of the late 70s (Henry Cow, etc) meant that they were exiled from punk's gang. Though, like Barrow, he was only latterly involved with The Homosexuals, Lepke's musical policy remains in accordance with theirs – moving forward, discarding ideas once they're realised, learning new technologies from scratch if necessary, rather than mistaking old habits and methods for integrity. Despite this anti-backward looking stance, he admits that Die Trip were gratified at the Italian label Alga Marghen's reissue of Milk From Cheltenham's 1983 album *Triptych Of Poisoners*, originally released in an edition of just 300 on the It's War Boys label, its release delayed for two years because of problems with the sleeve. In the balmy evening haze of a back garden in South London, he and Ted Barrow (the reclusive Xentos sends his apologies) explain how the album had to be retrieved from the original vinyl, as the master tapes had "moulded away, quite honestly".

"When tapes get like that, it's because the magnetic oxide is coming away from the backing," explains Barrow. "The only chance you have of retrieving them is by baking them in an oven, and then you've got one chance before they start to disintegrate."

Oddly, the sonic roughness of the reissued *Triptych Of Poisoners* only adds to a sense of its archaeological fascination, as if it's a precious remnant from the Jurassic, pre-digital era. One hears the sort of ideas The Homosexuals were pursuing, once they'd got past their relatively conventional, punk/pop phase – further "decomposed", to use a favourite word of Lepke's. Beyond the 'angularity' often ascribed to post-punk, there's something positively cubist about these tracks, with sherds of guitar flying at you from all perspectives, the combative jumble of styles from reclaimed fragments of rock and funk to creeping improv, the shifting recording locations, from live to studio, all of which hint at the instability and decentred nature of the line-up.

"Milk From Cheltenham rehearsed in a cellar for four years," says Lepke. "And by strange coincidence, we built a recording studio there. It was a big, floating collective of anything from 20 to two people. That album was made in a mixture of recording studios but mainly in Surrey Sounds in Leatherhead, which was also the studio that The Police used to use. So, when no one was looking, we used to sneak in and remix "Roxanne" onto quarter-inch. That would have been the precursor of plunderphonics as it's known nowadays, but someone recorded over it."

Certainly, you can hear Milk From Cheltenham bending the technology available to them, in order to contrive new twists and exit/entry points for the popular song. However, Lepke says, it was a case of "waiting for the technology to arrive". The minidisc was one boon. "We did a piece where we cut up Beethoven's third symphony onto tape. It took three months. On minidisc, it would have taken three hours."

More significant, however, was sampling. And, for several years from the late 80s onwards, the Lepke/L Voag axis fell off the radar as they learned to get to grips with this new tool, with Lepke also venturing into the nascent practice of VJing and turntabling (he performed alongside Otomo Yoshihide on his Turntable Hell tour in 2002). Ted Barrow, meanwhile, pursued other ventures, ranging from working with The Virgin Prunes to becoming a foster parent. Die Trip Computer Die formed in the mid-90s, but despite gigs in Berlin and at London's ICA, only released *Stadium Death* in 1999.

Stadium Death is as revelatory today as it was on its release – so much is happening, it takes multiple listens to reveal itself. The most obvious comparison is with The Residents – cryptic, sardonic cartoon pseudo-pop narratives like "Duk O'death", delivered in multiple, imitative voices, whose essentially logical non sequiturs leave you seduced and perplexed. Like The Residents, Die Trip appear bent on getting in among the circuits and surfaces of pop's narcotic beauty and revealing the essential ugliness of its workings. Certainly, their use of ostensibly pretty and unassuming samples, when (im)properly

ED BAXTER

Die Trip Computer Die (left to right): Lepke 6 and Xantas 'Fray' Santas

juxtaposed, rear up at you like Dada collages, with the sinister force of the familiar suddenly placed in an unfamiliar context. "We like it when things that are apparently banal can seem quite threatening through repetition," says Lepke.

However, there is more to Die Trip's complex relationship with pop music than that. The way that Lepke talks about The Who and The Kinks or Brian Wilson suggests a kind of love, a sense of exile from a past utopia, viewed wistfully from Die Trip's necessarily subterranean perspective. If not love, then obsession.

"Our methodology surprises ourselves," Lepke says. "One time, I might have a Buddy Holly fixation for three weeks, but by the time I've got around to suggesting we use "Rave On" as a sample, it no longer seems such a good idea, because I'll suddenly be listening to Charles Aznavour and having off to car boot sales to buy as many copies of the same Charles Aznavour album as I can find."

Die Trip's most recent obsession is picking up old Mike Oldfield, Supertramp and Genesis cassettes for 50p and re-exploring this nowadays culturally ignored corner of music making.

"There shouldn't be any tut-tutting about using things just because they're from a popular background. One of the most recent things I heard Keith Rowe play was two tracks by The Carpenters played slightly out of sync with each other. And when I played with Keith at the 12 Bar I based my contribution around "Don't Fear The Reaper" by Blue Öyster Cult. And Keith was fine with that."

What repels Die Trip is "the rock machine that is still duping people all the time. 'We're gonna make it, we're gonna make it...'" Hence the perpetual prodding, and jolting and stomping and deliberate misshapenness and extrovert loudness of Die Trip, on their first album and *Die Like A Rock* – especially after certain responses to the more Ambient toxicity of the one in between, *We Are Your Friends*.

"When I sing," says Lepke, "I try to do it in a very primal sense, try to sing as loudly as I can. It's a reminder that there are still human beings making music. I've heard of people listening to *We Are Your Friends* as chillout background music and it really makes you wonder... we enjoy singing. Which is why we choose to work in a song format, especially the problems you have to resolve when you're also trying to push sampling technology as far as you can. I really think samplers haven't properly been explored. By people like The Young Gods, maybe, but..."

"We're about the world," says Barrow of Die Trip, and though, in their strangeness and cultural isolation and perpetual anti-fashionability they feel far away from the world, he has a point. Hence the political content which frequently erupts in their work. Even the moniker Milk From Cheltenham, which I always took to be a love-hate assertion of Englishness (and pointed anti-American-ness), turns out to be an allusion to GCHQ's headquarters being based in that town.

"Actually, our relationship with America is love-hate," clarifies Lepke. "You can't blame the people for their government or their frightening foreign policy." Still, they take a grim relish in tracks like "America's Burning", while *Stadium Death*'s "Headless" is written from the perspective of a US soldier in Vietnam, apparently felled by a giant spoon. Despite the American input into Die Trip's work, or the myriad strands of sound they tie together whose origin is American (including the hiphop of *Stadium Death*'s "Ugly Deadly Music"), it's as if these elements have been recontextualised, held at critical arm's length.

This is one of the secrets of Die Trip's 'failure'. That, and the general public's resistance to embracing in sound ideas which they have long learned to accept in the world of visual arts. However, working as a VJ, Lepke does see the potential in a marriage of the musical and visual in new music, whose relationship (viz abstract graphics acting as a backwash at laptop gigs) is often perfunctory and awkward.

"Having seen the VJ community shift to laptops, I'm surprised in a way that the LMC isn't starting to think more along the lines of a visual dimension, or even a sense of presentation," says Lepke.

"Working in clubs, there are no questions asked about the kind of imagery you use. I'm talking about 'Unreal tournaments' in which Homer Simpson can stalk another cartoon character. And that's nothing to what we'll be seeing in 30 years' time, if we get there. Our children will probably be working with biological sets making baby giraffes."

If there's a future to be had, Die Trip's work will be part of it. "People talk about information overload," remarks Lepke. "I say it hasn't happened yet." □

Die Like A Rock is available on Alcohol

In June, Resonant Spaces dropped saxophonist John Butcher and Japanese sound artist Akio Suzuki into remote areas of Scotland and challenged them to sonically find their way home. Biba Kopf reports back from the Orkney and Durness legs of the tour. Photography: Garrard Martin

Akio Suzuki at the Standing Stones of Stenness, June, 2006

The Orkney Islands are a 90 minute ferry ride from the northernmost tip of Scotland. With the summer solstice approaching, the sun doesn't set up here until near 11pm and then only stays down for some four hours. The longest day might be just 48 hours away, but the sun is showing no sign of making an appearance the afternoon the Resonant Spaces party arrives at the Ring of Brodgar to sound out possibilities for the first performance of its six date tour of Scottish sites. Variously positioning himself at the centre of the circle and close up to some of the stones, the London saxophone improvisor John Butcher subjects the ring to staccato soprano fire and more full bodied tenor blows without making much headway against the dirty, driving wind and rain. Patrolling the monument's perimeter clacking together a pair of stones found on a Brittany beach and interspersing an occasional holler, Japanese sound artist Akio Suzuki elicits a more immediate response from their larger, more weathered Orkney relatives. Entranced, he picks up the pace to a canter as if trying to keep up with the echoes. Then, amid the bleak splendour of this Neolithic monument, 27 stones of which are still standing some 4500 years after they were erected on a low plateau between two lochs, Suzuki's eye is caught by something in an insignificant-looking mound of rubble. Quick as a cat, his hand darts in to retrieve a tiny, seagull-cracked cockleshell. "A gift," he beams, as he proceeds to blow an impromptu version of the Japanese national anthem on it. "Like a small stone that grows much bigger, the Japanese people will be forever – or so they are conditioned to believe," remarks Suzuki later, somewhat gnomically summarising the anthem's lyric. "But it's not true. A small stone never grows. It gets smaller and smaller." The tour has not yet properly begun and already its spaces are producing some fascinating resonances.

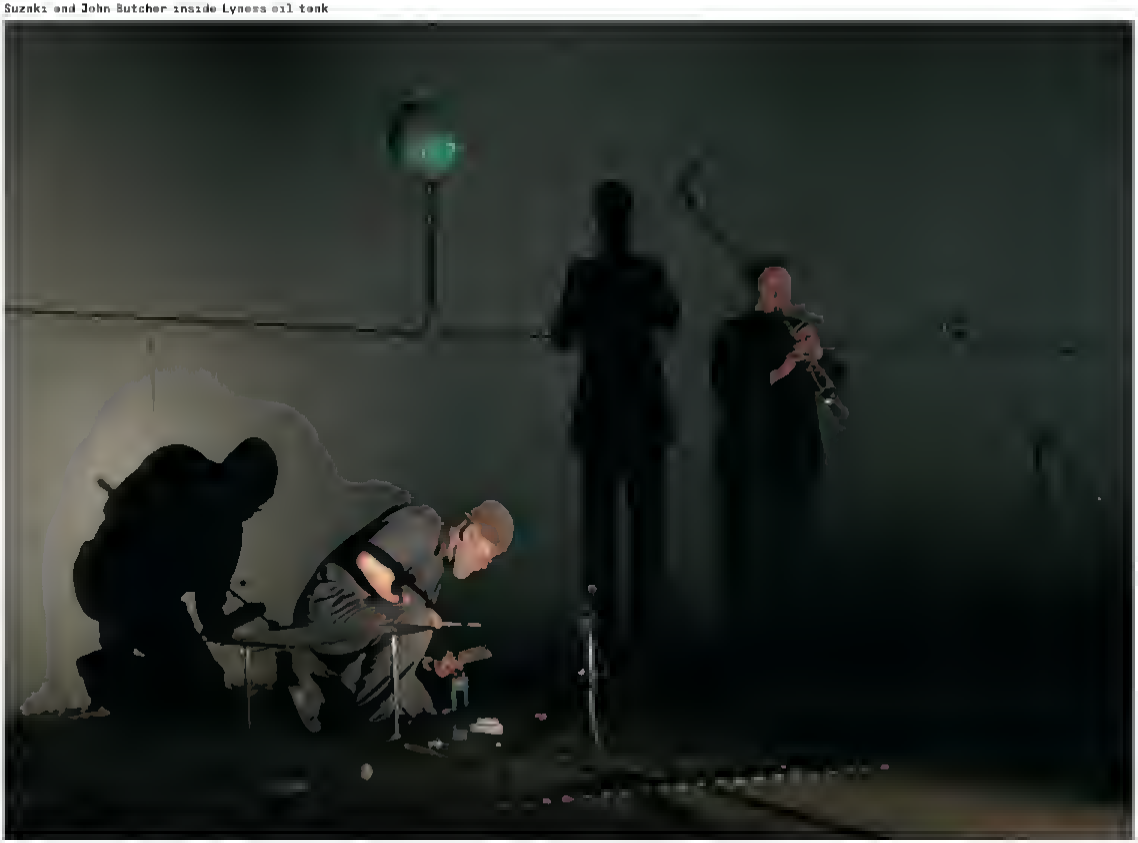
Arranged by the Arika organisation's Barry Esson and Bryony McIntyre, the people behind Glasgow's Instal and Dundee's Kill Your Timid Notion festivals, Resonant Spaces is bussing Suzuki and Butcher through some of the remotest regions of Scotland for a series of site-specific performances in natural, prehistoric, manmade and industrial locations, starting with two events in the Orkneys and then heading back south to the mainland for performances at Smoo Cave in Durness, Tugnet Ice House in Spey Bay, Wormit Reservoir and Hamilton Mausoleum. Also onboard are sound and lighting designer Ruan Cormack, the LMC's Ben Drew and audiovisual artist Emma Hart – both here to document the tour for Resonance 104.4 FM radio, as well as creating some site-specific works of their own. As much as possible the tour has scheduled school visits and other stops. "In each location we were trying to find somewhere where it didn't feel like we're parachuting in," explains Esson, "coming over like some fey southern fops patronising a community and thinking they should really love experimental music because we have bothered to take it here. Instead we looked for locations where the community wants it to happen, which have interesting acoustic properties and then again different acoustic properties from each other, so the artists are challenged each time."

The first challenge, however, proves insurmountable. A storm forecast promising 45mph winds and 60mph gusts causes the cancellation of the opening Ring of Brodgar night. To cut their losses, Resonant Spaces organise an impromptu public recording session for Suzuki and Butcher at the nearby Standing Stones of Stenness for the morning before the storm is due to kick up. There might be only four surviving monuments in this smaller and older circle, erected 5000 years ago, but being much larger than the Brodgar stones, they offer the two artists more surface from which they can bounce sounds. Even so, they're still up against a vicious wind, which prompts Suzuki to consent to amplification directing the sound of his analapos – the extraordinary self-made acoustic echo instrument consisting of two steel cylinders connected by a long metal coil cable – towards one of the stones. Yodelling into one cylinder, finger-drumming it, or brushing his nails along the cable, he transmits signals to the other cylinder and then conducts a dialogue with its trapped echoes, occasionally involving the delicate overtones that hover above the reverberating coil. But beyond the immediate vicinity of the instrument, the wind negates any serious sonic interactivity with the stones. The wind is less hindrance and more help when Akio switches to his 'Suzuki-style' glass harmonica – a set of fragile glass tubes arranged like a marimba and either played gamelan-like with mallets and metal-tipped sticks, or rubbed with wet fingers to produce haunting singing tones, enhanced by the whistling effects caused by the odd gust.

The larger stones prove to be more yielding under Butcher's sax assault. "The echo effects were definitely there," he asserts. "I tried short, piercing, rapid attacks on the tenor, and that was interesting for sounding out the stones. But I couldn't see a way of working musically with that." However the high-pitched, multiple tones of his amplified soprano produce the morning's first breakthrough. "The surprising thing was that the previously reasonably silent sheep, who were gathered in the far corner of the Stones area, recognised qualities in those sounds and they started up bleating," smiles Butcher. "Then it was possible to get a call and response thing going with them, and that inter-species communication took off and became a more dominant thing." When he steps up to yet louder and higher frequencies, the sheep drop out only to be replaced by cawing seabirds overhead. "None of this had anything to do with the acoustics of the space, perhaps, but when the Stones were originally made, presumably they were used for rituals that used basic percussion sounds and human voices which were maybe connected with the imitation of the sounds of nature that were in the space," he speculates. "OK, the sheep wouldn't have been there, but it is possible that there was an awareness of communication with wildlife."

Butcher's performance takes an even more impressive turn when he notices the wind starting to play his amplified soprano without him blowing into it. He proceeds to reverse-sculpt a disembodied,

Suzuki and John Butcher inside Lyness oil tank



eerily beautiful solo by using his horn to catch the wind across its tone holes to produce fluting sounds, while working the air trapped in the tube by moving the instrument and pressing the tabs. An absolutely stunning response to atrocious conditions.

"The wind thing was interesting because when you are playing saxophone, the player hears a lot of wind sounds, whispers and things happening in the instrument, which never get to the audience," remarks Butcher, "and this was the bit I like, making that much more apparent. I like exposing these kind of hidden workings of the instrument. Today the wind showed you exactly what a saxophone is: a tube with resonances. Everything else is imposed cultural history on it."

For any number of reasons, Resonant Spaces is a fantastic undertaking. Partly funded by the Scottish Arts Council, with Esson and McIntyre making up the shortfall out of their own pockets, the Resonant Spaces events are all free, due to the absurdly prohibitive costs of obtaining a licence for paid events. If door-takings are not the point, then what is? That Esson, McIntyre and sound man Cormack are doing all the driving, hotel and ferry bookings and humping between them scotches any cynical suspicion about such a tour being primarily a curatorial caprice. Though it was on an entirely larger scale and budget, last year's *Storr: Unfolding Landscape*, the NVA organised sound art spectacle, running for eight weeks on a mountain in Skye, upon which Cormack worked, had a massively positive impact, both culturally and economically, on the local community. By percolating the life force of interesting or different ideas through remote locations ignored by more commercially driven events, the Resonant Spaces tour is helping to prevent their cultural arteries atrophying. Further, the exchanges on the Orkneys are decidedly two-way, with the local Scottish heritage rangers and education authorities working hard to make things happen. The first of two school visits on the Orkneys confirms the manifold significance of the Resonant Spaces undertaking. Though Stenness Community School is struggling to maintain its independent status despite the area's falling children's population, it has an enviously well stocked music department. Performing on a mixture of self-made reinsticks, percussion items and regular instruments, the work the juniors put on for the tour party is staged like a John Zorn gamepiece, with the teacher conducting the children's improvisations with a series of signals and instructions. Afterwards they evince a critical interest in Suzuki and Butcher's respective demonstrations. "He sounds like a boat!" pipes up one boy about the saxophonist. "A lot of people say that about my playing," sighs Butcher.

To the smaller Orkney island of Hoy for Resonant Spaces' next stop, the oil storage tank in Lyness, facing the Scapa Flow harbour, where the British Navy scuttled the defeated German fleet in 1919. During the Second World War, Hoy housed 18 such oil tanks, some buried underground, to keep the allied forces fuelled. This last one standing has been converted into a museum, with military hardware, guns, lights and landing craft on display amid the giant heating elements that kept the oil heated and flowing. Though the tank finally offers the musicians shelter from the elements, they're not entirely free of its impact, as the occasional heavy downpour rat-a-tatting like hail on the tank's metal roof and walls must be taken into account. Further, leaks have corroded parts of its metal base, causing the rust to crackle underfoot. "I was surprised to see it filled with the technology of war," remarks Suzuki, mildly. "But it also had less warlike objects – like a sailing boat called *Daisy*, which I felt more comfortable with, so I made the area next to it my performance space."

After having to struggle so hard against the wind and rain to achieve any notable acoustic response from the Neolithic stones outdoors, the circular metal walls of the tank reflect back an embarrassment of rich resonances. The length of its sound decay is timed at 17 seconds, while any tone made in the middle of the space bounces back from the ceiling almost immediately, but with interest. From some points, the sounds Butcher and Suzuki generate produce an acoustic mirroring effect, and elsewhere the tank's curved surface acts like the whispering gallery at London's St Paul's Cathedral.

Suzuki, who customarily refers to his analapos as his baby, worries how a custom-made echo-instrument will cope with the tank's cavernous echoes. "Whatever I do with the analapos, its voice will be lost like a raven in the black night," he despairs.

Butcher, who opens the concert before an audience of 70 (out of an island population of 400 inhabitants), isn't so nervous about exploiting the tank's sonic wealth, yet he's far too fastidious an improvisor to lazily kick back and leave the space do the work. "The first impression is that obviously almost anything you do in there immediately has some interest because of this wash of sound that surrounds it. But after a few minutes you realise, OK, this is interesting but it is not substantial enough to make music, where you have to make choices. However, when the audience come in, they will not have heard a performance in that space before, so I thought I'd work with some note based material just to give the audience something they are a little more familiar with, which awakens their ears to the potential of the room."

But Butcher's performance truly takes off during a lengthy tenor improvisation on the acoustic feedback created in his instrument by moving its bell towards a mic. Amplified pad sounds help control its circulation, while all the time Butcher avoids blowing through the mouthpiece. Like his wind driven improvisation at the Stones of Stenness, the method, which he says he has been working on since the early 1980s, permits him to explore a wholly other kind of physicality to his chosen instrument: a full-on, free-blowing post-Coltrane legacy, creating weirdly ectoplasmic clusters of fluttering beats and tones. Things only start to fall apart when he attempts to take advantage of the tank's long decay times with a seamless instrument switch to amplified soprano. "But when I swopped over I just couldn't get it to work," laughs Butcher. "That was my own idiocy because I actually had the pedal on off!"

After an awkward pause, he compensates with a rousing, circular breathing acoustic soprano piece that more obviously exploits the tank's acoustics. "I must say," he confesses, "I thought, fuck this!, and went for a big gesture. I was working with glissandi. With the echo in the tank you have always got a different pitch coming back at you than the one you send out, because you have moved to somewhere else in the glissando by the time it comes back."

The thrilling results are too much for a few older listeners with no prior knowledge of Improv. Drawing non-partisan audiences to events where the unusual space is as much part of the attraction as the musicians can produce the odd casualty.

"I thought I would start with something simple and then move away from it as the music sort of took over," says Butcher. "The best way to have respect for other people is to do things as well as you can according to your own intentions and let them take or leave it. I don't want to cause offence but in a sense these are my intentions and if they offend you or mean nothing to you, that is part of our interaction and our discourse."

In the event, casualties are few, and Esson manages to convince the most disgruntled of them to return for Suzuki's set. In an ideal world, Suzuki says, he would travel with nothing and make use of implements to hand. Since his first public sound performance – emptying a garbage pail down the steps of Nagoya station in 1963 – he has racked up a history of dada and Fluxus-like "actions" and site-specific performances that have left few traces beyond the odd recording, photo or curious relic suggesting something once happened here. If it's no longer altogether clear what. Yet closer scrutiny of the surviving documents reveals the depth of his interest in the act of listening and how sound behaves in different acoustic spaces. Indeed, his major invention, the analapos, is the result of ten years researching echoes in the mountains near his home in Tango, a remote coastal area of Western Japan. Despite his insistence that its sound properties don't always travel well, his desire not to disappoint those who invite him abroad means he often ends up packing it. Regardless of Suzuki's own version of events, his analapos performance in the tank sounds to these ears as more than merely going through the motions. Butcher agrees. "Akio has a wonderful ear and sensibility to music," he says. "One of the things that makes him special is, when a lot of people work with self-invented instruments, those instruments only ever really do one thing and they go out and demonstrate them. But Akio really responds to his situations and they are instruments that he can really play, which is quite rare in the world of self invented instruments."

However, once Suzuki has satisfied the audience's desires with his enchanting performances on analapos and glass harmonica, he is at his most exploratory of the tank's acoustic character during the evening's closing duo piece with Butcher, where he performs on a whisky bottle in a sock, a little nip taken to create the air bubble resonator, which when struck and shifted, produces a fabulously warped marimba-like percussion sound. He drums on the bottle simultaneously or alternately with a sheet of plate glass, which he plays with stiff sponges to produce sounds that are uncannily similar to Butcher's soprano.

Back to the Scottish mainland to the bleak, isolated northern coastal town of Durness for a performance in Smoo Cave. The cave notwithstanding, the town's other claim to fame is a John Lennon memorial garden, commemorating the former Beatle's childhood holidays here. Otherwise the main diversion appears to be provided by British and allied air and sea forces blasting away at the coastal test

Butcher in Sana Cave, Durness

rangee at the aptly named Cape Wrath nearby. Even though not much seems to happen round here, the arrival of the Resonant Spaces tour isn't greeted anywhere near so warmly as in the Orkneys. Much of the promised help from the local fire service and coast guard fails to materialise, but fortunately Esson persuades four American marines, in Durness "on business", they cryptically tell Ben Drew, to help carry the sound equipment down a steep path into the cave, which is dominated by a roaring waterfall in its second chamber. Suzuki, who spends much of his time rehearsing in a small cave near his home in Tango, is delighted by the location. The sound of the ceramic stone flute – which he made to replace the natural stone flute passed down through generations of his family until it was stolen in Europe last year – emanating from the waterfall chamber opens the concert. It appears to be the ideal Suzuki event, where the sounds he produces become one with the surroundings. The lost echoes of his ancestors finally find their way home here.

Alternating between acoustic and amplified instruments, Butcher's performances at once advance on the techniques evolved at the two earlier locations, and adapt to Smoo's cavernous acoustics. "The acoustic wasn't like the oil tank, but the music tonight was fully a product of the space," says Butcher. "I wouldn't have played the way I did if I hadn't been in this space."

It's the last Resonant Spaces date I attend, yet even though the tour has just reached its midway stage, any doubts about it being a curatorial contrivance have been dispelled by both the musical results and the reception given to them in such far-flung places.

Butcher is an immensely thoughtful musician and improvisor with a pathological need to keep pushing at the boundaries of his playing, if only to prevent crowd-pleasing habits from forming. Yet he is acutely aware that any technical breakthrough he might make can very easily come across as a saleable commodity in the novelty-hungry zone of contemporary Improv. He says that the discoveries made during a tour like this help him continue. "Obviously when you begin on instruments you come up against brick walls and you try to push beyond them," he says, "because you don't know how to play the instrument, which is quite exciting. And then you get to the stage where in many ways you can play it, and then you think, what next? And it is the, what next? but that interests me, because in the end it always sounds like a saxophone, even when you have got this feedback phenomenon occurring, because it's got all the natural resonances from the saxophone. In recent times, there was very little more that I thought I could deal with, so the thing then is to attempt to go deeper into what you already know about.

"There have only really been two concerts so far," Butcher concludes, "but I have made discoveries each night. For me this has been very stimulating, and I'll come back and start working on them and try and put them into other situations. Some of the very simple things, like working in a very resonant space and working with feedback, the orientation of the instrument could have quite an effect on the tones coming out, much like when a guitarist starts waving a guitar in front of an amplifier. I found I could control the feedback by the orientation and position of the instrument, the different fingering combinations, and the different shapes inside my mouth, bags under my mouth, changing the resonances of the tube. So all these phenomena add up to produce some quite surprising sonic experiences. This is what I am going to be experimenting with next, I think." □

Eclectic beat-chopper Tadd Mullinix is one of the Detroit area's most innovative electronica producers. For his liquid hiphop project Dabrye, he's lined up an impressive cast of collborators including Vast Aire, MF Doom and the late J Dilla. Words: Peter Shapiro. Photography: Doug Coombe

Motor city motivator

"Don't get it pretzelled," the mighty Vast Aire raps on "That's What's Up", the fifth track on what may be the most impressive hiphop album of the year – Dabrye's *Two/Three*. It may have been uttered by someone who's never even set foot in the same studio as Tadd Mullinix, the Michigander behind Dabrye (and a host of other aliases besides), but the phrase could serve as Mullinix's statement of intent. The gigantic dustbin of avant hiphop – not to mention that branch of electronic music that Americans still irritatingly refer to as IDM (and in which Mullinix dabbles under his own name) – is littered with people who consider dissonance an end in end of itself. There are spiky textures, backwards samples, post-industrial synth squawks, sickly strings and halting, jerky rhythms on *Two/Three* to be sure, but instead of getting it twisted, Dabrye's sampladelic is eminently coherent.

Unlike fellow travellers El-P or the late, lamented Antipop Consortium, Mullinix isn't an autodidact punk aesthete hopped up on Philip K Dick for whom crazy tempos and jarring rhythms are the only way for his music to keep pace with his ideas. Instead, Mullinix is a sound geek raised on radio (albeit with The Wizard aka Jeff Mills spinning) and raves, for whom incongruous juxtapositions feel like the rhythms of life.

"I really like counterpoint," Mullinix declares, attempting to explain the organising principles of his music. "Counterpoint has this weird psychoacoustic effect where you can either listen to the high notes or the low notes and you can get lost in the counterpoint here and realise that you've only been listening to half the music. It's got a really nice depth to it. You can always go back to the music and discover new elements."

Like many of the best artists from the environs of the Motor City, the Ann Arbor/Ypsilanti based Dabrye combines the warmth of Detroit's legendary soul and jazz traditions with the steely sang froid of its post-Fordist diaspora, from The Stooges to honorary Motowners Kraftwerk to the Belleville Three. "When I was a kid, my mom was listening to Brian Eno, Talking Heads and Gary Numan, and I think that early analogue electronic sound has that warmth to it, but it's also kind of cold too," Mullinix recalls.

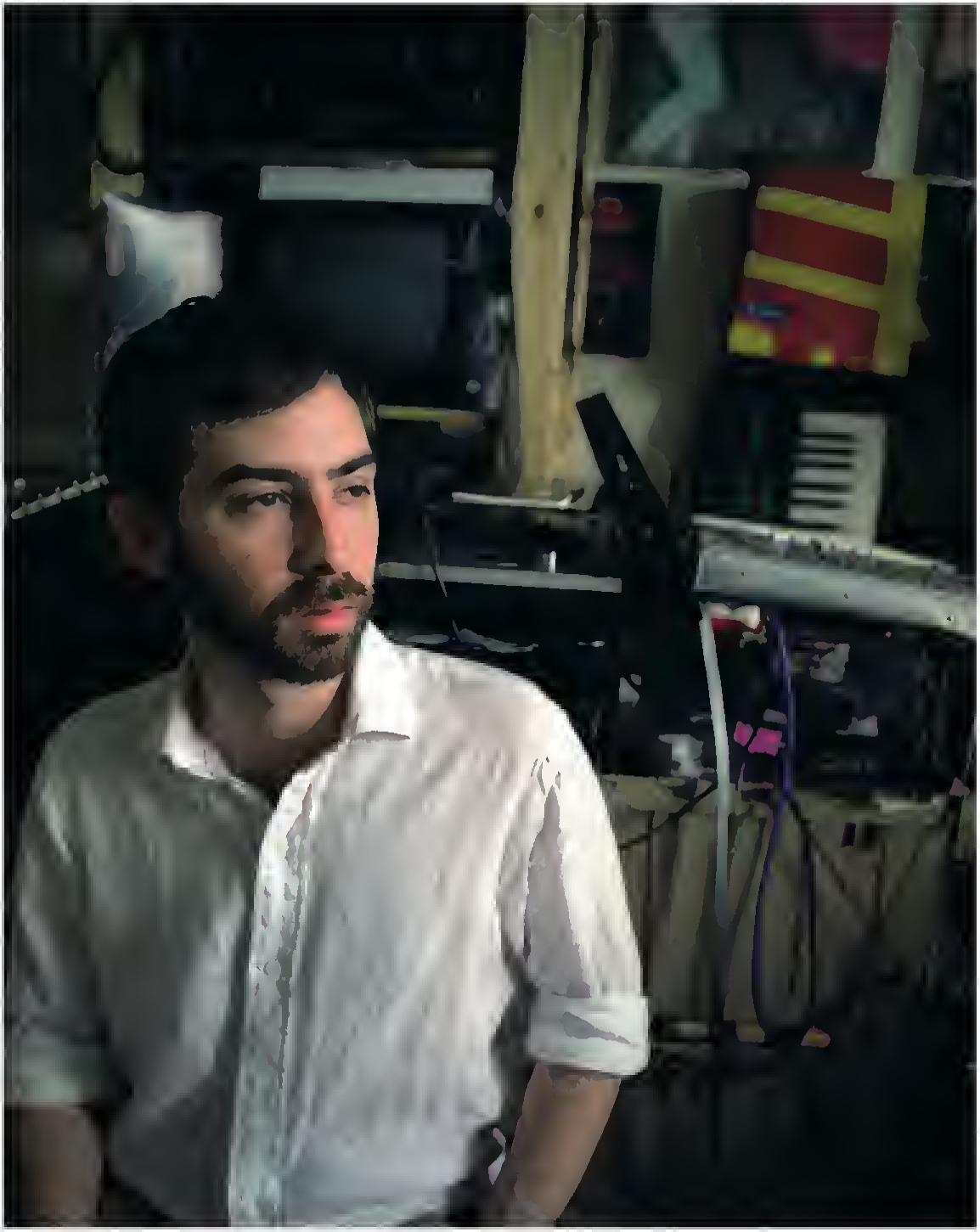
But Dabrye's biggest influence in this regard was Detroit hiphop producer Jay Dee (aka J Dilla), who died way too young of a rare blood disease earlier this year. Jay Dee was known for incorporating scientific beat chopping precision into that 'organic', boho jazzy soul nonsense that he helped originate as part of the production trio The Ummah with Q-Tip and Ali Shaheed Muhammad. Jay Dee appears posthumously on *Two/Three*, ripping motorvational Motown-centric rhymes on "Game Over", which was originally released as a 12" in 2004. While Jay's pretty nice on the mic, it's as a beatsmith that his reputation rests.

"I think Jay Dee really redefined beatmaking," Mullinix says. "He's got a really amazing ear overall. It's hard to narrow it down. But like metric modulation [Elliott Carter's term for shifting time signatures around a pivot], just adjusting rhythmic elements to give them a little more feel, a little more imperfection. I learned a lot from his records, just listening to what he did and how he did it, it changed the way I thought about beatmaking. He was a really open-minded producer. He used to come into Encore [the Ann Arbor record store where Mullinix works] and he was buying German Prog rock records and feminist sea shanty and folk music, and he'd find amazing shit in there. I'd hear it on a record and be like, 'There's no one else out there who would think to sample that and think to integrate that into hiphop.' It's obvious that hiphop had been influenced by Kraftwerk very early on, and I think he took it to the next level, and it made a lot of sense to me, and it appealed to me and the stuff that I was already into."

What Mullinix was 'already into' was Detroit's justly celebrated electro-eclecticism, and perhaps it's this that ultimately separates him from other producers working the same fringe hiphop territory. This background not only instilled in him the coherence – no matter how many records Jeff Mills rips through during a set, there's one piledriver of a beat running down the middle, no matter how wiggy a rave gets, if people don't move, it ain't worth nothing – but also gave Mullinix a palette of textures and rhythms that other hiphop producers don't really touch upon. "I'm sampling a lot of dance music and early synth music in the Dabrye stuff," Mullinix says. "There's samples of early House music, samples of Belgian Newbeat, electric body music in there. In the beginning of the B side of the new single, something that [rapper] AG and I did, there's a sample of Phuture, the Chicago Acid group, in there – *"I am the creator."*"

And certainly very few (if any) hiphop producers would dare to touch the music of an outlandishly made-up club kid from South Wales. "In Detroit a really big track was "Frequency 7" by Visage [formed by Welshman Steve Strange], and that will always be a Detroit track to me regardless of where it came from," Mullinix says. "It's just part of Detroit culture in some way. So I was exposed to a lot of stuff like

Cool by the pool. Todd Mullinix aka Dubrye in Ann Arbor, July 2006



that Stuff like Liaisons Dangerouses Holy shit that stuff is some of the more important recordings I've ever heard That and the CHBB tapes [DAFs] Christo Haas did with Beate Bartal The crazy arpeggiations the sequencing he was doing with the synthesizers totally blew me away because they had this randomised quality to them maybe it was just the way he was programming the LFO with these step sequences But it's got that insane 16th note pattern arpeggiation that seems to be changing every time you hear it. Oh my God that stuff is just amazing In a way, it kind of links back to my interest in early experimental House music and the stuff Ron Hardy was doing because he was spinning that kind of stuff I was hearing similar kind of stuff on Detroit airwaves and at raves when I started going to them You know, you hear Jeff Mills sampling Liaisons in some of his tracks and I was a huge Jeff Mills fan just that real simple sound really appealed to me Plus, you can tell that CHBB and Liaisons had that dirty tape sound way into it and I think it creates a real weird muddy sheen to the music that makes it more mysterious and interesting like you're not hearing all the details but it makes you imagine something that maybe wasn't even there in the first place"

All this may give you the idea that *Two/Three* is all glitches and drones and sinister synth stabs, just well put together Well, it is, but only to the extent that Juelz Santana and chopped and screwed Paul Wall are too While Dabrye wants to experiment and push the contours of sound, he still wants to make your skull snap and he isn't afraid of handclaps ("Special" "Game Over") or big hi-hat slaps ("Jorgy"), even on tracks like "Special" that would make Christo Haas do the Ian Curtis dance The synth line of "Special" sounds like a dying quail being played on one of John Cage's varispeed turntables, while the main rhythmic element is a backwards cymbal hiss. Nevertheless, rapper Guilty Simpson finds a head-nodding beat in there somewhere and the track somehow approaches something like boom-bap. "I was surprised that Guilty Simpson picked the "Special" beat because I thought that the bassline arpeggiation is a really active line," Mullinix reveals "It's kind of a really spastic, unconventional sort of thing for a hiphop track, but in a way the beat structure makes sense for him, based on the other things I heard him rhyme on"

This is what truly makes *Two/Three* remarkable On Dabrye's first two (purely instrumental) records, 2001's *One/Three* and 2002's *Instrmntl*, there was the definite biotic stink of bedroom sequencer savant, oblivious to the world, maniacally parsing microrhythms while his CPU burned On *Two/Three*, however it's not just the presence of guest MCs like Vast Aire, Beans MF Doom and former Slum Village/Waajeed that makes it a fuller, richer record, but the music itself The words here aren't merely another sound to be chopped up and reconfigured at the producer's whim The music both complements the rappers' flows and forces them into oddly shaped corners from which they have to work their way out. It feels like an album of give and take rather than the one-way traffic that usually characterises these kinds of projects

Surprisingly, then, *Two/Three* was created almost entirely in studio isolation "I was surprised how amazingly easy it was because all of it, aside from the two Kadence tracks ["Encoded Flow" and "Reconsider"], was a matter of sending beats out," Mullinix says "And they'd send the basic beat that I sent them, usually it was just a loop and they'd send it back with the rap and I'd go back and reconstruct it so it would suit the different high and low points in the vocal... It was just basic file swapping I found that it was the only way I could do a lot of things especially when working with MCs I think a lot of these guys really just wanted to work on their time and in their own studios and obviously they're really busy people so I think it worked out well that way I didn't have any special direction or instruction for anybody I felt like if they picked a beat from the array of beats that I sent them, that would just lend itself to good chemistry regardless I might have some ideas of what MC would sound good on a beat, like [MF] Doom and "Air," that track, although we sent him a few beats, I felt like he would pick the one that he did Sometimes the beat would give a good idea of who would sound good on it."

Nor does Mullinix create his beats with any purpose in mind That they seem to gel so well with rappers of several different personalities and styles is a matter of serendipity "My beatmaking is pretty much playing around and seeing what happens," he says "When it comes to making a track the basic elements for a Dabrye track for example, I usually find a sample or two that I think will go together and fidget with them until the chemistry of the two samples are kind of locked in When it comes to melodies and harmonies and things like that, it's usually a secondary element of the music you know something that I'm adding on top in order to get more depth in the track or to complement the hook for example, in a hiphop track"

Perhaps uniquely for a producer so closely associated with the solipsism of glitchhop, IDM, whatever, Mullinix wants Dabrye to focus exclusively on producing beats for MCs. "That's been the agenda all along," Mullinix confirms. "A trilogy just sounded good to me in terms of just getting a resumé of beats out there. Luckily I had enough momentum after *Instrmntl* in the hiphop community so that I could get a hang in terms of working with MCs and having some confidence there So, yeah, what I really want to be doing is just producing beats for MCs' albums I'm doing three beats for Beans, and talking with Vast Aire right now about doing a bigger project"

While Dabrye's music is all about taming and integrating contradictions, Mullinix still maintains a variety of personas for all the music that can't be contained by Dabrye At pretty much the same time as *Two/Three*, Mullinix has released the nostalgic, jacking Trax-style "Oochie Coo" on Ghostly sublabel Spectral under his JamesT Cotton moniker and with longtime partner in crime Todd Osborn as Soundmurderer & SK-1, the rinrolling Old Skool Jungle of "Toronto VIP" on Planet Mu Mullinix has also made spiky, abstract electronica under his own name and mutant disco as Charles Manier "I didn't think one would take off more than the others," Mullinix says like a proud parent talking about all of his babies "I guess it's just that Dabrye is maybe the more accessible project that I do. I think that ragga Jungle and Acid House are a little more obscure to most people So it just kind of took off and I don't neglect the other ones, none of them is more important than the others to me I couldn't stop doing them They're too important to me those other musics, I couldn't put them away"

"I did everything as soon as I knew I could make music on my PC," Mullinix continues "I was working on Techno and hiphop and ragga Jungle all at the same time" However, it was the delirious revivalist Jungle he made with Soundmurderer & SK-1 on their Rewind! label that first got him noticed at the turn of the millennium. "When I moved to Ann Arbor I got a job working at Todd Osborn's record store [Dubplate Pressure]," he says "After we realised we had a connection on the Jungle tip we decided to do the label"

Rewind! releases like "Dreader Than Dread", with its deliciously gratuitous bass subs and ludicrous Public Enemy breakdown, "Call De Police", and the splendid Cutty Ranks/Pheroahe Monche/East Flatbush Project cut-up "Limb By Limb" were love letters to the halcyon days of pre-drum 'n' bass Jungle, albeit with way more intricate "Amen" edits. "When I first got into electronic music, I think [1995's] *I Care Because You Do* by AphexTwin had just come out," recalls Mullinix. "Then just after that he was doing that AFX thing, what people started calling drill'n' bass. *Hengable Auto Bulb*, I picked up that and then I discovered Plug, Wagon Christ. I was like, 'Oh damn', the drums were really intense and then I discovered through somewhere about Suburban Base and the whole 95 ragga Jungle scene in the UK I started DJing that stuff a lot It's a little less tailored I think, a little less clean Some of it sounds less predetermined, maybe innocent. Just the intensity and breakdowns and stuff, and all those soundclash samples were just totally ridiculous It was a whole new world for me."

Perhaps it should be mandatory for all aspiring electronica producers to make a few rave-worthy Jungle records to learn how to compulsively edit drums without forsaking groove and how to manipulate texture without relying exclusively on the interplay between DSP crunch and pristine daintiness. Clearly, this apprenticeship of sorts has served Mullinix well, even in the more abstract/experimental projects that would soon come out on the Ghostly International label. "I was working at Dubplate Pressure and Sam Valenti [Ghostly's owner] came in and said, 'I heard you made House music' (He had just put out one House 12) And I said, 'Yeah, I have a couple of House tracks,' and I gave him this cassette that had all this other stuff on there that would be Dabrye and stuff under my birth name and JamesT Cotton and all that stuff He got back to me after listening to the cassette, 'Wow, I like all this stuff, and I'd like to kind of branch out as a label and reach all these other genres.' So I signed"

Todd Mullinix's *Winking Makes A Face* (2001) was the first product of his relationship with Ghostly and drew attention for its rich melodies and equally well developed rhythmic sensibility, particularly on the superb "Lulla" After Mullinix came the deluge and you could barely keep up with all of his releases Mullinix is currently working with D-Marc Cantu as 2AM/FM on a series of killer retro Chicago House records (check last year's *Pt 1* EP) and with Trexx from The Dirty Criminals as Saturn V "I have lots of projects – it's a headache sometimes I can do some editing right now while I'm on tour, but I can't really start creating in the middle of this thing because I can't lose focus Maybe I'm getting old and lazy, but that's just the way I have to work now or else I totally lose my mind." ☐ Two/Three *is out now on Ghostly International. www.debrye.com*

Smegma (left to right): Burned Mind, Conroy, Oblivia,
Dr Id, Ju Suk Heet Meats, London, May 2006

They call their subversive noise/garage/jazz 'music without musicians', yet they've also freaked out with Wild Man Fischer, Richard Meltzer, Merzbow and Wolf Eyes. Los Angeles free rockers Smegma talk David Keenan through three decades of contradictory mayhem. Photography: Anna Schori

Two storeys up, in a guerrilla performance space secreted above a bar somewhere in Nottingham's city centre, US freak rock unit Smegma are about to unleash The Beast on an unsuspecting crowd. Following riotous performances from UK destructo rockers Birds Of Delay and hysterical vocal gymnastics from Brighton's Green Mist, a whole bunch of variously frazzled heads starts to gather on stage, with Smegma's ranks swollen to appropriately bestial proportions with the inclusion of Wolf Eyes members John Olson, Nate Young and Mike Connelly.

It feels right. Over the years Smegma have adopted a virtual revolving door approach to membership, with the core group of Ju Suk Reet Meate, Oblivia, Dr Id, Burned Mind and Conroy regularly augmented by a string of players including original Stooges saxophonist Steve Mackay, plus jazz renegades such as clarinettist Perry Robinson and swing drummer, violinist and multi instrumentalist Lee Rockey, who have helped to locate Smegma's free/noise/garage/jazz sound somewhere downwind of various extant traditions. Indeed, a mere five nights prior to the Nottingham show, Smegma had played a beautiful set as the closing act of the Subcurrent festival in Glasgow that featured guest appearances from both free saxophonist Joe McPhee and ex-Wolf Eyes member Aaron Dilloway, one that seemed to conveniently signpost the twin poles of their collective muse.

But tonight they have set out to truly punish the metaphor with a performance by The Beast, an alter-ego birthed during sessions for their collaborative LP with Wolf Eyes of the same name. Alongside the current Wolf Eyes trio, the line up is further bolstered by drummer Chris Corsano and vocalist Heather Leigh Murray, and the results are as dilated as the membership, with a set that takes in the kind of diaphanous movement of breath practised by The Spontaneous Music Ensemble, the garage skronk of the Beefheart Magic Band and levels of ego obliterating noise that match Wolf Eyes' crunch with weird doo-wop skits, surf licks and patented Lou Reed-style chord solos.

Once again, the times seem to have conspired to situate Smegma's consistent refusal of static generic form as the central working paradigm for a whole new generation of musicians. Indeed, seen from this vantage point, they seem to have been present at a whole bunch of crucial subcultural conflagrations, from their early days on the fringes of the Los Angeles Free Music Society through their role as avatars of avant insurrection in the heart of the Portland punk scene, their subsequent adoption by European Industrialists like Christoph Heemann's Dom imprint, and their association with gonzo wildcards like idiot savant song and dance man Wild Man Fischer and poet, novelist and 'guitcheral theorist' Richard Meltzer. All in all, it makes for one of the longest, strangest trips in contemporary rock 'n' roll.

"For us, there's definitely a parallel between much of what is happening now and what was going on back when Smegma first started in 1972," guitarist and original founding member Ju Suk Reet Meate admitted when we first spoke a week earlier in Glasgow. "Back then we were primarily motivated by the fact that we felt like all the great American music, much of which had been imported to the UK and had been feeding back to us in a whole new form, seemed to be grinding to a horrible halt. Smegma was actually born out of that kind of void. We loved all of that late 60s music, but we were not hippies. Instead, we saw ourselves as extending what you might call freak traditions, and what I mean by that is someone like Captain Beefheart or even Sun Ra," he says.

"We felt like we were bolstering that same weird tradition, in as much as no one knew what to make of us. I mean, were we a cult, a commune, a band? But when the bottom fell out of the freak scene in the early 1970s, we had to wait until punk rock happened before we even began to feel that there were places for us to play and a whole new energy for us to tap into. And it has taken since then – 27 years later – to find another scene that we fit into, albeit in a way that we could never possibly have planned. But we absolutely fit into this whole modern noise scene and fully relate to its various energies – energies that manifest themselves in the urge to destroy or completely turn your back on what has been handed to you with the expectation that you're supposed to accept it." "We're out to destroy bad music," echoes vocalist and turntablist Oblivia. "And when I first heard Wolf Eyes I thought, oh good, people are out to destroy the mainstream again. OK. Let's go."

Smegma began 2006 with a triumphant performance at New York's No Fun Fest, where they rubbed shoulders with a virtual 'who's who' of the contemporary noise underground at one of the signal gatherings of the new music. But always keen to join the dots between current practice and historical antecedents, they asked jazz clarinettist Perry Robinson, who has worked as a sideman with Archie Shepp, Charlie Haden and Bill Dixon, to sit in with them, an attempt to locate the source of their approach outside of simple noise.

"To my mind, to have a guy with that kind of pedigree sitting in with us in New York – I don't know how many people in the audience were aware of it, but to me it was completely mindblowing, a validation of what we do and a real connection to old school avant garde," Meate states. Indeed, drummer Burned Mind – in whose honour Wolf Eyes went so far as to name their first Sub Pop album – is quick to differentiate Smegma's sound from much of what they helped to birth. "The bands we play with these days have a heck of a lot in common with us, but they're also a heck of a lot different too," he insists. "With us it's not just about noise music, there's a big part of straightahead rock music in it too."

"I mean, we loved The Velvet Underground and The Stooges," Meate agrees. "It almost seems redundant to mention them, but you have to put what we do in that kind of context. We thought that they were great, iconic bands that we would be proud to be associated with or sound as good as. And that was not considered normal in 1972. Also, as early as Smegma goes back we covered stuff like Elvis's "Santa Bring My Baby Back To Me" and Bob Luman's "Red Cadillac & A Black Moustache". And in 1972 that was the most out of context thing you could do, the thing that was least likely to get you any props or kudos from your contemporaries at the time. But that has always been at the core of what we've been doing, although people might not immediately associate us with it, all that great American music of the 1950s." Indeed, it's hard to think of any other group which better personifies rock writer and onetime Smegma vocalist Richard Meltzer's continued advancement of the notion of rock music as the avant garde's avant garde.

"Well, originally rock music scared people, it was confusing, like you would put on The Stooges' records and they would terrify you, all that freedom, chaos, adventure," Meate concurs. "Back when we first began trying to make music, we were by nature 100 per cent improvised, simply because we started completely from scratch. So we would occasionally bring in people who could play instruments so that we could actually do a rock song. But as far as what the band was all about in the beginning, it was all to do with improvisation. But we always loved rock music. I mean, one of the reasons we called ourselves Smegma was a direct reference to [legendary French Progressive rock group] Magma."

"What was going on around us was just so not what we wanted to do," adds electronics player and general technical advisor Dr Id. "So we thought we'll just choose our own thing and go for it. And it wasn't just music either, there was a lot of visual art, videos going and whatever, we embraced all kinds of elements. We were always very well listened in things like free jazz, we all had broad musical filters, from Pygmy music – that was key – through stuff like Folkways' *Sounds Of The Junkyard* album." "But weirdly enough, considering our longterm love for rock music, the early 1990s were the worst time ever for Smegma," Oblivia recalls. "Because when the whole North West Grunge thing hit, that was a disaster – that was the end for Smegma in a way. It was such a slick, conformist version of rock music. I mean, Soundgarden? It seemed much straighter and much more conservative than our own vision of what rock music was all about. Personally I still think of ourselves as a rock group, but we have a lot more in common with Wolf Eyes than Stooges rip-offs like Mudhoney or whatever."

Smegma's roots lie in an early association with a cadre of players involved in the formation of The Los Angeles Free Music Society, a loosely defined collective of oddball, outsider musicians vaguely united by a shared commitment to DIY art actions and a multi disciplinary assault on rock and avant garde forms. The LAFMS's *Scientific American*-style approach to inventing instrumental kit and aggressive post-hippy mindset are amongst the earliest foreshadowings of the basic tenets of punk rock. "The irony with The LAFMS set-up was that when we moved from LA to Portland in the early 70s, we didn't even know about its existence, even though everyone involved was already doing things," Meate admits. "So it was only when we moved out that we found out about it and kept the contact and kept going back and doing records for them. I guess the difference between most of the core LAFMS bands and us was that they were a little more art school types, maybe, or people who were expected to become artists. Whereas none of us came from arty backgrounds. It was a totally bizarre fluke that we even drifted into art music at all. But I guess living in LA really affected us in some deep way, it was just so screwed up, we were just so sure that we were living in the last dark ages. I mean, Nixon was still the president. It's hard to describe but it felt truly apocalyptic."

Smegma founding members Dennis Duck and Tom Recchion failed to make the move to Portland, a group split that turned Duck and Recchion more towards the goof-off art aspect of the LAFMS actions, while Smegma gradually became more embroiled in Portland's nascent punk scene. "We played with Recchion a few times before we moved to Portland," Meete recalls. "We also played a show at a Hippy Renaissance Fair and as part of the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telathon in San Diego, with all these retired admirals and upper crust types in the audience. We played after the US military marine band. It was very interesting and funny. But Recchion was a key influence on Smegma and the whole LAFMS scene, which all came together through this record shop called Poo-Bah Records in Pasadena, where Recchion was working at the time. All the people that later became LAFMS members and who later became Smegma met in this record store in 1971. In the whole east side basin it was the only store that had things like the Syd Barrett album *Barrett* for $1. Recchion just told me that I had to buy it, just handed it to me. I took it home and I really didn't know what to think, but two years later it had become one of my most prized possessions, I was just blown away by it. Poo-Bah Records was a place where you could go and there was this religious fervour about getting this music out. It was totally infectious and really helped give birth to that whole scene."

The key Smegma releases to come out of their association with The LAFMS is their debut album 1979's *Glamour Girl 1941*. With its combination of crude concrete loops, the surreal use of free jazz motifs, lurching rock aggression and dark, fetishistic cover art based around a picture of a flapper in a gasmask, *Glamour Girl 1941* won them fans in all sorts of disparate camps, with everyone from West Coast punks like The Dead Kennedys to Middle European Industrialists like Christoph Heemann claiming them as their own. "Yeah, it was weird," recalls Meete. "When the LP came out we were suddenly embraced through the mail by this dark, heavy European Industrial scene. Then we did a split single with Boyd Rices Non project and that just seemed to compound it. Suddenly we were getting mail from all over Europe and the Eastern Bloc countries. It was an interesting connection, although I must say we never felt so completely connected to that whole scene musically. We were always like, Do we really fit into that? To me the whole Industrial music thing seemed more like a sort of laboratory experiment, whereas we always thought of ourselves as a garage band."

It's a dilemma that has no doubt contributed to Smegma's still-marginal presence on the fringes of the underground, too rock-specific for the experimental art crowd, too far out and free for the rock crowd. But one key LAFMS-inspired approach continues to define current Smegma practice, and that's their emphasis on invented, homemade instruments and the hijacking of random consumables in the name of furthering avant garde tongue. It's there in Oblivia's doctored and weighted turntables, in Dr Id's handmade theremin and electronics and – most strikingly – in Conroy's vibreband. This is a simple store bought dental dam (a strip of extremely thin stretchy latex used as a hygienic barrier) that he has developed into a primitive reed instrument with all of the advanced articulacy of a saxophone, an instrument that he gave up in order to more fully concentrate on the expressive potential of his own creation. It's the only instrument he plays with Smegma, and hearing him twist it into countless extended, inventive shapes is always a major highlight of the Smegma live show. "It all started when I discovered you could just blow a blade of grass and make music," Conroy explains. "So this was like a flexible reed-type thing that I invented. Blow air on it and it wiggles, and so you use your embouchure and you stretch it and use your fingers as stops and you can take it anywhere." "He's figured out everything about it," Dr Id confirms, "experimented a while and found the optimum way to hold it." "At first I blew through rubber bands and tried double reed things but they just flapped around," Conroy continues. "But as soon as I blew through a single reed, all of a sudden lights came on. It has taken 35 or more years to master it but I think I'm finally there."

If there's something of the inspired idiot savant to much of Smegma's self described programme of "music without musicians", it should come as little surprise that throughout their career they have often functioned as a platform for the various musical visions of a string of outsider artists and musicians. The most spectacular of these collaborations was with Larry 'Wild Man' Fischer, the outsider singer-prodigy discovered by Frank Zappa's Straight Records, with whom they recorded the *Wild Man Fischer Meets Smegma* album in late 1974/early 75. Unreleased at the time, it was eventually resurrected by Birdman in 1997 and remains a classic of spontaneous post Velvets garage rock, especially on the stunning 15 minute "Midnight Train/Rock-n-Roll Star/Say It". Improvisation that blends classically extended blues form with prophetic, autobiographical sketches that chart the decline of an elementally powerful rock 'n' roller who is eventually reduced to washing cars for a living. It's by turns vigorously affirmative, outrageously stupid and extremely poignant.

The recent feature-length biopic of Fischer, *Derailroaded*, raises a host of issues regarding the extent to which his various collaborators might have been complicit in exploiting an artist who was very obviously suffering from some form of mental illness. But Smegma reject any accusations of exploitation in their own dealings with him. "The movie does give you the impression of someone who is mentally ill and has been consistently exploited," Meete concedes. "But I must say that when Smegma played with him we found that he genuinely had a beautiful, childish charm; he was a people person, he completely accepted what we were doing and he wanted to play the saxophone, play the trumpet, play the drums. And in turn we accepted him as a true equal.

"However, his mental problems were the reason that, within a day or two, we were already trying to figure out a way to get rid of him. He wanted to move into our house, he wanted to eat all our food, he wanted to talk non-stop. Eventually, we had to pull out a trump card to finally scare him off. This guy we knew was called Crazy David and he had many multiple personalities, male, female and unknown, so one day we just invited him over, had the two of them meet, and this whole head-to-head

freaked out Larry so much that he never came back. Sorry we had to pull that, but well, we had to. It seemed sad that he was on that same journey until a year ago, until he was 59, and when I saw that film it was all I could do to keep from crying. Knowing him back then, there's something about being young and crazy that's a lot more endearing and kind of right. We really felt like equals, we were accepting of each other, it was kind of a beautiful thing."

Smegma continue to talk of 1968's *An Evening With Wild Man Fischer* as one of the albums that best defines the LA freak scene that first gave birth to them. "That record just summed it all up for us," Meate concurs. "I was so inspired by Larry because I had songs that I had written as a nine year old that I still remembered and performed with early Smegma, like "Grandma Ninnie's Possum Bread". When I first heard Larry, he would still perform the songs that he had made up when he was just a kid, and it was so humorous and real and unpretentious that it just broke through barriers like nothing else." Indeed, Smegma's approach to improvisation seems informed as much by the untutored folk-primitive modes of early American polyphony – the mess multiple voicings of field choirs and rough house orchestras – as much as it is by the relative ground zero for free music that events like Bill Dixon's 1964 October Revolution In Jazz festival provided, an event at which Smegma collaborator and free clarinettist Perry Robinson actually played.

Jazz drummer Lee Rockey is another unlikely floating member of the Smegma cult and one who serves to connect them to a parallel jazz stream. Rockey first cut his teeth with jazz flautist Herbie Mann in the 1950s before dedicating himself to free improvisation and multi-disciplinary avant garde sweat. His scattered appearances across a bunch of Smegma records – most noticeably on 1996's *The Mad Excitement, The Barbaric Pulsations, The Incomparable Rhythms Of Smegma* – have helped contribute to his critical rehabilitation, although he remains relatively unknown outside his native Portland. "Lee Rockey remains my biggest inspiration and one of the most mindblowing people I've ever met," Meate insists. "He was a guy who had been a jazz musician starting in, like, 1945, moved to New York and lived on 52nd Street in 1955, is on the first Herbie Mann record, just a true jazz musician, unbelievable. In the 1960s, kind of inspired by Ornette Coleman, he didn't want to play bebop any more, and by the time we met him he was one of the best jazz drummers you ever heard, in the kinde Gene Krupa style, a free, open swing drummer, but he refused to play any jazz or anything normal. When you played with him he would just drag you along on this journey, playing things on three different layers at once, all the time, and you could just pick how you wanted to interact with it, fast, slow, medium, whatever. He was somebody who made us realise that Portland had something that was real. When we arrived in Portland, the city was just dying, but we made that connection with Lee Rockey and that just changed our life.

"Rockey has never had a real job in his life. He was just a musician. Totally inspirational. For our first show in Portland we had him and his friend do a piece that we kind of played along with – this was back in 1977. He was the kind of guy that you'd think would see us as just a bunch of dumb hippies, but no, he heard something in us and he was right on it. That was some kind of validation. He knew what was what." Indeed, a key Smegma survival tactic, and one that has helped see them through even the most subculturally barren of decades, has been to been to constantly seek out and attract likeminded souls, lending some kind of succour in numbers – as well as some illuminating context – to their otherwise singular experiments in generic insurrection.

"When I think back to the 1980s, all I can say is thank God for The Butthole Surfers," Oblivia admits. "They helped us so much, always supported us and several times when we came to town they would be our biggest boosters and that exposed us to a whole new audience." Indeed in the late 80s there seems to have been some form of mutual osmotic influence between the two groups, with a run of Smegma LPs that came out in 1987 that taste of cut acid, colossally heavy rock forms and goofy, almost cartoon-style cultural usurpation in a way that feels intimately related to Gibby Haynes and company's brain-rotting take on Texas psychedelia. Indeed, both 1987's *Smell The Remains* (issued by Dom) and *Nettering Naybobs Of Negativity* feature some of the sludgiest, most dislocated and hypnotically non-musical rock moves of their entire career.

1996's *Smegma Plays Merzbow Plays Smegma* joined the dots in another direction, with Masami Akita recombining tapes of Smegma and vice-versa in a series of wild noise constructs that served to highlight both artists, common commitment to what Akita pithily described as "the guitar smashing part of The Who and King Crimson". "I think that's definitely something that keeps the whole Smegma improvisation thing going for us," Oblivia agrees. "The fact that we're kind of like always just grabbing people and saying, hey, play with us! We don't like to be insular, we like to spread the Smegma around." In tune with their by-now omnivorous appetite for colonising new media, the early 90s saw the group further expand their oeuvre to take in video art, performance skits and even filmed featurettes on key cultural inspirations as the whole Smegma mythos was transplanted to a regular public access TV spot know as *Brainfollies*, all put together by Dr Id. Now available in the form of a *Best Of* DVD, the programme includes interviews with trash avatars like John Waters and Russ Meyer alongside performance footage from The Butthole, Poison Idea and Rancid Vat, a great Ju Suk Reet Meate/Lee Rockey duo improvisation and some supremely crude video manipulations that in their lurid, hands-on aspect beautifully parallel Smegma's own musical aesthetic. Dr Id also took to contributing behind the scenes in his civilian guise of Mike Lastra, recording, editing and subtly infecting a whole ganaration of fringe players at Smegma Studios in Portland, from work on Jackie-O Motherfucker's breakthrough album *Flat Fixed*, to Seattle behemoths Earth's debut LP *Extra-Capsular Extraction* and John Fahey's final *Rad Cross* recording. At this point, their influence is as covert as it is far-reaching.

Following Smegma's hook-up with Wolf Eyes, there has been a spurt of recent activity. This year, UK label Harbinger Sound has initiated a full-scale reissue programme, with a CD edition of Smegma's second album, the avant primitive *Pigs For Lepers*; and Respiscant has issued a CD upgrade of the previously cassette-only (and monolithically powerful) *Live 1991–93* compilation. There's also been a clutch of new recordings, including the *Rumblings* CD on Aaron Dillaway's Hanson label, and a collaboration with Steve Mackay, whose sax splattered the walls of The Stooges' mighty *Funhouse* (1970), entitled *Thirty Years Of Service*.

Played blind, it's hard to tell the archival material from the freshly minted jams, and in many ways Smegma's modus operandi remains comparatively unaffected by the passage of years. Indeed, *The Beast* LP, recorded together with Wolf Eyes, ranks alongside *Glamour Girl 1941* as one of the most concise and immediately identifiable encapsulations of Smegma's free rock formula to date, albeit cut up with garbled shots of post-rock prose read by Borneo Jimmy (aka Richard Meltzer, returning to the Smegma fold), who once memorably described Smegma as "group improvization with a heap of Unfinished Sixties Business factored in (the real-time-from-scretch multilayered equivalent of "I Am The Walrus", let's say)... Free Music in its grandest, and least superficial, sense (a la the denser moments of Ornette Coleman's *Free Jazz*) – a ritual fusing of any and all musics and non-musics at the level of the hum, the blep, the tink, the boom."

"Before punk rock I loved and lived for Blue Öyster Cult," Oblivia confesses. "And of course Meltzer penned a lot of their lyrics early on. And one day in Portland I get an invitation to a poetry reading in the mail from some friends and it said 'Richard Meltzer' and I was like, THE Richard Meltzer?" "We were perfectly aware that, in the decade before, he had a radio show, *Hepcats From Hell*," Meate confirms "where he would regularly have LAFMS people on as guests, and we knew he was a big supporter of The Minutemen, one of the few great, great American bands of that era. So we were pretty confident that there was some kind of a connection there. So I went to this party and saw him read and yeah, it was THE Richard Meltzer, and with our policy regarding open inclusivity we said, 'Hey, you wanna get together, you read stuff and we'll play?' And, once again, it just worked."

"But it was amazing playing with Wolf Eyes," Oblivia reiterates. "They dropped us a postcard and said it would be great to hang out and then they just dropped in on us while they were on tour, we only had an afternoon to record so we just set up and went for it, they started one jam, we started another, then we both just took off. There was very little discussion, we understood each other immediately and they knew exactly where we were coming from and so much about us. John Olson was asking us all of these obscure questions about our back catalogue. It was amazing. And it rocked. That's the thing. Smegma rocks. But there's always an aspect of Smegma that's different from everything else, a weird mix of directions and influences. I mean, sometimes we touch on things that are happening around us. But most times we don't. And it has always been that way. We've always just been Smegma." ☐ Pigs For Lepers *is rereleased by Harbinger Sound. Wolf Eyes & Smegma's* The Beast *is out now on DeStijl*

Charts Playlists from the outer limits

Surgery Radio 15

Takashi Wada
Araki (Onitor)
Rasmus Makius
Mad c na Walk (Statler & Waldorf)
Sandez
Live In The Earth (Soul Jazz)
Leafcutter John
The Forest And The Sea (Staubgold)
Swimmingpool
Good Old Music (Cambination)
Tanadamoon
Bardo Hotel DST (Made To Measure)
Giuseppe Ielasi
Giuseppe Ielasi (Häpna)
Elysium
When I Live By The Garden And The Sea (Temporary Residence)
Juana Molina
Son (Domino)
Sia Organs Of Admittance
"All Cats" (*The Believer* June 2006)
Alvarius B
Alvarius B (Abduction)
Wooden Wand
Harem Of The Soudrum & The Witness Figg (SHC)
Bardo Pond
Ticket Crystals (ATP)
The North Sea & Ramesses III
Night Of The Ankou (Type)
Envy
Insomn ac Daze (Temporary Residence)

Compiled by Eric Hill Fredericton Canada_ surgeryradio.blogspot.com

La Noche Inventada 15

Manyfingers
One Warm Shadow (Acuarela)
This Heat
Out Of Cold Storage (This Is)
Esplendor Geométrico
Anthology 1981–2003 (Geometrik)
Charalambides
A Vintage Bardan (Kranky)
Jackamar
Metal Mus c Machine (Smalltown Superhero)
Mission Of Burma
The Obliterati (Matador)
Collesu
Mort Aux Vaches (Staalplaat)
Venetian Snares
Cavalcade Of Glee And Dadaist Happy Hardcore Pom Poms (Planet Mu)
Linda Draper
One Two Three Four (Mushroom Pillow)
Prurient
Black Vase (Load)
Next Life
Electric Violence (Cock Rock Disco)
John Maus
Songs (Upset The Rhythm)
Kazumasa Hashimoto
Gile (Noble)
Grabba Grabba Tape
Kurt Kobeya Y GROX Man Ode Nirvana (Simple Social Graces)
Various
Commercially Unfriendly: A History Of The British Underground 1983–1989 (Gatt)

Compiled by La Noche Inventada Madrid, Spain www.lanocheinventada.com

The Octopus 15

Scott Walker
The Drift (4AD)
MV & EE With The Bummer Road
Mother Of Thousands (Time Lag)
Phill Niblock
Touch Three (Touch)
Grouper
Way Their Crept (Free Porcupine Society)
Wall Eyes
River Slaughter (Hospital Productions)
Burial
Burial (Hyperdub)
Vodka Snap
Un Chant Pyramidaire (New Age Cassettes)
Current 93
Black Ships Ate The Sky (Durtro Jnana)
Yellow Swans
Psychic Secession (Load)
Rhythm & Sound
Sea Mi Yah Rem xes (Burial Mix)
Nisha
White Hats (Tomlab)
Double Leopards
A Hole Is Tme (Troublemau)
Urban Tribe
Authorized Clin cal Trials (Reptilex)
Dead Machions & John Wiese
Fe ing Lights (Rocace)
Junior Boys
So Th s Is Goodbye (Domino)

Compiled by Fred Forsan Paris_France www.octopus-enfyne.com

The Office Ambience

Electrolene
Singles, B-Sides And Live (Too Pure)
Wall Eyes & Anthony Braxton
Black Vomit (Victo)
Bonnie 'Prince' Billy
Cursed Sleep (Domino EP)
Pastrepaller
Isle Of Old Dark Magick (Important)
Peter Brötzmann Group
Alarm (Atavistic Unheard Music Series)
Monotou
Blan (Oral)
Soft Machine
Grides (Cornelarm)
Jerry Johansson
And A String Quartet From Rothenburg Symphony Orchestra (Kning-Disk)
Hellwood
Chainsaw Of Life (Munich)
Broadcast
The Future Crayon (Warp)
Ut
Grifar (Blast First)
Phonophasi
Phonophasi (Runa Grammofon)
The Khan Jamal Creative Arts Ensemble
Dromidaca To The Motherland (Eremite)
Raisal Taral
Space (Staubgold)
Gaping Maw
Two Improvisations (Archive)

Compiled by *The Wire* Sound System

We welcome charts from record shops_radio shows clubs DJs labels musicians readers etc. Email charts@thewire.co.uk

IVAN JONES

Invisible hand: Biosphere (see Invisible Jukebox page 20)

Reviews Index

SIMON LEECH

Gloria Coates
reviewed in Soundcheck

Soundcheck A–Z

Aidan Baker 45
James Beaudreau 45
Luciano Berio 45
Ross Bolleter 45
Anne Briggs 46
Warren Burt 45
The Clarinets 45
Cluster Duo 45
Gloria Coates 47
Jonathan Coleclough & Murmer 47
Shirley Collins 46
Cremetina Orchestra 47
Anders Dahl 47
Tom Djll 47
Djll/Feeney/Ramay/Wright 47
Andrew Duke 47
Eskthay 47
Espers 49
From Between 49
Alastair Galbraith & Matt Da Gennaro 49
Charles Gayle Trio 49
Kaiji Haino & Sitaar Tahl 49
Hipokardan 49
Karmer District 60
Lauhkaat Lampaat 45
The Magik Markers 51
Greg Malcolm 49
Sai Miguel 51
Asi Mina 51
Mahoto Morai & Koho Aha 51
Norbert Möslang 51
Möslang & Müller 51
Noxagt 52
Ø 52
Masahiko Okura/Günter Müller/ Ami Yoshida 52
Olivier & Figure 52
On 52
Evan Parker 50
Anthony Pateras/Sean Baxter/ David Brown 52
Peaches 53
Phonophani 53
Plaid & Bah Jarac 53
Rant 70 53
Bruce Russell 53
Sachika 55
Sandoz 55
Giacinta Scalsi 55
Spanfarm 55
George Stealtoe Ensemble 57
TITS/Leopard Leg 57
Unai 55
Uton 57
Various ***Bulawayo Jazz 1950–1952*** 57
Various ***California*** 48
Various ***Colonial Dance Bands 1950 & 1952*** 57
Various ***Digital Disco 2*** 55
Various ***Dubstep Allstars Volume 4: Mixed By Youngsta And Hatcha*** 44
Various ***Ethnic Minority Music Of Northeast Cambodia*** 59
Various ***Konyan Songs And Strings 1950 & 1952*** 57
Various ***Stones Throw: Ten Years*** 59
Various ***Touch 25*** 59
Various ***Voices Of Humans, Ancestors And Gods: A Musical Journey Through Indios Interior*** 59
Luha Vihert 60
John Wiese 60
Wolf Eyes & Anthony Braxton 60
Jack Wright & Michael Johnson 49
Jeji Yuasa 51
Enore Zaffiri 60

Columns

Size Matters 54
The Compiler 56
The Boomerang 58
Avant Rock 61
Critical Beats 62
Dub 63
Electronica 64
Global 65
Hiphop 66
Jazz & Improv 67
Outer Limits 68

The Inner Sleeve 69

Luke Fowler on RD Laing

Print Run 70

The Dark Tree: Jazz And The Community Arts In Los Angeles
By Steven L Isoardi
Jesus Dub: Theology, Music And Social Change
By Robert Becklord
Composing A World: Lou Harrison, Musical Wayfarer
By Leta E Miller & Fredric Lieberman
Blowin' Hot and Cool: Jazz And Its Critics
By John Gennari

On Screen 72

Irène Schwarzer: A Film By Gitta Gsell DVD
Ryan Junell: Sloma DVD
Steve Hanihackar: Songs Of Place DVD
High Tech Soul: The Creation Of Techno Music DVD

On Site 73

Banka Violetta/Sunn O)))
London, UK
Nam June Paik
London, UK

On Location 74

Vaan Festival
Bristol, UK
Sónar 2006
Barcelona, Spain
Michael Gordon/Max De Wardener
London, UK
Nattjazz
Bergen, Norway
Ryoji Ikeda/alva noto/Monolaka
London, UK
John Zorn: A Tribute To Derek Bailey
London, UK
Alex Bradley & Charles Poulet: *Whiteplane_2*
Glasgow, UK

Soundcheck This month's selected CDs and vinyl

Derek Walmsley enters London's dark bass spaces to survey dubstep's recent quantum leaps

Urban steppers: Youngsta and Hatcha

Various
Dubstep Allstars Volume 4: Mixed By Youngsta And Hatcha
TEMPA 2xCD

A year is a long time in London underground music. In the summer of 2005, Grime MCs were ripping up the Notting Hill Carnival, Grime's premier crew Roll Deep had just released their long awaited debut album, and there was a host of budding young MCs in every London postcode. Meanwhile dubstep, the gloomy instrumental alter ego of Grime's exuberant lyrical pile-up, seemed like the awkward, insular kid brother of the post Jungle, post-Garage musical fraternity. Strikingly, many of its leading producers (and dubstep is nothing if not a producerly genre, obsessed with carefully calculated bass weight and impact) actually *were* the younger siblings of the London rave family tree – Skream's older brother was part of the same Jungle crew as Grooverider; Bailey (father of producer D1) recorded Jungle and Garage. Hatcha and Youngsta began DJing while they were barely teenagers.

Grime's breathless, stream of consciousness deliveries had taken the decadent narratives of hiphop and tied them in knots, making it perhaps the only recent urban genre to express a profound sense of dissatisfaction with contemporary life. But dubstep was yet to flex its muscles. By slowing the elastic basslines of Jungle down to a nautical skank and smoothing out the twitchy canvas of Garage, the music of dubstep's Forward club took on a pedantic, solemn quality – feel the bass, but keep it simple. Despite the genre's name, there was little of dub's restless, trickster spirit. These stern half-step beats were too stiff to survive being thrown into the echo chamber.

A year later, and the packing order has changed. While Grime's appeal was that it prioritised the intensity of the moment above all else, younger MCs became infamous not through lyrical guile, but just by calling out the name of whoever was big that week. Dubstep, meanwhile, has made quantum leaps in sophistication, encapsulating expansive yearning and unresolved tension in the briefest of melodic strokes. Much of the change can be attributed to one tune – Skream's "Midnight Request Line". Its elegiac melody had shades of Kraftwerk, flickering through the bass haze like stars through smog, and an epic change of key and tempo that recalled the classicist mannerisms of Derrick May. Dubstep's habitual reserve simply melted away. Beneath the rigid, linear grooves it exposed a fragile, feminine underside – absent from much Grime – of elliptical melodies and ergonomic bass vibrations. Not merely music which reflected the clinical angles and spaces of the urban cityscape, it was also a warm, womb-like refuge from modern life.

Dubstep Allstars Volume 4 is a snapshot of this ripe, luminous moment in the development of the genre. Aside from one-off eclectics like Belfast's Boxcutter, dubstep remains a close knit scene, both socially and geographically, and the *Dubstep Allstars* series keeps things in the family. Youngsta featured on the second volume, with Hatcha producing the first in the series. Youngsta, the man behind the counter at Blackmarket Records in Soho and a veteran DJ at the age of just 21, confines his sets to a select inner circle of producers including Skream, Loefah and Digital Mystikz, always mixed with mean precision. His brooding half-step set is dark yet seductive. Loefah's "Ruffage" is a monolithic tower of steely dub, but Skream's "Morning Blues" drops in a fat jazzy guitar lick as slinky as Kenny Burrell's "Soul Lament", and his "Warning" carries melodic shimmers that suggest Bernard Herrmann's besotted, restless *Vertigo* soundtrack. D1's "Missin", "Cocaine" and "Sleazy" are all packed as tight as a pressure cooker, bristling with hi hats and virulent, bleeding bass. Throughout, the low end science rivals the kinetic marvels of Keith Hudson or Origin Unknown – the bass can roll like chocolate melting off a spoon (Skream's "Dub Period") or explode into energy like a searchlight in a secured area (Loefah's "System"). Youngsta's disc is as taut and compelling as a slowly ticking timebomb.

The second disc offers more functional pleasures. Kromestar's "Iron Dread" and "Shakti Dub" are vivacious skanks that recall the hazy, blissed-out digi dub revivalism of Zion Train or Dreadzone. The raw vigour of Hatcha's set, with 25 tracks packed into just over an hour, dispels the suspense crafted by Youngsta, leaving a mark instead through bruising, battering workouts like Digital Mystikz "Cheaer" and their wobbly slang tang version "All Of A Sudden".

All minimalist music, through the process of paring down a particular sound and shedding an unwanted skin, reflects a sense of loss. With dubstep, such melodic concision achieves a severe, desolate grace. Its slow-burning drama can be heart rending and nerve-shredding in the same moment. Like isolationism, many of the genre's most compelling moments are its most bleak, and one wonders how long urban angst can sound so sweet. Perhaps, for the city listener, it's just a poetic response to urban living – to be overwhelmed and overawed by spaces and structures, musical or otherwise, at least makes you feel alive, and maybe this is why so many of those younger brothers found succour in the dark spaces of the bass all those years ago. For 2006 at least, it is dubstep that pervades and drenches the London soundscape. □

SHAUN FLOODGATE

Aidan Baker
Oneiromancer
DIE STADT CD

The first 300 copies of *Oneiromancer* come with an extra disc of solo guitar pieces by Aidan Baker, and it can only be a backhanded compliment to say that they're the reason to buy it. *Oneiromancer* itself consists of five long tracks filling nearly an hour. Baker lists his tools diligently: electric/bass guitar, drum machines, tape loops and vocals, all manipulated to create smeared textural pieces in which the character of the instrumentation disappears. The dark corners and nightmarish ambiences of Baker's watery loops recall Coil. The turbulence of the tracks is emphasised by Baker's voice, which (when it can be heard) is stretched into unearthly timbres. An oneiromancer tries to read the future by interpreting dreams and Baker taps into a long surrealist tradition investigating the monsters which the sleep of reason can produce, as his track titles – "Death Too Wrapped In Dream", "Dreams Of Broken Glass" – attest.

Baker has nearly 30 albums to his name and the bonus disc is further evidence of his varied activities. For each of its five tracks he takes a single technique and samples it to create layers of loops. "One" stacks up warm simple fingerpicking. The second is a version of Frippertronics, with a volume pedal being used to remove the attack from the guitar's tone and create long, violin-like sonorities. On "Three" Baker erases melody and tone, punctuating empty air with shards of jack-plug static. All five are direct and purposeful where the main set is diffuse and weightless.

SAM DAVIES

James Beaudreau
Java St Bagatelles
WORKBENCH CD

As the title suggests, this is a collection of miniatures recorded by James Beaudreau in his apartment in Brooklyn's Java Street, with a fair amount of tape hiss, some of them slightly over-recorded and with extraneous noise in the background. In the foreground is Beaudreau's electric and acoustic guitar. These improvisations are played in an idiosyncratic style, incorporating terse, epigrammatic phrases – which can't help but evoke the spectre of Derek Bailey – and more lyrical folky stylings. Like Hans Reichel's pieces, they pivot in unusual places, so that "Hare", for instance, takes on a structural slippenness. The music is enigmatic, to say the least. Beaudreau often chases a mood that recedes into the distance just as he starts to capture it, as on the brief "The Unexpected Guest", where fittingly the whole piece has the feel of an announcement. Not so successful is "Tea And Scone", which ends with the stop button pressed unceremoniously.

The album comprises 24 tracks in 43 minutes and it takes some concentration to prevent them merging into one. The way that the fingerpicking sortie of "Northward Vale" follows the weightless flamenco like "Blimp" does give us a seamless transition, but some of the pieces lose their punctuation in this kind of flow. In fact, nothing in *Java St Bagatelles* seems to get resolved either rhythmically or harmonically. Oddly enough, in this respect it recalls some of Captain Beefheart's guitar pieces, which were transcribed from tapes of his precocious beginner's piano – although Beaudreau's instrumental chops are far more advanced. Fascinating and at times frustrating, this album closes with "Fort Tryon", where the last note is left hanging in the air like a question mark. Which seems appropriate.

MIKE HARRIES

Luciano Berio
The Complete Sequenzas, Alternate Sequenzas And Works For Solo Instruments
NODE 4XCD

As a body of work for solo instruments, the series of *Sequenzas* written by Luciano Berio between 1958 and 2002 is without equal in the literature of late 20th century music. Though not the first recording of the complete *Sequenzas* – others have appeared on Deutsche Grammophon and Naxos – this four CD set, over ten years in the making, presents for the first time the final *Sequenza XIV* performed by its dedicatee, cellist Rohan De Saram, and the arrangement bassist Stefano Scodanibbio made of it a year after Berio's death in 2003. In addition to the 19 *Sequenzas*, the fourth disc also includes nine further works for solo instrument, ranging from the wild two minute harpsichord tour de force *Rounds* (1965) to the exquisite *Chanson Pour Pierre Boulez* (2000), recorded for the first time by de Saram, and also features *Gesti*, a sequenza in all but name written in 1966 for the Dutch recorder virtuoso Frans Brüggen.

Though the *Sequenzas* represent benchmarks in terms of technical difficulty and notation, they are by no means exercises in virtuosity for its own sake. The fact Berio used them as a reservoir for numerous spin-off chamber pieces indicates how important they were to him as extensions of his own musical language. The complexity of Darmstadt-era serialism was just a starting point to explore compositional techniques in Western and non-Western musics past and present. The influence of the Bach *Chaconne* (in *Sequenza VIII* for violin) is as important as flamenco rasgado technique in the guitar *Sequenzas* and Sri Lankan Kandyan drumming (in *XIV*). The diversity of the music is breathtaking, from the violent post-impressionism of *Sequenza II* (for harp) to the theatrical antics of *III* and *V* (the latter performed by its dedicatee, trombonist Stuart Dempster) and the awesome virtuosity of violinist Irvine Arditti (*VIII*) and bassoonist Noriko Shimada (*XII*).

But it's a credit both to Berio's skill as a composer and to the quality of the performers that works once considered well-nigh unplayable, having been tailored to incorporate the techniques of their dedicatees – notably vocalist Cathy Berberian (*Sequenza III*) and oboist Heinz Holliger (*VII*) – can be performed with such precision by others, in accordance with Berio's wishes, each *Sequenza* is prefaced by a quotation from the poetry of Edoardo Sanguineti, read by Enzo Salemone, and the set includes a thorough essay by Sabine Feisst. An essential release.

DAN WARBURTON

Ross Bolleter
Secret Sandhills And Satellites
ENAREM CD

Australian improvisor and composer Ross Bolleter's first album, 1985's *Temple Of Joyous Bones*, featured prepared piano and accordion, but for some years he's specialised in playing "ruined" pianos, in particular those he finds in the Australian outback. Bolleter describes a ruined piano as one which the elements have decayed to the point where it produces unpredictable sounds, with termite hills growing out of the soundboard and hardly a note in tune.

The concept is beguiling, and the musical content stacks up. *Secret Sandhills And Satellites* takes its name from a painting by Timmy Payungka Tjapangati, which he created in a desolate, poverty stricken government settlement in the early 70s. Behind the 28 minute title track is a thinly veiled fury at the treatment of Australia's Aboriginal population. Interpreting the painting as a "force field of luminous power", Bolleter improvised the elements of the composition on ruined pianos he found in Alice Springs and the Murchison gold mines of Western Australia. Despite its fragmentary nature, the piece is eerie and powerful – the boomings suggesting cavernous depths, while a passage of agitated echoes seems to invoke ancestral voices.

On some of the album's shorter tracks, Bolleter plays two pianos simultaneously. "Save What You Can" is elegiac, while on "Old Man Piano", one instrument provides an out of tune melody and the other rhythmic bangs and thumps. "Going To War Without The French Is Like Going To War Without An Accordion" has an improvised opening section, followed by a cod-classical passage and presumably overdubbed duets with accordion. There are shades of gamelan and Terry Riley's micro-tunings, as well as Cage's prepared piano as percussion orchestra, but Bolleter is a true original of Australian composition.

ANDY HAMILTON

Warren Burt
The Animation Of Lists And The Archyten Transpositions
XI 2xCD

Though Warren Burt's composing career spans 30 years, his music isn't widely known in either his native US or in Europe. After completing studies in New York and California in 1975 Burt moved to Melbourne to teach at La Trobe University. He still lives in Australia and is committed to composition, exploring various techniques but concentrating on electroacoustic and microtonal musics.

The Animation Of Lists And The Archyten Transpositions was requested for XI by Phil Niblock, who asked that Burt provide an electronic piece that used as its sound source Just Intonation tuning forks. Burt had constructed himself. Burt's kit of bass and treble forks is tuned to a 19 note scale derived from Ptolemy's second century treatise on harmonics, and while the first part of this two CD work, *The Animation Of Lists*, is presented as recorded – live, and then with two overdubs – part two, *And The Archyten Transpositions*, electronically pitchshifts those overdubs variously up and down, artificially creating a 53 note octave for Burt's tuning forks.

Burt writes that the score consists of a series of time frames that prescribe the sequence of forks to be struck while leaving rhythm and phrasing indeterminate. Though the vaunted colour richness of microtonality isn't best demonstrated by this instrument – which in practice sounds like a beefed-up music box – that's not really the point here. The soundworld that Burt and co-performer Catherine Schieve create calls for submersive listening, so that moments of melody and harmonic resolution emerge from what is a luminous tonal palette. The transposition of overdubs in *And The Archyten Transpositions* shifts rhythm as well as pitch, and this heightened activity combines with intensely detailed harmonics to give the music a woozy feel, as minutely differentiated pitches ring, phase and rub against each other.

TOM PEWCHARD

The Clarinets
The Clarinets
SKIRL CD

The first release from this new Brooklyn label unites Anthony Burr, Oscar Noriega and Chris Speed – three of New York's most adventurous jazz and improv clarinettists – in a taut 45 minute session where structures reproduce themselves in the moment.

The CD's artwork gives an idea of how the process works. On the front cover the words "The Clarinets" are gently abstracted into graphic patterning, like late Mondrian. Turn the cover over and the lines become disjointed while on the facing panel the design becomes so complex that the original syntax is lost. The opening track, "Constellating", operates similarly – seemingly random sounds are funnelled into a structure that's given impetus and accrues complexity. The sounds have an aloof quality more reminiscent of Scelsi than music with its roots in jazz. But Oscar Noriega's microtonally inflected clarinet adds an attractive vulnerability as it massages against the prevailing temper of the tunings.

The fifth track, "Scrawl", breaks the largely static house style. Folksy lines delight in rubbing each other up the wrong way, and contradictory ideas work together to create an energy that powers the short construct onwards. The final track, "Lovescar", returns to rarefied textures, bringing the project to a satisfactory conclusion, perhaps too much so – so many perfect arch-like structures creates a certain predictability. But with playing as beautiful as this, that really is splitting hairs.

PHILIP CLARK

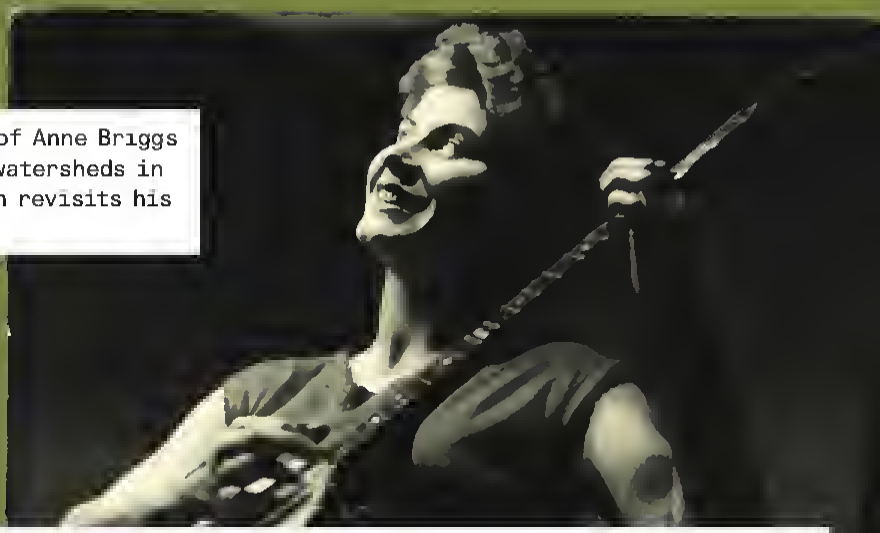
Cluster Duo
Dances
QBICO LP

Lauhkeat Lampaat
The Most Pollo
QBICO LP

And still they keep coming: these Finnish Improv shamans creating a brand of rough magic that intoxicates with its guileless charm and fearless recourse to instinct over deliberation. These two Qbico releases are naive and a little kooky, but never gratingly so. Both raise smiles and lift spirits, and while they could well be dismissed as formless, sloppy freakouts, they're a lot of fun.

Both Cluster Duo and Lauhkeat Lampaat (the name translates as Meek Sheep) are affiliated with the free folk/free jazz group Rauhan Orkestri. The span of the collective's musical interests is well represented here with *Dances* veering into jazzier territory and *The Most Pollo* displaying a more mystical avant folk sensibility. Both share an enchanting

The 60s folk recordings of Anne Briggs and Shirley Collins are watersheds in British music. Ian Penman revisits his favourite haunts



Spectral solemnity: Shirley Collins

Anne Briggs
The Complete Topic Recordings
RO WEAVTL 2xLP
Shirley Collins
False True Lovers
RO WEAVTL LP
The Power Of The True Love Knot
RO WEAVTL LP
The Sweet Primeroses
RO WEAVTL LP

The other night I e-mentioned Anne Briggs to a friend in America; an hour later I got a return message, thanking me for the recommendation – this timeless music downloaded already. Listened to, the haunting under way. "She sounds like water feels going down your throat," said my distantly intimate friend.

Folk music reborn – into our hypertrophic world of satellite beams and instant messaging. The earliest music here goes back to an early 1960s that may seem as distantly odd to us now as the pastoral world the music documents and keeps alive.

In my mind Anne Briggs was always this slightly shadowy, mythic figure – I had confused the end of her story with the beginning. I thought she emerged out of a misty Celtic nowhere, a siren from a Scottish island who sang a flickeringly immortal song for a season or two, and then returned to the spray and stillness of her island retreat.

In reality she was born in 1944 in Nottinghamshire, and had a career (of sorts) that lasted more than a decade, from her first tentative appearances on Topic (*The Iron Muse* compilation and her debut EP *The Hazards Of Love*, both 1963) to her final LP, *Sing A Song For You* (1973). After which she bowed out and did indeed disappear into island seclusion. *The Complete Topic Recordings* gathers together all the early 60s EPs, and her astonishing 1971 'debut' album *Anne Briggs*.

Briggs' voice renders our scepticism weightless. Her singular voice lures, comforts, ambushes, soars all at once. It's a voice that doesn't seem to 'do' all that much, on first acquaintance. Briggs lets her old material's time-burnished melodies wash under her like lakeside waves. She seems very far away, then relocated inside your chest. You feel the night of her songs is a vivid dream you don't want to wake from.

By the time of the self-titled first LP she is possessed of an eerie and ageless poise. She effortlessly ventriloquises the past: her own compositions do not register as substantively different from the wealth of traditional material. "Blackwater Side" (written by Briggs) is one of the most hypnotic performances of song you will ever hear. The other Briggs-penned track, "Go Your Way", isn't far behind. They sound as if they might have been recorded yesterday – or 400 years ago.

They way Briggs sings these songs – and this applies equally to Shirley Collins – ticks off none of the usual post-Freudian post-Beatles pop signifiers. This is a different tradition, in which psychology centred on the self or an aesthetic of 'innovation' is less important than fidelity to communal memory and bond. If this makes it sound solemn, it is far from that – dappled and striped with pagan insouciance and low jinks: love, sex, death, nature as revelation, fate as tightening knot: a domain of tricksters, dark horses, animist shadow, bother, fall.

Shirley Collins is best known and most revered for her late 60s watershed recordings on Harvest, such as *Anthems In Eden* (1969) and *Love, Death And The Lady* (1970). On *The Sweet Primeroses* (sic, 1967) and *The Power Of The True Love Knot* (1968), sister Dolly isn't advertised on the cover but is nonetheless vitally present, Shirley's spectral other, providing the songs' airy, varicoloured settings.

Shirley sounds liveliest and most beguiling on the first of these three sets, *False True Lovers* (1968), which was recorded after she spent half of 1959 travelling in the Appalachians. Some kind of high mountain irreverence seems to have rubbed off on her. The later two feel more elegant and studious (At times, maybe, a wee bit frosty or constrained.) At first, all seems as sturdy and settled and even parochial as an old village church, but closer inspection betrays an unexpected delicacy, even a sense of humour in the songs' hidden architecture. You breathe in the stone and feel centuries speak. The gentle flurry of guitar/banjo or Dolly's gently uncanny pipe organ behind Shirley's peerless voice suggest the insistence of seasonal time, behind the sung tales of betrayal, departure, foreclosure or fright.

This is music you live with – and which makes you work for your pleasure. In return, it gradually unfolds deeper and darker and more haunting strata. Simple but epic songs like the devastating "The Cruel Mother" constitute a cultural midpoint between the cornucopia of Harry Smith's *Anthology* and Gillian Welch's flinty, melancholy "I Dream A Highway". A stark, unadorned female voice that sinks its light and its clew deep into and deeper inside you.

Lines fly out at you, vivid, tender, shocking. Rural speech rendered as something lyrically rich and strange: *"His cheeks like/Red blood/New dropped on snow."* Love as unsustainable rapture, abjection trance. There is lyric poetry in some of these 'old' texts which may never be bettered. Songs of death and love, betrayal and longing, dizzying in their intensity – all the more intense for being sung so plainly. If Briggs's voice suggests an Eros equal parts carnal devotion and asocial escape, Collins's tone seems to carry a more communal ethic of pubs, gossip, larks. May Day mirth. (But also the odd steely-eyed hint of social organisation and protest.)

One of the reasons Anne Briggs and Shirley Collins elicit such reverence from today's new folk-hungry audience is that they go against everything that in our time signifies singer as star. The feeling here is devotional, anti-diva, from a time before image, hype, star-making machinery. Singer serves song, and thereby those who went before. It makes you wonder whether the feeling of being haunted is perhaps our natural estate, that it is the feeling of *not* being haunted – and thereby consoled or contextualised by some wider past or lineage – that is unnatural.

We might recall that 'haunt' also means place: a place always returned to. The haunt of these songs returns song itself to us, as a more thorough, collective, illuminating memory. The memory trace of a wider, deeper 'us', a more social Eros, in the widest, deepest sense. Songs that keep us *"warm against the eternal frost"*. □

warmth and appetite for adventure. Walter Swanljung and Ville Sahlakari are pictured playfighting on the sleeve of *Dances*: a perfect representation of their approach. Swanljung's lo-fi keyboard work is clearly inspired by Sun Ra but more immediately recalls the red-hot organ splinters thrown out by Gareth Williams with This Heat. Sahlakari's feral drumming, meanwhile, sounds like an attempt to smother all the sound his partner contributes under a blanket of undisciplined rumble and clatter. It's a mess – but that's a recommendation.

Brothers Jasu and Antti Tolvi are the backbone of Lauhkeat Lampaat, with occasional input from winsome free folk scenester Lau Nau. *The Most Polla* is a collection of impish improvisations based around percussion doodles, string scrapings and muted feedback experiments. The short vignettes on the first side are like trial runs for the more confident piece on the second, in which the duo beaver away with the euphoric focus of children at play.

KEITH MOLINÉ

Gloria Coates
Symphonies Nos 1, 7 & 14
NAXOS CD

Gloria Coates's textural sound masses are often compared to Xenakis and Penderecki, and indeed her trademark glissandi and the visceral quality of her writing might seem to ally her directly to the former. But careful listening reveals the depths of Coates's vision.

Coates' *Symphony No 14: Symphony In Microtones* is a celebration of the pioneer spirit of early America: a tradition from which her own work has grown. There's a moment in the midst of its first movement that's pure Coates: a complex web of glissandi disintegrates to reveal an allusion to a lost piece of Americana – a lamentation by the 18th and 19th century New England composer Supply Belcher. When the tonal purity of Belcher's harmonies appear, Coates tugs on the heartstrings but does so in an entirely non-manipulative way. She invokes ancestors like Thelonious Monk, dropping a slab of boogie woogie into the middle of an abstract improvisation. Coates runs her modernist transformation alongside the thing itself.

Also referenced in Coates's symphony is 18th century New Englander William Billings, whose dissonant harmonies famously upset the critics of the time. When Coates appeared fully formed in 1972 with her *Symphony No 1, Music On Open Strings*, which requires radical retuning of string instruments and percussive tapping on their frames, she no doubt raised critical hackles. Her *Symphony No 7* expands this palette of glissandi to the whole orchestra and climaxes with a monumental display of compacting slides from the whole orchestra.

PHILIP CLARK

Jonathan Coleclough & Murmer
Husk
ICR CD

In his previous collaborations with Colin Potter, Andrew Chalk, Tim Hill and most recently Lethe, Jonathan Coleclough has demonstrated his ability to distil sonorous frequencies, impressionistic tones and smeared ambiences from any given source material or field recording into supernal, droning compositions. Patrick McGinley, aka Murmer, also manipulates field recordings and environmental sounds, often emphasising the tactility intrinsic to each of his sources. Together, they make a formidable duo.

While the exact source materials for the four tracks on *Husk* aren't specified, enough information can be gleaned from the sounds to connect the dots if one wishes. The 20 minute title track is a sinewy composition, bouncing distant metallic clangs and windswept debris across the stereo field, multiplying resonant shimmers into a chorus of singing electrons. After an undulating series of phasing shifts (reminiscent of Coleclough's *Period* solo outing), "Husk" crescendos on a threatening torrent of protracted, shadowy sonics.

"Approaching Pecura" situates a vaporous drone behind an occasional growl from what sounds like a motor agitating a wire. The strategy of layering a tactile event on top of a fluctuating tone is a commonplace within the realm of dronescaping, and this piece is not the duo's best. "Fieldwork" and "Germ" are more successful. The latter derives exquisite interplay from a tangled network of hissing textures, and the former surges with the bleak isolationist language of Thomas Köner. Barring a flaw here or there, *Husk* stands as one of the finest drone records of the year.

JIM HAYNES

Crimatime Orchestra
Life Is A Beautiful Monster
JAZZAWAY CD

This Norwegian tentet was formed in 2002 by saxophonists Vidar Johansen and Jon Klette. To understand Crimetime's approach, it's best to divide its ten players into different camps. The heavily amplified drums, twinned bass guitar and keyboards are powered by effects and riffs, bricking up walls of improvised funk rock repetition, scattered with harshly textured bursts. The horns are descended from free jazz, veering from harmonious arrangements into unfettered babble, then repeatedly sending forth a soloing emissary.

A self-titled suite makes up seven out of the eight tracks, with the closing "Rest In Peace" dedicated to bassist Bjørnar Andresen, who died three weeks after this session. His upright is subject to an array of effects, in tandem with electric bassist Ingebrigt Håker Flaten. The latter is probably responsible for the suite's brutally riffing low-end repetitions. Keyboardist Bugge Wesseltoft has never been heard in a more aggravated state. His raw settings are easily a match for the glancing strokes of Anders Hana's guitar, excessive yet precise.

Composed blocks are set against an improvised pulse, and the orientations between the two approaches aren't always clear. The sections ebb and flow, with trumpet, saxophone and trombone taking their turns to rip out over the mass. The swooping levels of channelled Crimetime chaos are frightening to behold. Relationships shift, and points arrive where everyone connects, before the behemoth rides off into another phase. The music swells and deflates, with the prominence of the players constantly shifting. The climactic seventh section boasts a tensed alliance between Wesseltoft and drummer Paal Nilssen-Love, locked together as they avalanche down the slopes. This is some of the most urgent music that we'll hear all year.

MARTIN LONGLEY

Anders Dahl
Hundloka, Flockblomstriga 1
HÄPNA CD

Hundloka is cow parsley, a common meadow flower, as the Häpna Website has it, "a weed whose distribution is restricted with great difficulty". While the botanic reference is apposite, positioning *Hundloka Flockblomstriga 1* within the realm of the natural reduces Dahl's rich compositions to an essentialist framework. Drop in the binary relationship between nature and technology – a digital glint shimmers through the crackling, sudden edits which litter the second and third tracks – and Dahl's a DSP dandy, skipping through fields flocked with green and grain, laptop in right hand. (The leaping sheep on the disc's front cover do little to help matters.)

The three tracks, all titled "Hundloka", percolate hissing, granular drones from bowed bouzouki, violin and percussion. Dahl is sure to leave some grit and sting in the drones' tails: the abrupt charges dotted through the second track further rustle the hair of these adroit compositions. When Dahl grabs his acoustic guitar, weaving elliptical fragments of melody that never quite resolve or repeat, he sounds like a fleet-footed Gastr Del Sol. And while bucolic reverie is not exactly an unknown quantity in modern post-pop electroacoustics, Dahl has a gentle touch and quietly skewed approach which separates him from the wistful finger-wagging that passes for so much folktronica. *Hundloka* is indeed made of sturdier, less controlled material.

JON DALE

Tom Djll
Bellerophone
SOUL ON RICE CD

Smudge
SOUL ON RICE CD

Djll/Feeney/Rainey/Wright
Road Signs
SOUL ON RICE CD

Tom Djll has been making thoughtful, elegant music for nearly 30 years and has taken the trumpet as far beyond its silver, snarling vernacular as it is possible to go, and as far from the extended technique proponents as Bill Dixon is from Roy Castle. By the time of the 2005 and 2006 recordings on *Bellerophone*, a belated solo release, almost all traces of trumpetness have been distilled away.

Almost, but reassuringly, not all. Alongside the threatening grumble of the title track and the siffling pitches of "Gastrophone", there are moments which do sound as though brass and breath, valves and lips are in play. The same applies to *Smudge*, where some earlier recordings from 1988 to 1991 featuring Djll's work with analogue synthesizers sits aside more recent, digitally processed work. The earlier cuts are more extreme, but the closing "Pathe" is stunning, an airless, desolate opening giving way to something more detailed and full voiced, and then to a brief passage which could almost be Leo Smith.

Djll's trumpet extensions are in some respects no different to what early jazzmen used as punctuation devices or timbral effects. *Bellerophone*'s "Feelautonomie" might be sampled from half a dozen hot hornbenders. *Smudge*'s "Flake" begins with raw scratches and blarts sampled from a lost editing session. Few have gone as far as Djll, though, in making such articulations the entire substance of a piece, and none have gone so far in the development of split-channel playing or "Split" on *Smudge*, which is the only instance of Djll sounding as if he's merely cataloguing effects. By contrast, the very brief "Covalents" might follow a written score, and as if to underline the conviction that Djll doesn't want to abandon conventional parameters entirely, he ends *Bellerophone* with an astonishing version of "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?"

Road Signs is in essence a follow up to Jack Wright's *Signs Of Life*, though the two saxophone and trumpet trio of Wright, Bhob Rainey and Djll gives way to Jack and Djll with percussionist Tim Feeney for almost half the record. The trios sit together well and manage to sound connected to something outside the performance space(s) – the first and third tracks are live recordings. Its no surprise to hear Djll as a more conventional horn man given his intermittent devotion to open sounds on the solo records. *Road Signs* reveals him more convincingly as a guy with generous chops who prefers to take the harder road of Reductionism and non-idiomatic playing.

BRIAN MORTON

Andrew Duke
Consumer Vs User
PHTHALO CD

Andrew Duke is something of an electronic music veteran. As a writer and radio DJ, he's spent most of the last 25 years observing developments from the relative isolation of Halifax, Nova Scotia. As a producer, remixer and serial collaborator, he's made plenty of his own contributions to the ongoing story. *Consumer Vs User* – just one item in a cascade of new material set for imminent release – is the product of a mind steeped in the genre's history. The title itself is an artful wink in the direction of Dutch Electro outfit I F, whose mid-90s album *Fucking Consumer* is an influence.

Musically, though, the European influence is less clear, despite Duke's obvious taste for polluted, post-industrial textures. Listening to *Consumer Vs User* is like looking at Detroit through grit-blasted glass, or maybe the fissured perspex of the Motor City mass transit system. Techno shapes and cadences are obscured by Duke's penchant for quixotic seams of white noise – witness "Heat Headache", in which a crisp #08 hi-hat/snare pattern is remorselessly buffeted by lurching sub-bass and erased by sudden seconds of menacing silence. "Refuse Your Albatross" is typical – an off-kilter rhythm revolves lopsidedly, vainly trying to evade corrosive metallic incursions.

Even the most minimal pieces here retain an abrasive edge. "Lucidrif" is a barely there pulse, but hovering in the background is a busy, scratchy whisper which never lets up or allows the beat to settle into a reassuring pattern. "Tardive" is even less compromising: a fractured loop which gradually expands into a dense wall of distortion. It's hardly Easy Listening, but it is thought-provoking stuff.

CHRIS SHARP

Eskiboy
Da 2nd Phaze
BOY BETTER KNOW CD

Wiley's first album *Treddin' On Thin Ice* was in retrospect a Grime classic fully the equal of

A monolithic ten LP box set maps the diversity of the Californian noise landscape. By Bruce Russell

Knuckle sandwich RHY Yau

Various
California
TRONIKS/GROUND FAULT/RRR 10xLP

Inspired by RRRecords' earlier *New England* five LP box set (which documented the work of ten noise artists operating in the region), Phil Blankenship of the Troniks label decided to go one better and document on ten LPs 20 artists active in the Sunshine State's fertile and long running noise scene. Curated and assembled by Blankenship, with financial support from RRR and Ground Fault, *California* is a monolithic black box which provides the headstone to a genre whose death has been greatly exaggerated.

These kinds of scene- and epoch defining compilations are often the ones that have lasting significance, as they strive to document something more than the output of a single label. *California*'s mammoth selection not only documents a geographical area and a broad genre of non-academic noise art, its depth of endeavour encompasses historically significant iconoclasts like GX Jupitter Larsen (of The Haters) and Los Angeles Free Music Society alumni Solid Eye, alongside established frequency manglers like Damion Romero, Randy Yau and Spastic Colon, and new generation upstarts like Oscillating Innards and Moth Drakula.

While some of this is post-Industrial, capital 'N' Noise – Control, Sixes, Tralphaz and Xome – other contributors are splice and dice precision grapplers – John Wiese, The Cherry Point and Gerritt, some almost merit description as lowercase semi-Ambient soundscapers – Joe Colley, Rubber O Cement and Spastic Colon; and yet others are real-time noise improvisors, such as Open City, Yellow Swans and Solid Eye. What they all do is organise sound in a rough-hewn spirit which owes more to punk than to Pierre Schaeffer, stretching the bounds of human auditory experience into the new frontiers which are always so crucial to the creation of American culture.

The format of the compilation is no accident. Vinyl is the medium of choice of the US noise underground. Noise is, after all, an advanced form of fetishism, and there is something conceptually pure about each artist or group occupying a defined spatial and temporal segment. The best thing about the mode of presentation is that it's like a deck of rather unwieldy playing cards. The listener can begin and end at any point, and one's appreciation of the totality can be radically shaped by the order in which the sides are auditioned. This is developed further by the ultra-minimal packaging. The descriptive material for each artist is restricted to a simple white on black label, and the box bears only the title on the front, with an alphabetical listing of the participants on the back.

Noise in the 21st century is the sound of American culture imploding in a mash-down which incorporates and transcends many known genres of music, both popular and academic. Drawing liberally on influences as diverse as Black Metal, hiphop, punk, minimalism, bluegrass and sound poetry, American noise is at once refreshingly catholic, violently cathartic and voraciously omnivorous. The artists here exemplify this in many ways, from Amps For Christ's crossing of dark drone Ambience with old timey campfire fiddle, through The Skaters' appropriation of a cough syrup-thick psychedelic haze over what sounds like multi-tracked versions of some of William Burroughs's early *"curse go back"* tape routines, to Moth Drakula's tribute to *Eraserhead*, which marries power electronics to a coda that sounds suspiciously like it was lifted from one of Burzum's more spooky outings.

For my money standout contributions include RHY Yau's Aktionist throat gargling, which morph into herds of malfunctioning tractor gearboxes. The much underrated Open City deploy 'straight' rock instrumentation to produce a kaleidoscopic soundworld of post-metamusical baboon-swing. Two guitars and drums seldom sounded so unlike themselves – the group fuse 40 years of surf music to a post-AMM sensibility and an ability to paint in sound. Joe Colley's understated compositional focus is concentrated on something that sounds like run out grooves but culminates in locked groove high-intensity trapanations.

California's diversity is further shown by cracking contributions from the established names. In his "Alluring", Jupitter-Larsen deploys full-on machine torture and more atmospheric details in a finely structured contribution which demonstrates how aesthetically rewarding pure noise can be. It's an object lesson in how to deploy maximal amplitude and full frequency range without sacrificing dynamic response or compositional grace. Solid Eye, on the other hand, present a live-to-air radio show apparently using only butchered music boxes and toy instruments.

John Wiese is in fine form, starting his "Diamond Harmony" at 100 per cent attack for just long enough before deploying a burst of his patented drop out end-pan discombobulation, spinning on a dime and driving the entire light industrial sector of a small European country into a conveniently placed ravine. Rubber O Cement, Damion Romero and Spastic Colon also achieve similar effects in entirely different ways. They largely eschew tonal assault for unsettling and semi subliminal pieces that remind me of field recordings from imagined alien worlds, albeit ones I'm in no hurry to visit.

It's a cause for celebration that the 21st century can deliver a package of such conceptual and sonic strength. Had *California* come out in 1982 we'd be paying sizeable inheritances for it today. Not all of it will please every puntar, but there's more than enough here that's great to justify any fan of organised sound coughing up the surprisingly modest entrance fee. *California* über Alles! □

Dizzee Rascal's better known *Boy In Da Corner*. Already legendary for the abrasive yet delicate calculus of his Eskibeat' sound, the album's revelation was Wiley's shrewdly self-referential lyrics. On "Think I'm Going Mad" and "Pick U R Self Up", he managed to dissemble his own hustler persona and big himself up in the same breath. Panic lurked just beneath his propaganda, as if he would cease to exist if he stopped rapping. Fortunately, through sheer force of will, he had forged himself the quickest flow in the business.

Now estranged from the XL label, Wiley has self-released *Da 2nd Phaze* under the name Eskiboy. The turmoil of the past 18 months imbues the album, both lyrically and musically. The poise and agility of the Eski sound is replaced by rowdy, untidy genre hopping, from G-funk ("Gangsters") to dancehall ("I Like The Way"), while Wiley himself is embittered and hoarse. When Bryan Adams's "Run To You" gets sampled on "Friday Night", you start to wonder whether he really might have lost it this time...

Yet while the siege mentality of *Da 2nd Phaze* often serves to inhibit Wiley's more creative flights, there are moments of counterattack that feed off the paranoia. "U Ain't Real" uses dubstep echo to put the MC in a wall of mirrors, and when he muses *"maybe it's the piss I'm taking"* on "So Amazing", he's strangely disassociated from his creation. Wiley's second phase doesn't form part of any master plan, but there's still evidence of a strange spiritual warfare being waged.

DEREK WALMSLEY

Espers
Espers II
WICHITA CD

On the opening track here, "Dead Queen", one strand of Espers's lineage is made overt – Meg Baird's sinking voice has the soaring purity of Pentangle's Jacqui McShee, and on first listen it even sounds like an update of that group's 1969 album *Basket Of Light*. There's more too it than that, of course, and Espers substitute that group's dextrous playing and rhythmic complexity with fuzz guitar, strings, percussion and electronics meandering in and out of their lengthy songs. Ultimately they end up somewhere else entirely.

There's a real intuitive magic in the group's psychedelic take on folk forms and there are some sublime moments here, but there is nothing prissy about them. On "Cruel Storm", ominous fuzz chords and metallic scrapings bolster the song's acoustic structure, giving a slow-burning dynamic that only peaks at the very end. "Children Of Stone" begins with gorgeous acoustic chords and a pristine vocal arrangement. Woodwind emerges after a while, followed by electronics, and cello drawing in at the close. But things don't happen in a hurry and sublime or not, nine minutes is pushing it.

Similarly, the coda of the eight minute "Dead King" – with what sounds like a tone generator of uncertain pitching joining in on the refrain – soon outstays its welcome. Were it not for "Mansfield And Cyclops", where the drum patterns jostle with Greg Weeks's animated rhythm and lead guitar, the album would pretty much roll out as one tolling uni-tempo. The music here is more confident and fully realised than their debut, but more attention to dynamics and judicious editing are necessary before greatness can beckon.

MIKE BARNES

From Between
No Stranger To Air
SPROUT CD R

Jack Wright & Michael Johnsen
Truant Runts
SPROUT CD R

These two releases from Sprout both feature saxophonist Jack Wright. *No Stranger To Air*, recorded by a trio of Wright, soprano saxophonist Michel Doneda and percussionist Tetsuya Nakatani, was taped at a March 2005 concert in Le Havre, France. The recording is good, as is the acoustic, and the players make a richly detailed, dynamic music that contains one or two near epic moments. The 40 minute opening track goes through several stages of development, during which the players become more attuned to each other. As the sounds thin out in the final ten minutes, they become almost ritualistic. Nakatani alternating isolated drum crashes with scything rasps and delicate sounds on cymbals, gong and singing bowls. This is where the breathy, often unpitched saxophony of Wright and Doneda is at its best. The brief concluding track is a fitting coda, covering much of the same ground but in concentrated form.

Truant Runts, recorded three months later in Philadelphia, features Wright on soprano and alto saxophones in consort with Michael Johnsen on saw and electronics. The music is divided into seven tracks, only one of which tops the ten minute mark. Wright has an opportunity to explore the quieter end of the sonic spectrum, and the music is more spacious and reflective. Johnsen's electronics sound primitive, and they chirter, burble and grind, often entertainingly, much as Wright's saxophones do. "001 Dalmatians" spends too long exploring a single, not terribly interesting idea, and "Snowy Egress" trades too much on birdlike squawks, but overall the music justifies its release into the public domain.

BRIAN MARLEY

Alastair Galbraith & Matt De Gennaro
From The Dark (South Island)
XENIC CD

In the end, of course, sound must be the master: no amount of clever intervention on the part of the artist can ever make a sound 'better'. Once the sound is coaxed into being, it's allowed to be itself. New Zealand string maestro Alastair Galbraith understands this implicitly. On this latest volume of Arnold Dreyblatt-like experiments with bowed wires he and Matt De Gennaro act as servants – drones, perhaps? – to the resonant harmonics that their instruments create. Their discipline and restraint, their deference to the power of pure sound, has given us an album of rich, natural beauty.

Comprising three live recordings, the album documents the sonic phenomena that result from attaching long wires between the walls of sympathetic spaces and structures and then agitating the metal strings. Galbraith and De Gennaro draw a succession of beautiful unearthly groans and soft whines and screams from the wires (some of which were 100 feet long), or rather from the vibrating structure of the performance location. The duo use the installations to sound the different rooms in which the performances take place.

From The Dark is simple, and utterly gripping. Witnessing these performances must have been a magical experience, the weighty, sensuous nature of the music can only have been heightened by the fact that it was performed in total darkness.

KEITH MOLINÉ

Charles Gayle Trio
Live At Glenn Miller Cafe
AYLER CD

Gayle, the fire-breathing saxophonist known for performances so totally improvised that for a few years there, fans didn't even know if they'd get music or mime, has lately turned his attention to standards. But when he tackles these immediately recognisable tunes, as on 2001's *Jazz Solo Piano* and now this disc, he does it in his own immediately recognisable style. "What's New", "Softly As In A Morning Sunrise" and "Cherokee" are all interpreted on both discs, and Gayle essays "Giant Steps" and Ayler's "Ghosts" on *Live At Glenn Miller Cafe*. As the disc begins, the trio charges into "Cherokee" with fatalistic destructiveness. The Gayle of the early 1990s had technique to burn and could have turned this bebop classic into some kind of flaming masterpiece. But he's been having trouble with power and articulation of late (hence the switch from tenor to alto, not to mention the wholesale abandonment of horns for the piano), so this is an exercise in bluster, as though he's taking out his frustration on the tune. The version of "Softly As In A Morning Sunrise" that follows is unrecognisable, beginning at a crawl so the melody's nothing but a series of droning notes, each existing separately from the others. In fact, almost all these so-called standards have been so thoroughly repurposed by this able trio that they might as well have been given new titles. The ballad "What's New" is the most conventionally beautiful piece on the disc, and easily its peak.

PHIL FREEMAN

Keiji Heino & Sitaar Tahl
Animamima
ARCHIVE / IMPORTANT 2xCD

Drones have been a major part of Keiji Haino's repertoire for some time. They're a potent weapon in his eternal war/love affair with a universe of sound which he seeks to dissolve into, manifest inside himself, refuse entirely and, for the rest of the time, play and explore. *Animamima* was recorded in Tokyo in June 2004 and documents a collaboration between Haino (with a full armoury of drone makers, including tambura, shruti box, hurdy gurdy, as well as rhythm box, flute and voice), sitarist Yoshidaikitu, throat singer Fuyuki Tomokawa and Sitaar Tahl, a 20 piece sitar orchestra.

The first disc begins with a familiar Haino drone – serene but cracking with latent energy. The sound gradually thickens as Tomokawa adds overtone-laden vocals that weave in and out of the mix, until it reaches a densely swirling, mostly beatless maelstrom of sound reminiscent of Cans *Tago Mago* or Tony Conrad-era Theater Of Eternal Music, aided by top notch recording equipment and select pharmaceuticals. Haino contributes some spectacular flute and foreign falsetto vocals.

The second disc intensifies the roaring, joyful vortex of sound with Haino's screaming hurdy-gurdy work, receding after 25 minutes into a mass of slowly shifting, resonant strings. The whole 88 minutes is as remarkable as anything Haino has recorded in his long career. At a time where drone music is in danger of sinking into generic cliche, Haino and company have made something bracing, free, yet very accessible, and not like anything else at all.

MARCUS BOON

Hijokaidan
Viva Angel
ALCHEMY CD

Viva Angel was the second Hijokaidan album originally released in 1984 and for many years has been the most difficult to locate. But Alchemy has at last tracked down the missing master tape and reissued it on CD. From the beginning Hijokaidan refused to engage with the idea of noise as a political act, or its obsession with systems of control and socio sexual degradation. This rejection was often made implicit in titles and artwork – here, an inscrutably empty weave of punning Krautrock and psych collector references. The cover spoofs Faust's *So Far*, the title is an amalgam of Neu!'s "Lila Angel" and La Düsseldorf's "Viva", while individual tracks reference Sky, Saxon's Seeds.

Stylistically, *Vive Angel* is the group's most diffuse album. The performance artists that made Hijokaidan's early live shows such spectacles had begun to drift away, and the albums seven studio tracks capture a stripped down trio version of the group. Jojo Hiroshige saw Hijokaidan as an attempt to amplify and extend the absurdist meltdown moments of more conventional rock 'n' roll, and that methodology is captured best by the side-long "Bad Character, But Great Sounds" blowout with its overbearing mid-range electronics and relentless high end guitar scribble. Far more unexpected are the shorter and sparser tracks that make up the first side. "Seeds Rock N Roll" places a lunatic rant from late Auschwitz vocalist Naoto Hayashi over a fast drum machine rhythm. "Secret Desire" sounds like Evan Parker soprano ultrasonics over tapes of a bicycle wheel rotating in a distant typhoon, while the title track is a heads down guitar and drum jam that Neu! would have been proud to call their own. It's aged remarkably well.

ALAN CUMMINGS

Greg Malcolm
Hung
CELEBRATE PSI PHENOMENON CD

Last year's *Swimming In It* comprised pieces New Zealand guitarist Greg Malcolm played to his partner as she lapsed in and out of sleep on the sofa, taking on board the feedback of her semi conscious responses. On *Hung* Malcolm reduces further the cooperation of other human beings. All of these tracks are "solo simultaneously displayed multiple guitar performances", with Malcolm playing two guitars and percussion with his feet and a guitar with his hands. There are no overdubs... everything is played in real time. However, with Malcolm's frequent use of a distortion pedal and a variety of contact mics secreted within and without his principal instrument, there's little need for studio trickery.

Brian Morton reassesses the Evan Parker, Derek Bailey and Han Bennink trio recording which launched the Incus label

Left to right: Evan Parker, Derek Bailey, Han Bennink

Evan Parker
The Topography Of The Lungs
PSI CD

Improvised music differs from almost any other branch of creative activity – except possibly certain kinds of acting and dance – in that ownership of the music instantly and irrevocably shifts from performers to audience at the moment of creation. It's a shift of nexus that partially answers, or at least suspends, the tired old debate about the documentation of the music on record. It also renders partially irrelevant any discussion of Evan Parker's decision to reissue *The Topography Of The Lungs* under his own name, and equally irrelevant any further analysis of his and Derek Bailey's much-discussed falling out.

Recorded in July 1970 by the trio of Parker, Bailey and Han Bennink, *Topography* was the first release on the Incus label. The circumstances of its reissue are straightforwardly explained in Parker's liner notes. When he left Incus in 1987, he took with him his own recordings and archived materials. He also agreed not to reissue *Topography* while Bailey remained a director of Incus. Bailey's death in December 2005 released Parker from the agreement. The record is of considerable historical importance, and the reissue carries a respectful dedication from Parker to his old colleborator. Of Bennink there is no further mention, but one assumes that he must be in accord.

The music itself provides some surprises, not least a strong sense of pulse and direction in some of the pieces. The opening "Titan Moon" has a hectic orbital velocity that observes an intuitive awareness of the internal stresses and spins of the group. Bennink's drumming as so often implies a metre, but one of almost infinite elasticity. Bailey's playing seems to revolve round particular points pitches and complex chords which – against every received assumption about the improv language of the time – give most of these pieces a strong centripetal energy. Parker plays with thoughtful command and authority, and with constant reference to scales, modes and harmonic hierarchies.

The main surprises emerge in what was the last piece recorded at the session. Anyone who still believes that Bailey's dabblings with drum 'n' bass, avant rock and standards playing were of recent origin will be surprised by the vigorous rhythms and sustains of "Dogmeat". The piece seems to pivot on a moment of silence, out of which guitar and percussion emerge in a duet that momentarily silences the saxophone. Parker, though, sounds like the listening player on these cuts: his re-entry on the final piece a richly inflected discourse that doesn't so much reference bebop or post-bop as imply deep new structures for them, a new way of creating music without pre-composed themes – or what Parker describes in his original note as "well-defined codes of behaviour (fixed tempi, tonalities, serial structures, etc)". There is certainly little hint of recombinant serialism in these performances, nor obvious teleology for any of the tracks or indeed the album itself.

"Dogmeat" was the final performance of that day. Two short previously unreleased tracks have subsequently been found on original analogue tapes but there's no indication of where they fit into the chronology of the session. The addition of ten minutes of new material adds nothing substantial or revelatory to the date, though it perhaps brings the CD closer to current expectations of duration. Indeed, "Found Elsewhere 1" and "2" somewhat dilute the impact of the date and are best ignored.

The album's title is opposite in that the music is concerned less with process – the curse of selfconscious improvisation – than with location and function, viewed in the most playful context. The Victorian gentleman with the highlighted lungs who appeared on the cover of the original LP now has his back turned, and is no longer juxtaposed with a photograph of a rural landscape.

Heard in something close to its original form, *Topography* is still a powerful statement and a fascinating snapshot of a distinct evolutionary moment: a point at which certain inherited characteristics of the phenotype, subsequently to be suppressed (then subsequently to reappear in the work of each of the members of the trio), are just about detectable. This is Improv which still maintains some ancestral connection to free jazz (a music Bailey regarded as a chimera) but which also looks forward to the complex harmonic fissions of Parker's subsequent development more than to the reintroduction of groove, beat and line in Bailey's work. There is, as yet, no hint of contention in their relationship, but one senses that the guitarist pursues only his own agenda, while Parker allows for some element of inter-communication. Bennink, as ever, accommodates and subverts in equal measure.

If this is a 'great' record, a touchstone of British improvisation, it is because we have made it so by declaring it a landmark text. If it had been the 15th Incus release and if Parker and Bailey had had an unproblematic subsequent history, we might regard it somewhat differently. Here, though, it reappears as Psi 06.05, and the – presumably still moustachioed – gentleman now refuses our gaze. It's now time to experience this music afresh, with an awareness of its busy contexts and its histories, but also with an openness to new ways of investigating sonic unfamiliarity and a willingness to find fresh satisfactions in rule-less repetition. □

ALEX WEST

The momentum of the album is cumulative, from the baraly there gamelan emissions of "Ghost From The Past" onward. On the title track and "Drops" one thinks of an empty bare floored room, its sounds magnified – the drip of a rusty tap, the hum of a light, the scrabble of tiny insects rubbing their limbs together, all swept up together into an unassuming but insistent music.

The dental drill effects of "Maltronics" mark a shift in tone. "Glow" is bathed in a dirty beam of yellow, like the dancing motes of dust exposed by a shaft of sunlight, while a version of Steve Lacy's "Prayer" sees Malcolm lengthen his stride further, albeit to the solemn toll of a death march to honour the late saxophonist. *Hung* is an album distinguished by a lack of the sort of concert which would probably garner Malcolm a wider audience.
DAVID STUBBS

The Magik Markers
Feel The Crayon
NOT NOT FUN LP

For Sada Jane
TEXTILE RECORDS CD/LP

The Markers make their magic on stage in raw, blaring lunges. Their two guitarists are capable of scrubbing up fresh shades of Rudolph Grey noise, one of them detuned down to play bass in the power trio dynamic that's completed by a garagey jazzy drummer. Guitarist Elisa Ambrogio extemporises vocals and it's these that seem to tip the improvisational risks the group takes from the cool but fairly obvious into moments that are a visceral extension of everything it has ever meant to just open yourself up and see what comes out. They have quieter sides, but usually these serve as tension-building calm before headlong leaps into post Harry Pussy free rock storms.

Feel The Crayon reissues a limited CD-R in edited form, and it's a judicious choice, up there with *A Panegyric To The Things I Do Not Understand* and better than *I Trust My Guitar Etc*. As usual, Ambrogio launches her beat raps from the moment. As a female in front of an audience, the prospect of leering objectification is immediate, and snapshots of this tension precipitate verbally in "White Bikini" a free associations "A Hero For Our Times" has her riffing on The MC5, evoking a challenge to someone who thinks they might be the king of rock, and is a high watermark of their floodgate channelling of the classic rock canon, recording a scorching feedback meld. Little wonder then, that they saw fit to recast the spell then and there for a "Part Two".

Composed of home recordings with various collaborators, *For Sada Jane* shows much quieter sides. Some ideas are based in tone and cadence, more in conversation with music than with an audience – the vocals back down from their confrontational tone. Whether or not the vulnerability and openness Ambrogio achieves has any therapeutic effect, this is the least blatantly anal explosive Markers record to date, and adds to the evidence that the group's music is still getting better.
JON RYWATER

Sai Miguel
The Tone Gardens
CREATIVE SOURCES CD

"Pare Chet E Cage" runs the dedication to Sai Miguel's 1996 album *Showtime*, a clear indication as to what to expect from this elusive trumpeter/composer, arguably Portuguese New Music's best kept secret. The fractured lyricism of his pocket trumpet playing certainly owes much to Chet Baker (and to Miles Davis, Don Cherry and Bill Dixon), but the meticulous methods with which Miguel organises his material, positioning sound in space and silence, reveal his music to be an extension of the tradition of experimental music which Michael Nyman defined as "a field delineated by certain compositional rules".

Indeed, if much recent New Music has chosen to associate itself with architecture – its aesthetic, imagery and vocabulary – the fact that Miguel has entitled his three extended compositions "Gardens" is significant. The dictionary definition of garden as "a fertile, well cultivated region" applies equally well to Miguel's music, and the beautiful, rare flowers he plants in it, be they Fala Manam's delicate alto trombone, Rafael Toral's glistening sinewaves and modulated white noise, or César Burago's delightfully unconventional percussion instruments, which include seed pod rattles and "dead radios". Miguel's mking over the boundary lines between foreground and background, macro- and micro form, the abstract and the figurative – is this a study in complex polyrhythm or the evocation of birds and insects? – is as deceptively simple and unfathomably complex as a shaft of sunlight breaking through the leaves.
DAN WAREBURTON

Asi Mina
Have All But Where?
MIK MUSIK CD

On first listen, this album by Polish vocalist guitarist and pianist Asia Bronoslawska sounds like a mix of familiar elements. "Cosmetics", with its chorus of schoolchildren, sits between Veshti Bunyan and Smog's *Wild Love*. "Kiss Me Duck" is based on simple acoustic guitar arpeggios and sounds relatively lightweight, while "Dressing" is a pretty music box-like song. But there is a lot more lurking beneath the surface. "Kiss Me Duck" was written about a young woman whom Bronislawska saw on a train accompanied by her mother. The former was evidently stricken with cancer and wore a T-shirt bearing the words. Bronislawska sang "Dressing" inside a cupboard to get the right acoustic.

The first songs are signposts to a darker world, as on the mysterious "Knight", with its pared down and cryptic lyric (translated from Polish in the sleeve artwork). Bronislawska's uncle plays clarinet and percussion and electronics are provided by her brother Wojtek Kucharczyk. On "Lololo" she is backed by ominous bass notes and field recordings of cicadas, while Kucharczyk plays a fallen tree trunk in a forest on "Oh Well Coda".

Bronislawska shows how supposedly banal and everyday things seem otherwise when observed with an acute creative eye, and that strange results can arise from trying to make sense of things that should be easily comprehensible. "Recipe" looks like its ingredients would produce a tasty meal, and "B-less" was inspired by making words from fridge magnet letters. All of which adds up to a charming – if disquieting – musical diary.
MIKE BARNES

Modified Toy Orchestra
Toygopop
WARM CIRCUIT CD

Dear God, what's happened to Hula Barbie? Thanks to the circuit-busting genius of Brian Duffy, the man behind Modified Toy Orchestra, she now looks like the Terminator just before he gets his head crushed. It's the red glowing eyes and barely repressed sense of purpose that give the resemblance away. Rescuing electronic children's toys from car boot sales and thrift shops, Duffy chops and channels the wiring inside to produce a marvellous range of strange new sounds. Modestly describing this process in terms of collaborating with the device's inner workings, Duffy remains delighted by the chance discoveries that can occur once the back comes off.

Under his influence, Speak And Spell and Touch And Tell are transformed into Delphic oracles, offering impassive mythic revelations on the catchy "Fantastic Little Blue World" and the gnomic pop insistence of "This Is The Monkey". "Where Is My Sock" turns the act of getting dressed into an existential enquiry.

These songs may sound like innocent childlike jingles, but a darker purpose runs through the rich production values, close editing and clipped lines. A photo gallery of Duffy's modified toys reveal the lethal spikes, wires and connections poking out from each of them. You could definitely have a kids eye out with either the Happy Birthday Toy or the Fancy Stereo. Thanks to the Modified Toy Orchestra's musical exertions, however, it's clear that such playthings should be left in the hands of adults, where they belong.
KEN HOLLINGS

Makoto Moroi & Kobo Abe
Music Drama "Akai Mayu"
OMEGA POINT CD

Joji Yuasa
Music For Theatrical Drama
OMEGA POINT CD

Volumes three and four in the estimable *Obscure Tape Music Of Japan* series. Japan in the 50s and 60s was a mecca for musique concrète and electronic composition. The NHK Electronic Music Studio in Tokyo provided world-class technical resources (used by Stockhausen for his original *Telemusik*), and avant garde venues like the Sogetsu Art Centre provided opportunities for performances and dialogue with overseas composers. Until recently, documentation of this music has been very patchy, but independent labels Omega Point and Sound Three have begun to make available pivotal works by Joji Yuasa, Makoto Moroi and Kuniharu Akiyama.

In spite of being one of the founders (with Toru Takemitsu) of the influential Jikken Kobo group in the early 50s, Joji Yuasa has often been treated as a footnote in post war Japanese musical history. But his two pieces on *Music For Theatrical Drama* reveal an inquisitive and distinctive voice. *Mitsu No Seki* (*Three Worlds*, 1955) was written for a dance company, and was Yuasa's first composition for orchestra and musique concrète. In its overly determined structure Yuasa freely admits his debt to 12 tone serialism and Webern. But his dense combinations of electronically manipulated animal noises, martially propulsive strings and orchestral percussion is engagingly wacky, at times coming on like an Akira Ifukube *Godzilla* score. *Oni* from 1963 is more immediately impressive, a sustained tape meditation on the plight of the titular 17th century woman who was imprisoned for 40 years for a crime her father committed. Written for a dance performance, the focus is on the evocation of psychological states rather than narrative. The sound palette is restricted but appropriate – a sliver of noh flute, water droplets, steel spring cigarette filters along piano wire, the cry of a newborn baby – and the deft use of tape manipulation and echo creates an appropriately dank and oppressive interiority. It's stinking and compelling stuff.

Akai Mayu was based on a prize-winning story by the Japanese surrealist Kobo Abe about a homeless man who finds himself cocooned by his own body. In 1960 it was rewritten by Makoto Moroi as a music drama for mimed performance and for radio broadcast. Moroi provides a fascinating and complex musical backing for the deadpan narration, including electronics, harpsichord, Dndes Martenot, manipulated percussion and a vocal ensemble. As a Tokyo transposition of Cage and Kenneth Patchen's *The City Wears A Slouch Hat*, it works like a dream. The CD also includes a more negligible tape piece of wriggling, sped up and slowed down vocals by Kuniharu Akiyama.
ALAN CUMMINGS

Moslang & Muller
Wild_Suzuki
FOR 4 EARS CD

Norbert Möslang
Burst_Log
FOR 4 EARS CD

Wild_Suzuki is Norbert Möslang and Günter Müller's follow-up to *Boom_Box* (Grob 2004). One half of the defunct and highly influential duo Voice Crack, Möslang has refined his cracked everyday electronics over the years and although he still prefers abrasive textures, his deployment of them is now more sophisticated and less confrontational than before. Very much a collaborative improvisor, Müller is chameleon like in his engagement with this material. All tracks were recorded during a lengthy tour of Japan, shortly after the release of *Boom_Box*. Only one piece, "Tokyo 1", tops the ten minute mark, and it's one of the highlights of a fine CD. Like the other tracks, it tends to stick to a single idea, gradually evolving the material until it threatens to become something fundamentally other than what it was, whereupon Möslang and Muller close it down and start afresh. As is always the case with fade-outs, one wonders what might have transpired, but at least this technique avoids the sometimes dull transitions between one good moment and the next.

For *Burst_Log*, Möslang has extensively reworked the first three tracks of an earlier CD, *Lat_NC* (For 4 Ears 2004), and made something even more compelling of the material. "B1_1" is built upon an Industrial whipcreck 4/4 rhythm with echo, to which various disparate voices are added and subtracted. There's a flavour of Illbient and roughened digi dub about this track and the one that follows, showing that Möslang isn't unaware of the outer reaches of dance music. Tracks four to six are, however, at times almost Gothic in their use of reverb, and rhythm is downplayed.

www.hathut.com Knowledge speaks, but wisdom listens. Jimi Hendrix (1942–1970)

hatOLOGY 591 - NEW RELEASE
Painting Of Forms Of The Roots Of The Moment

hatOLOGY 603 - NEW RELEASE
Werner Morse Quartet Ne Plus Ultra

hatOLOGY 625 - NEW RELEASE
Steve Lacy Brion Gysin Songs

hatOLOGY 623 - NEW RELEASE
Buss Loosing All Things Arise

hatOLOGY 633 - NEW RELEASE
Polwechsel Archives Of The North

There's something epic but oddly unfathomable about "B1_4" and "B1_5", as though Möslang were haunted by the electroacoustic ghosts of Pierre Schaeffer's GRM, and the final track, "B1_6", is more reminiscent of Voice Crack in their heyday than Möslang solo.
BRIAN MARLEY

Noxagt
Noxagt
LOAD CD

Make no mistake about it: Stavanger's Noxagt are still heavy as hell, but they've changed. While retaining the core rhythm section of Jan Christian Lauritzen on drums and bassist Kjetil Brandsdal, they've had to replace electric viola player Nils Erga – who departed to become a father and possibly to preserve his sanity – with free guitarist Anders Hans. But Noxagt's previous two albums were exciting precisely because they weren't guitar/bass/drums noise rock. Instead, they posited something relatively new, sounding like Mat Maneri guesting with Swans rather than three more musclemen who wish they were in Helmet.

Noxagt isn't a total washout by any means – "Histrionix" features some great Rapeman-esque drumming and an almost Morphine-like riff builds nicely near the end. Similarly "Coefficient Ascender" throbs thrillingly at times, the rhythm section lurching around like someone hammered spikes through their forehead's right before counting off the tune. And Hans, one half of local improv duo MoHel and who has worked equally comfortably with free jazz and electronic noise players – capably deploys most of the major post-Metal guitar sounds, from Albini scrape to downtuned roar.

The minimal instrumentation and lack of overdubs make it easy to mix with lots of separation, allowing each instrument to command its own space and the listener's brain to bounce merrily in the middle. But ultimately, haven't we heard enough instrumental power trios to last us all a dozen lifetimes? The scrapes and screeches of the viola were what gave Noxagt their cold-hearted, merciless individuality. This new version is mostly for people who really miss Caspar Brötzmann Massaker.
PHIL FREEMAN

Ø
Aste
SÄHKÖ 2x12"

The past few months have witnessed a flurry of activity from the slumbering Sähkö label. The Finnish imprint released some of the most assured and influential records of the mid-90s, but it's been all but silent since 1999, with most activity shifting to sublabels like Puu and Keys Of Life. Now Sähköe founder Tommi Grönlund has resurrected the label, re-pressing some long lost records and, with the release of *Kantamoinen* last year, reinstating it as the principal home for Mika Vainio's work as Ø – an identity which dates all the way back to the first Sähkö release in 1993.

For Vainio and Sähkö enthusiasts, *Aste* is something of a Dead Sea Scroll. Available only as a 12" double pack, it collects a selection of unreleased tracks from the early 90s. Much dance music from that era has aged poorly, but these constructions remain untarnished, their clean lines, sparkling percussion and rock solid kick drums all seamingly milled from heavyweight magnesium alloy.

Aste opens with the kinetic rush of "Spiraalit", its elliptical Acidic patterns propelled forward by trampolining sub-bass, its crystalline top end a haven of tranquility. But it's typical of Vainio's subversive streak – also evidenced by his decade-long and ongoing stint as half of Pan Sonic – that the track twitches constantly and disorientatingly between stereo channels. *Aste* becomes steadily less straightforward as it progresses. "Sukeltava" is almost as forceful, but off-centre cosmic chimes wash tirelessly against the track's central pulse and slurred, detuned bass notes open strange, elastic spaces in the mix. Even at their most minimal, the tracks that make up *Aste* exude an almost psychedelic sense of otherness. "Pakasherra" juxtaposes a strung out choral lament with spiky, insectoid bleeps, while the inky glitter of "Maan Valossa" rotates around eerily around a pirated recording of the cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. And as it moves to a close, *Aste* almost retreats from rhythm altogether – the final piece "Silmes" is an uneasily drifting but captivating slice of sparse Nordic dub.
CHRIS SHARP

Masahiko Okura/Günter Müller/ Ami Yoshida
Tanker
FOR 4 EARS CD

At a recent London solo performance, Masahiko Okura surged remorseless minutes of circular breath sound through a saxophone masked with Bacofoil or activated metres of plastic tubing via a sex mouthpiece. His music is highly textural, combining the persistence of electronics with the physicality of a wind player. Ami Yoshida explores the remote edges of the human voice with similar persistence. She deploys vulnerable cries and wounded yodels with great confidence, knowing that however far into the vocal margins she strays these sounds will always carry humanity and emotional content.

This trio release on Günter Müller's label is a wonderful piece of work, and would make a reasonable point of entry for anyone unfamiliar with this area of improv. Müller himself, on iPod and electronics, takes care of low-end frequencies and ominous ambience, but also thickens the plot by playing off two muttering loops against each other at different tempi. The main 27 minute track, recorded live in Tokyo, is an excellent set full of strangeness and patience. It's also emotionally ambiguous, I realised I was laughing at some of Yoshida's sinus cavity acrobatics.

Three shorter tracks were recorded by Okura and Yoshida alone, then forwarded to Müller to be added to. The music is fine. The closing piece glows like heat haze on a desert planet, into which Yoshida seems to be hatching baby reptiles.
CLIVE BELL

Olivain & Figure
Celest
ENTR'ACTE CD

Former Rhys Chatham co-conspirator Figure (alias Brennon Hungness) favours big, bold statements, as is evident from his 2004 one-man psychic opera *When The Alphabet Hides In Your Mouth*, and from this selection of electronic experiments recorded with fellow Rochester, NY resident Chad Olivain. This is gaudy, sensation-seeking music, never boring, but definitely overcooked in places.

The modus operandi is for Hungness to feed ropey keyboard presets through masses of effects, which are then pummelled into submission by Olivain's computer manipulations. The resulting music is dense, stratified, and often too busy to let the listener in. There are three minute pieces here – "Revolve", for example – that pack in far too much information and action to maintain any sense of purpose. The sounds are often great but without considered framing they're meaningless, and end up sounding like a relentless procession of effects.

But what the hell, the guys sound like they're having a ball, and I'm glad the morose Hungness of *Alphabet* has cheered up a little. The duo manage to pull it all together on the closing track "Euphoria", whose 15 minute span gives their ideas room to breathe, and which will hopefully act as a blueprint for further experimentation in the future. A flawed collection, but one with potential.
KEITH MOLINÉ

On
On
CELEBRATE PSI PHENOMENON CD

In the age of the search engine, anonymity is best achieved by signing oneself with the commonplace and letting the viral networks of the information age assign a location far away. The Australian noise rock quartet On exist in a vacuum defined only by their music. They don't have a Website, make no framing history available, and their name has been claimed by several other projects. All they're willing to let on is that "Victoria is the place to be" and that guitarist Marney Macleod and drummer Tym Kresevic front the group, augmented with two bassists and the occasional second guitarist.

The information void suits On well, as their rock atavism reconstitutes a non-verbal schizophonia previously heard on Gate's monochord masterpiece *Metric*: the teeth-gnashing noise of Skullflower's *Form Destroyer* or any Blast First release circa 1988. *On* erupts in a fury of hurricane riffs girded through a taut rhythm section. The group crank massive riffs through an onslaught of rhythm and noise, while Macleod and Kresevic trade indecipherable shrieks of anxiety.

The album slides through a Birthday Party/Oxbow swagger on "Bonobo" and "Manswarow", with punctuations of self-immolating noise and disorderly drunkenness. It concludes with the dour, bass-driven dirges of "Western Fault" and "Bone", any trace of benevolence sucked away by Macleod's baleful caterwaul of minor chord distortion.
DIK HAYNES

Anthony Pateras/Sean Baxter/ David Brown
Gauticle
SYNAESTHESIA CD

The Australian trio of composer/pianist Anthony Pateras, percussionist Sean Baxter and guitarist David Brown are dedicated to improvising with extended instrumental techniques on acoustic instruments. The enigmatically named and engaging *Gauticle* is their second CD following 2004's *Atexia*. All

three are active in other combinations. Pateras enjoys the highest profile, regularly recording with Robin Fox, and has a forthcoming piano duo with The Necks' Chris Abrahams.

The gamelan flavour of *Gauticle* has been remarked upon, but such comment implies some sort of faux ethnological schtick which is absent from this focused and singleminded music. What's most striking is how all three approach their instruments primarily as sources of percussive expression. Structure is absent, as is any trace of call and response interplay. All three go hard out, building reinforcer environments of shaken thickets and mournful wind throws, until one emits a signature and recognisable blurt of musical timbre, only for the whole post-AMM group-mind scrum to kick off again in another direction, like a herd of cats chasing a pie tin across a piano with pencils tied to their tails.

Superbly recorded in London and Vienna, the unplanned sonic alchemy is still structured to happen within certain, strictly prescribed aesthetic parameters. Just because a group of free improvisors can do anything, doesn't mean that they should. The trio quite naturally inhabit their group sound, and are captured on *Gauticle* trying to play their way out of it as though their lives depend on it.

BRUCE RUSSELL

Peaches
Impeach My Bush
XL CD/LP

Certain standards must be upheld, as Peaches is aware. *"Some people think I'm a conduit/ Wondering if I'm getting it/Well now you know I don't have to prove it/Stay a while and I'll get to move it"*, she sings on "Hit It Hard". Of all the things Merrill Nisker's alter ego might put in her mouth, she undoubtedly gets to have her cake and eat it. Presenting a swaggering reversal of cock rock mythology whilst revelling in its power-rush, Peaches is PJ Harvey's "50ft Queenie" made lamé-clad flesh.

Impeach My Bush continues the road trampled by 2003's *Fatherfucker*, finding brutal directness and nagging danceability in the simplicity of staccato, buzzing electro and gonzoid riff-rock. Collaborators Greg Kurstin and Mickey Petralia have smoothed a few edges and removed some shrillness, but neither they nor guests including Josh Homme, Joan Jett or The Gossip's Beth Ditto ever overshadow Peaches's self-assured delivery.

Lyrically, the album is not as politically charged as the title might suggest – a missed opportunity, considering the images such an Oval Office encounter conjures up. It's almost solely concerned with matters sexual, from the leering "Tent In Your Pants" to threesome manifesto "Two Guys (For Every Girl)". Rhymes and wordplay delight in stretching out double entendres to ridiculous lengths: "Downtown" invites listeners to a nether region offering *"Caves for braving/Flags for waving/Clubs for raving/Roads for paving"*, while couplets such as *"The tents so big in your pants baby/Gonna bring my friends for a dance baby"* are not so much fuel for feminist writer Ariel Levy's recent complaints about self-oppressing female raunch culture as an echo of Sir Mix-A-Lot's "Baby Got Back". If Peaches is a conduit, then it's as much for Benny Hill as for Annie Sprinkle, and we're better off for it.

ABI BLISS

Phonophani
Phonophani
RUNE GRAMMOFON CD

As Alog, Espen Sommar Eide and fellow Norwegian Dag-Are Haugen combine laptops with a variety of instruments, solo as Phonophani, Eide thwarts any attempt to pin down the sources of his sounds. Now reissued, his 1999 debut has the muted feel of worn out tapes, or music listened to whilst submerged in water, the occasional clear frequency cutting free from the muffled mess. *Phonophani* could be considered a distant cousin of Boards Of Canada in its deliberate distancing and woozy nostalgia, but the music itself – beatless, with melodies consigned to the role of background loops or wispy harmonic fragments – bears little resemblance.

Apparently the first track recorded by Eide with his newly acquired sampler, "IFA" sets the scene with what sounds like an orchestra playing the theme to a 50s thriller, with tense bursts of brass and woodwind fading into heavy reverb before resurging. The unsettling mood continues with "Ring", which foregrounds jarring wine glass tones over a variety of object sounds, although the ominous footsteps in an abandoned warehouse passage is a now overly familiar device.

After several tracks, the stately, self-referencing world of slow builds and gradual shifts of emphasis starts to feel oppressive. The sudden crowd noise of "Sol" is like being jerked awake, disorientated and unaware of having been asleep. Yet even this moment of brightness soon recedes, retreating woozily once more until the pendulum like echoes and lurching cellos of "Minnie & Materie" create a pleasing conclusion. Of the three previously unreleased tracks, "The Boy In His Bathtub" is most satisfying, its atmospheres coalescing around a twinkling sounds before hitching a ride on a locomotive drum rattle.

ABI BLISS

Plaid & Bob Jaroc
Greedy Baby
WARP CD+DVD

Being presented with different versions of the same project on two separate discs – a CD and a DVD – leaves an impression similar to that of peering into an old stereoscopic viewer. You're delighted that your eyes can still be fooled into seeing a three dimensional illusion of objects arranged in space, however banal the prospect, but also slightly perplexed about what it might eventually lead to. Plaid have been working with experimental animator Bob Jaroc for over four years on *Greedy Baby*, developing and touring different versions of the show at an impressive array of venues. If the results seem oddly dissatisfying, blame it on the transitory nature of audiovisual platforms.

Combining digital animation with low impact electronica in a series of ten short sequences, Plaid and Jaroc offer glimpses of possibilities that may well have been realised elsewhere. The pre-dawn urban tracking shots of "I Citizen The Loathsome" aren't fresh or intriguing enough to distract from music whose delicacy of tone is never matched by sensitivity of composition. "Super Positions" has some of the album's best audio-visual synchronisation, but its op-art colour wheels are too familiar to be truly engaging. The same is true of the footage of Tokyo tower blocks at night: a common concept rescued by dreamlike images of a dental surgery and a gentle soundtrack.

The robust character design and tightly packed action of "The Return Of Superbarno", a tribute to the revered Mexican wrestler and political activist, is a pleasant surprise. Completely at odds with the flickering play of light and line that characterises the rest of this material, even Plaid seem inspired to bring a little more drive and focus to the collaboration. Does this necessarily require the same musical material be made available on an audio CD and a DVD? Perhaps, like the stereoscopic viewer, this cumbersome format and slightly dated content constitute eloquent testimony to a set of strategies still in a process of transition.

KEN HOLLINGS

Root 70
Heaps Dub
NONPLACE CD

On one of the best songs on an album encrusted with gems, a saxophonist, drummer, bassist and trombonist fall together in a loping groove, trading phrases as they run elliptical circles around an irregular rhythm. It takes a minute to realise that the song is in 5/4 – the thought immediately follows that these players make the tricky time signature sound unusually easy. A glance at the album sleeve reveals the title of the tune: "It's Not Rocket Science".

Neither is the fact that a humble jazz quartet manages to wring far more voices out of their instruments than they ought to be able to. In the era of hard disk editing, turning a small ensemble into a mondo combo isn't rocket science either. It might be dub science, but with Burnt Friedman at the controls, that makes sense too. In his Flanger and Nu Dub Players projects and in collaboration with Jaki Liebezeit, Friedman has long specialised in creating hyperreel dub and jazz, using the computer to plough grooves with a deceptively human touch. *Heaps Dub* comes closer to a blackboard breakthrough, as Root 70 arrange Friedman's meticulously programmed music perform it live, and hand over the tapes to Friedman himself, who promptly rearranges everything one more time, adding in samples from earlier collaborators like Joseph Suchy.

You hardly need the backstory to find *Heaps Dub* quietly thrilling. Those swayed primarily by mood and texture will find resonances with Talk Talk and Nine Horses, Friedman's recent project with David Sylvian and Steve Jansen. Those dismayed that song oriented electronic music seems to be giving up the ghost will find the simple musicality of the venture a breath of fresh air. The playing itself is subtly muscular, hiding serious chops behind a lopsided grin. It may not be rocket science, but no amateurs could pull off something like this, either.

PHILIP SHERBURNE

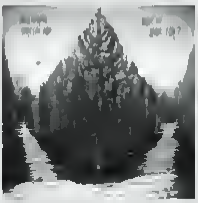
Bruce Russell
21st Century Field Hollers And Prison Songs
WRO/R CD-R

Last year Ralf Wehowsky and Bruce Russell melded guitar, sitar and analogue tape loops into a four-part tribute to the blues called *Midnight Crossroads Tape Recorder Blues*. Inspired by the musique concrète of Pierre Schaeffer and the studio innovations of U Roy and King Tubby, Russell has rearranged *Midnight Crossroads* into a new set of blues,

NEW RELEASES:

JENNIFER GENTLE
Sacramento Session LP

AIDAN BAKER
The sea swells a bit... CD



TOM CARTER & VANESSA ARN
What is here for ? LP

PRAXINOSCOPE
s/t LP Picture Disc

FORTHCOMING RELEASES

KAWABATA MAKOTO - Hosanna Manira LP+7" (ltd.100)
KAWABATA MAKOTO - Hosanna Manira LP
MAURIZIO OPALIO - The last night. Vol.I & II 2xCD
FEAR FALLS BURNING - We slowly die. 10" picture disc
CHRISTIAN MARCLAY & OKKYUNG LEE / MY CAT IS AN ALIEN - From the Earth. Vol. 7 CD
FABIO ORSI / MY CAT IS AN ALIEN - Split CD

BACK CATALOGUE

MY CAT IS AN ALIEN - Different shades of Blue LP
ARC - The Circle is not Round CD

A SILENT PLACE
Cassola Postale 99 70031 Andria (Ba) Italy
info@asilentplace.it www.asilentplace.it

Size Matters Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Always *Crusing + Gross Odour* CHAPTER MUSIC 7" Naar as I can tell Always is something like the Hawnay Troof of Australia a solo performer relying primarily upon voice to get across a massaga of hopa and good chaar *Crusing + Gross Odour* has nina baked-buttockad salactions on it, parts of which ramind me of the Tall Dwarfs at thair most stripped down Alex Vivian (ha who is Always) should probably keep his ass in his pants but the music here is pretty cool one man thrub There are Chris Knox-like pop thoughts underlying some of the tunes here and the instrumental accompaniment will make you wish David Peel had been a true solo artist.

Attack Mode/Be Bad split DIVORCE 7" **Bread And Roses/Mischief Brew** split EISTOLO 7" The Halifax, Nova Scotia artcore scene gets a nice moment to shine on this new split. Amidst poundingly doofusoid punk beats Be Bad explode at oblique angles Attack Mode take a similar approach but bury their punkiness in layers of noise guitar wrenchery At almost the same moment, Philadelphia s pirate folk scene gets documented on a split by Bread & Roses and Mischief Brew The idea seems to be that drinking and folking are good things to do at the same time (especially in a boat) and who are we to argue? Mischief Brew is a solo project in loudish semi trad mode, B&R is a combo and much more overtly pirate-oriented But both artists have a certain scent of grog to them, and that's no lie, matey

Cheveau *Clara Venus/Superhero* SOZ/ROYAL 7" *Dog/Make My Day* S S 7" France s Cheveau have an excellent grasp on a very French post-punk dynamism devolved in a lopsided way from progenitors such as Metal Urbain, Warum Joe and Beurer Noir Their sound is both less and more mechanical than that suggests in the sense that the drumming is real (at least I think it is) and that the keyboards seem more robotic than any of these ur groups But whatever their model, these guys produce a superior guitar raunch with great mumble mystery moves This power is amplified on the *Dog/Make My Day 7"*, which was actually an earlier release (I think) The primitivism here is less fully integrated, but still lush enough to make you fall over

Dreams Of Tall Buildings *Over/Here* GREAT POP SUPPLEMENT 7" The new single by these long-time faves is packed in a plastic box with origami and a buncha other stuff that is not readily identifiable Nice Ha Regardless it's another superb single from this wonderful British experimental pop juggernaut. Combining a kind of mystic pop grace with dreamlike washes of instrumental blub the two tunes here pass through your head like snatches of conversation in ee cummings's *Eimi* – heard in another language, through sleep yet understood on an elemental level

Grey Park *Heliosis/Severe Heliosis* PLANNED CONFUSION 7" Grey Park are a Finnish unit who utilise electronics in a way that is both harsh and comforting Their debut single is like one of those Midwest noise-sheets you get from Chondritic Sound but by this stage of the game there is a certain charm to this approach Grey Park managa to create a varsion of this sound that is suprernely approachable Its like getting into a car with savaral old frianda and having them start to hum And that's what they call a swaet nda

MNEM *No Cosmic Ox* NEGATIVE FOUNDATION 7" This Finnish duo have hilad another single with analogue decay experiments *No Cosmic Ox* use something awful as source material, then flip it back and forth between decks using pedals and various other things to allow the sound plenty of space to fall apart. The results gibber at the edges of the known, sometimes sounding electronic at other times like totally screwed constructions of nature One side presents a series of rising challenges the other just backs you into a cave full of growls Both moves are great

Plastic Crimewave *The Howling Light/I'll Be Back In Your Days Again* LOUD DEVICES 7" Chicago's Plastic Crimewave (best known for loud psych and/or his fanzine *Galactic Zoo Dossier*) has a solo single out, and it's very cool. It piles up layers of vocals noises and bending strings into a bluster circus of acid folk The heart of both these tunes is plain and simple, but the results get way beyond that.

Racoo-oo-oon/Sword Heaven split NOT NOT FUN 7" **Burmese/16 Bitch Pile Up** split NOT NOT FUN 7" The final (or so) entrants in Not Not Fun s *Bored Fortress* series are here and they are both as top notch as expected One pairs Racoo-oo oon with Sword Heaven for extreme audio pleasantry I believe the sides of my copy are mislabelled as to the groups but to be safe, I'll just say what's here and let history sort it out. One side is very spaced out (almost Gong-ish in spots) space-whispered dope fog with percussion voices and tree shrieks colliding in zero gravity before expanding into a brief flurry of Hawkwind beard gestuning The flip is a screamy thud like squeedle so pure in its focus your toes will tingle The other single is a Bay Area dub showdown between Burmese and 16 Bitch Pile-Up Burmese are tons more jumpy than expected almost like a failed Anal Cunt tribute unit at moments 16BPU s track sounds like a roomful of wolves sharpening saxophones on grinding wheels

Hal Rammel *Lost Date* PENUMBRA MUSIC 7" *First Sleep* PENUMBRA MUSIC 7" To celebrate its tenth anniversary as a label Penumbra Music is releasing a series of singles The first is *Lost Date* by the Chicago based Rammel which consists of music produced entirely on Rammel's "amplified palette" This looks like a dangerous super-kalimba and sounds a bit like a metal hedgehog being attacked with small mallets The results are a nice example of invention as art (both visual and musical) and the pieces are both subtle and lovely The second in the series *First Sleep* has an almost Bartok vibe although I still find that hedgehog visual distracting, especially when Rammel starts squeezing the air out of him on side two

Sprung Aus Den Walken *Sei Still Lion* KLANG GALERIE 7" Had you asked I would have said that this German group were no more Yet here is a new single and it's as weirdly misshapen and propulsive as any of their 80s records Female vocals lie on top of a smudgy pile of thumping bass riffs and guitar lines that sound as though they were squeezed out of tubas There s a bit less of the destructo percussion than I seem to recall but this is still very thick essed German noise of a very fetching nature
HYRON COLEY

Joe Gilmore & George Rogers *Elsief* ENTR ACTE 3" CD **Lutnahmet** *Kleine Mietzeketze* ENTR ACTE 3" CD The enterprising London label Entr'acte has packaged both these 3" CDs in sealed plastic sachets of the type you d expect to contain a moistunsing face wipe But *Elsief's* six short tracks which sound artists Gilmore and Rogers composed on computer using Xenakis s method of dynamic stochastic synthesis, are more exfoliating than soothing flipping between noisily bristling electronic frequencies and blustery washes of oscillating tones Though the gibberish track titles connote data corruption *Elsief* sounds carefully programmed even in its most frenetic moments and offers several blasts abrasive enough to unclog the dirtiest pore Less impressive is Lutnahmet, an unidentified Individual who subjects a 14 minute drone to sundry textural manipulations There s nothing on offer to differentiate *Kleine Mietzeketze* from the codified styles of a dozen other Dark Ambient drone merchants
NICK CAIN

Joe Gilmore & George Rogers desktop

JOE GILMORE

Circle *Void Star* DOTDOTDOT 7" **Guapo** *Twisted Stems* DOTDOTDOT 7", **Jackie-O Motherfucker** *The Grave* DOTDOTDOT 7" As though taking their cue from the label s name, this series of 7"s connects up three unrelated entities Circle are a fixture on Finland s avant-psych scene and offer a sprightly jumble of growling tape sound, splattered acoustic guitar and mewling Basilheart vocals A fiddle mimics feedback, and along with the guitar and vocals is under constant threat from an undertow of noise, invoking the shamanic/ecstatic energies of Sunburned Hand Of The Man

London duo Guapo s contribution is dedicated to the works of 17th century Egyptologist and philosopher Athanasius Kircher but early Tortoise is more obviously an influence Gluey basslines and sparse percussion set the structure into which plunge piano chords and gleaming details of noise The flip adds belches of wah wah and an overbearing sense of gloom as the drumming becomes a rattling death march

Jackie O Motherfucker are the best known of the three groups "The Grave" is a relatively ordered outing by their standards as some steady fingerpicking accompanies lyrics in the vein of the Brothers Grimm and John Keats The B side is titled "Evol Peacock", but if any Sonic Youth album is being referenced here it's *The Whitey Album* Some chunky drum machine is slowly shrouded by gathering clouds of delay until its chatter is almost obscured
SAM DAVIES

Rayon *Libanon* ALIEN TRANSISTOR 10" Recorded by Notwist vocalist/guitarist Markus Acher under his Rayon solo moniker *Libanon's* seven instrumental pieces were composed as a soundtrack to Michael Shamburg s film *Maître Liksab Plesse* a documentary about Beirut. The tracks are short segments which work best when absorbed as a cohesive whole Beginning with the sorrowful drawl of a cello they gradually unravel into a delicately textured soundscape with the use of elegant piano, processed drum beats, and fleeting vocals They all contain similar motifs and patterns although subtle differences prevent them from becoming too repetitive *Libanon* is an evocative organic collection of sounds that imaginatively captures the spirit of Shamburg s images
MIA CLARKE □

dubs, and what he calls "blues in dubs". As Russell explains in typically erudite liner notes (elegantly housed in a glossy booklet alongside his stark architecture photography) *21st Century Field Hollers* "takes a blues album ... and remakes it using the ethos and tools of digital dub production." There are only a few identifiable instances of blues and dub inside the abstract experiments here, but Russell's approach produces fascinating sounds nonetheless.

Russell uses *Midnight Crossroads*'s tape loops as building blocks, altering each in different ways, but keeping them all distant and subdued. Over these fading beds of hissing, clicky ambience, Russell sprays bursts of noise along with an occasional steel-string pluck or reverberant sitar strike. The results sound more like live minimalist improvisations in the vein of Sean Meehan or Tim Olive than combed over studio manipulations.

"Black Car Blues" opens with soft, napping sound interrupted by harsh tones, establishing the album's template of alternating restraint and outburst. "Wehowsky Loop Blues" provides jolts through skipping loops and abrupt crescendos, like a dying machine trying to sputter back to life. "Dirty Water Dub" rotates near comic siren blasts through an irregular cycle of airy silence and manic release. Eventually, Russell's blues shed their abstract disguise: on "Coronation Holyoake Blues In Dub" noodly plucks shiver nervously while the slow twang of "Hiroshima Tourist Blues In Dub" evokes early Loren Connors. That such familiar tones can drift into Russell's unpredictable abstraction is a testament to the album's latent powers.

MARC MASTERS

Sachiko
You Never Atone For
THERE-RUSTIK ATLATCH CD

As a former member of Kousokuya and current member of Overhang Party and Vava Kitora, Sachiko is well versed in the muddied, coal black puddles of blasted psychedelia that form the most virulent strain of the Japanese underground. On her debut solo release *You Never Atone For* ... Sachiko lifts the bridling energy of these groups and their peers and channels it through bloodied microphones and depthless charges of electronics. Swaddling her songs in hiss and then shooting them into a zero gravity chamber, Sachiko's vocal improvisations, drowned in reverb and distortion, take on ritual force.

On "Fire Yith" and "Never Go Down Yarel zaka" Sachiko swats at your ears with thick, weighty chunks of noise, punishing her electronics as her voice cuts scars across the surface. "Fire Yith" is particularly potent, Sachiko's barely controlled vocals howled as though she is observing and documenting an unmentionable atrocity. Though powerful, these tracks do occasionally lose their way through a maze of clumsy delay effects and laboured atmospherics. *You Never Atone For* is stronger when Sachiko reins in the volume. Two variants on "Rajin Song" pit her sky-bound vocal melodies against a teeming backdrop of drone, and the closing "Yame-kebun" best uses the delay function, looping an almost coy melody while the artist soars over the top, her voice eventually shadowed by analogue electronics.

JON DALE

Sandoz
Sandoz In Dub Volume Two. Live In The Earth
SOUL JAZZ CD/2xLP

It was clear from the early 80s that Cabaret Voltaire were not content to lamely comply with the emerging codes of UK electro. The promise of 1981's *Red Mecca* was confirmed by the following year's "Yashar", remixed for Factory by John Robie, just coming out from under the wing of Arthur Baker. Though enthused by the digital technology that was the real musical revolution, Cabaret Voltaire were still a group of flesh and blood.

The promising collaboration with Adrian Sherwood never really worked. 1987's *Code* got trapped between the seemingly exclusive dimensions of dub and electro. Since then Richard H Kirk has been set adrift to explore his dub fantasies via the shining vehicle of Sandoz. Apart from the Resto vocal samples on this set – which sound at times uncomfortably like Benjamin Zephaniah – this is Sandoz on a dub n' Techno/House trip: a non-stop 40 minute workout comprising eight mid-paced thudding tracks. The opening repeated chant of "Africa (Jahsay)" is replaced by a sampled (or synthesized) staccato 70s reggae brass riff on "Monopolise And Destroy". More dub devices follow on "Strike Fire" with a fat bass synth footling on top of a distant rank of militant horns, a trick used again on "Sit In Judgment".

"Civilisation Means Manners (Means Discipline)" captures the Resto philosophy in its title if not its lyric, which refers back to the "*old continent of Africa*" where the manners and discipline were only sporadically in evidence, like every other time and place in space. Kirk rigorously avoids being tempted into melody and sticks to the lilt and lurch of rhythm that distinguishes his Sandoz output. The funereal horns of the closing track might even get him close to dubstep if it wasn't for the vaguely skipping beat.

STEVE BARKER

Giacinto Scelsi
Natura Renovatur
ECM CD

The consistency of Giacinto Scelsi's oeuvre is remarkable. His frequent collaborator Vien Tosetti may have performed the bulk of notational tasks – and subsequently fuelled controversy over the issue of authorship – but the presiding vision arose from Scelsi. In recent years more and more musicians have expressed interest in Scelsi's vision. Not only those involved with droning minimalism – which has certain features in common with his music – but also improvisors involved closely and consciously with the physics of sound.

The brilliant cellist Frances Marie Uitti became intimately associated with the production of Scelsi's work. She and Scelsi improvised together, conducted research into sound and temporality, did breathing exercises, entered into trance states. She assisted him with the completion of *Trilogy – The Three Ages Of Man* (1961–85). A solo cello section from that piece, "Ygghur" (a Sanskrit word meaning purification), is included on this release. It's performed by Uitti, its dedicatee, with intensity and meticulous attention to the instrument's specific sonic qualities. It's quintessential Scelsi: static yet highly agitated, very limited in terms of materials yet sonically rich, concentrated yet opening out onto vast expanses. Uitti also plays solo on the less typical liturgical pieces "Ave Maria" and "Alleluja" from *Three Latin Prayers* (1970).

The three other pieces on this excellent CD – *Anâgâmin* (1965), *Dhoi* (1966) and *Natura Renovatur* (1967) – are performed by strings players from The Munich Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Christoph Poppen. All three are formed as microtonal swarms: local oscillations combining to surge like waves though immobile clouds of scintillating particles. Listening to each of them is like being drawn into a swirling funnel of sound. It envelops and absorbs you. It's a rare sensation.

JULIAN COWLEY

Spinform
Bryter Tystnaden
HOBBY INDUSTRIES CD

Unai
A Love Moderne
FORCE TRACKS CD

Various
Digital Disco 3
FORCE TRACKS CD

Swedish producer Erik Möller is one of the few electronic artists whose productive schizophrenia hasn't led to an endless trail of pseudonyms. These days he is probably best known for his House productions as Unai. As Spinform he leans toward bedroom electronica of featherweight texture and structure. There are certainly hints of Möller's ingenuity through *Bryter Tystnaden*: the shuddering glitches crocheted through the eight songs possess a strange trickle-down effect, blurring the surfaces of some of the pieces into drowsy, slow motion documentation of the weathering of fabrics from exposure to light. More often than not, though, Möller's compositions seem gauche and twee: dribbling currents of indecisive melody over doddering beats. Instead of tugging at your heartstrings, *Bryter Tystnaden* drowns you in stage tears. Call it melancholic engineering.

Much more potent is *A Love Moderne*, the second album from Möller's Unai project. Here the engineering is in service to songs that cohere around House music's lithe architectures. In this sense, Möller's record fits into a continuum of pensive dancefloor drama from bedroom dierists: Richard Davies's *Details*, The Junior Boys' "Under The Sun" and Luomo's *Vocalcity*. While *A Love Moderne* doesn't reach those peaks, Möller has here assayed a record that's happy/sad as it shuffles out into the light, studded with tiny details such as dehydrated handclaps, silver confetti trails of noise, slippery bass and Orb-like pulsating synths. Hiding behind a formidable wall of reverb is a voice thinner than tracing paper, but Möller's singing brings the fragility and vulnerability of his songs to the forefront, even as he multi-tracks them into a whispering half presence. That tension between ruminative sorrow and sparkling production makes *A Love Moderne* a strong, affecting listen.

fluorescent grey

lying on the floor mingling with god in a Tijuana motel room next door to a veterinary supply store

15 usd

isolate records/record label records

Break dancing songs made entirely from water, blurring the line between sampling and live instrumentation while re-appropriating Indian Classical, and showing the lost link between Kabuki theatre and electronic music; "Lying on the floor..." is a world full of psychedelic and synaesthetic environments. Fluorescent Grey leads us through a dense, mind-altering trip to another dimension in modern music.

Record Label

Records

mail order @

Record Label Records, 38771 bell st #37, Fremont, CA , USA

we accept cash, check, money order, paypal and credit card

make checks and money orders payable to robert martin

domestic shipping $4.00, international shipping $6

place orders on line @

WWW.RECORDLABELRECORDS.ORG

record label records/dielectric records

Following his 12" on Warp after his return to his home of Iran, Sote injects traditional Persian music with new lifeblood. At the core of Persian classical music are the radif, a collection of old melodies handed down through generations: each one is divided into short melodies called gusheh, then divided into twelve dastgaah. With this Dastgaah, Sote has decided on a mix of delicate beauty partially obscured by raw electronic sounds. This is glacial music reinterperted for the digital age.

Sote

Dastgaah

12 usd

The Compiler Various artists: reviewed, rated, reviled

Berkeley Guitar 2006 TOMPKINS SQUARE CD
Tompkins Square's two *Imaginatronal Anthem* compilations and various reissues have showcased some fine contemporary and historical proponents of acoustic guitar in the American Primitive tradition. *Berkeley Guitar 2006* builds on the label's work with selections from three guitarists following in the steps of Bay Area lorelathers like Robbie Basho and John Fahey.

Sean Smith draws an extraordinary range of effects from his guitar. "Augur Of Deviation" ranges through repeating arpeggios with a distinct open-then damped bass string technique, sweeping into passages rich enough to suggest a cello, before clawed percussive structures segue into a high toned shimmer of top register runs and slides. His two other tracks are more relaxed in feel, particularly "What Once Was Will Be", with its poignant pinches and bluesy bass blows.

Adam Snider favours a lighter ragtime style. "Lonely Tuesday Ramble" uses gently struck harmonics to rework the rambling form. "Swamp Angel" has more swing, pluck and swerve and jolts along playfully. Matt Baldwin favours remarkable bends and slides with a rounded centre picked tone. This lends a watery ripple to the elegant "Waltz" and perfectly fits the jaunty summer love song simplicity of "She Was A Girl, She Was In Love" as well as his reworking of The Groundhogs' Prog power trio classic "Split 2".
NICK SOUTHGATE

A Field Guide To Table Of The Elements TABLE OF THE ELEMENTS 2xCD
This Atlanta label has been producing beautifully packaged documents of the musical underground for 13 years now. Though its roster is diverse, there's a loose thread running through the label's output, a kind of rough minimalism, exemplified by the work of its signature artist Tony Conrad who crops up on two tracks on this sampler.

The rough side of the equation is expressed by Jonathan Kane and Conrad's head to head with Faust, an excerpt from a live show bristling with restrained violence. Arnold Dreyblatt's sparkling "Star Trap" and Leif Inge's "9 Beat Stretch" represent the more process-driven aspect of the TOTE aesthetic. The latter timestretches Beethoven's *Ninth* to 24 hours; the section excised here has a glowing choral opulence that surpasses anything the holy minimalists have been able to offer. Hovering between these poles is work that explores timbre in great detail. Rhys Chatham's "100 Guitars" and Zeena Parkins's "Below The Well" pile up string overtones, the latter by electronic looping and the former by sheer force of numbers.

But it's Conrad whose spirit really infuses this collection. His "Indicting Lully" pits violin and cello against three of his modified violin machines, which whine like demented hurdy gurdies. It's astringent, but mesmerising music.
KEITH MOLINÉ

Musics In The Margin SUB ROSA CD
Feeling more like a well-researched magazine supplement than a CD, *Musics In The Margin* argues for the status of certain music as 'outsider art'. In a collection that is all peripheries and no centre, there are bound to be some outstanding classics, a few surprises and a lot of new discoveries. The late, lamented Wesley Willis is a definite classic, represented here by a couple of songs punctuated by snatches of dialogue from the recent documentary *Wesley Willis's Joyride*. His constant repetition of the refrain *"Rock n' roll McDonalds"* says you all need you need to know. Daniel Johnston's "Premarital Sex", with its percussive keyboard stabs and despairing lyrics, is another great moment. The surprises include Jacques Brodier's "Filtre De Realité" and some of psychologist Konstantin Raudive's spirit recordings, both exploring the mysteries transmitted via radio waves. As to new discoveries, well, there's sure to be something here you've never heard before. Personal favourites include the enthused piano accordion of Oscar Haus, playing an untitled tour de force made up of trills and runs and loops, and the inspired musicianship of Martha Grunenwaldt, a woman who, while working as a domestic servant in a stately home, was not allowed to make any noise – her violin remained unstrung until she retired from service. Her charging, ornate compositions more than make up for the protracted silence.
KEN HOLLINGS

Prince Jazzbo

Studio One DJs Volume Two SOUL JAZZ CD/2xLP
Studio One is perhaps not renowned for its DJ output – U Roy, I Roy or Big Youth never cut tunes there. *Studio One DJs Volume Two*, Soul Jazz's second attempt to revise that notion, focuses on rarer or more obscure DJ outings from reggae's premier imprint. Although early talkover stylists like Count Machuki and King Stitt were some of the first recruits to the Studio One stable, the first big DJ album hit was Dennis Alcapone's immortal *Forever Version* in 1971. Neither of his two contributions are lifted from that source, and Prince Jazzbo's "Crab Walking" is a disco chant on Horace Andy's rude bwoy admonition "Skylarking".

The exceptions are Jazzbo's version of Burning Spear's "Rocking Time" and Carey Johnson's "Correction Train", which has one of the most recognisable DJ intros of all time (*"This is you popular station where the music comes first"*) – unfortunately the toast doesn't live up to the hype. Prince Far I appears in his early King Cry Cry incarnation as a Dennis Alcapone disciple on the fairly generic "I Had A Talk". There are two relics – Alton Ellis's "I'm Just A Guy" and Jim Brown's "Clippin'" – and the standout track for lovers of classics is King Stitt toasting on the young Dennis Brown's beautiful "No Man Is An Island". It's a pity there's no Dillinger track – his *Randy Nutty Dreadie* from 1975 was one of the great DJ albums, chock full of killer rhythms. Maybe next time.
STEVE BARKER

Superlongevity 4 PERLON 2xCD/4xLP
Berlin label Perlon's *Superlongevity* compilation series began as a sort of joke: a friend of the label's founders noticed the label's name within the word superlongevity and a title was born. Seven years after the first collection, a mere double 12", the idea – to compile exclusive cuts trafficking in even more oblique ideas than on standard issue singles – has swelled across four instalments, the latest spanning two CDs or four pieces of vinyl.

In this time, *Superlongevity* has developed from a snapshot of minimal Techno into a challenge to the genre to step up its game. Instead of plug-in tricks and rotely Acidic drum tracks, the 16 selections here are all singular in their own strange way. Iron Dimbman's two-step sketch to Melchior Productions' propulsive drum machine groove, Ricardo Villalobos's "Balacharde", a tangle of webby string samples and martial snares, is a more muscular rendition of his typical outward arc while Luciano steps away from the beach party to go treasure diving in a murky cenote. Cabenne, Kalabrese, Matt John and Stefan Goldmann offer more traditionalist takes on Perlon's bumping, lopsided cadence, kitted out with mismatched samples and sprightly chirps, while Dandy Jack, Markus Nikolai and Narcotic Syntax try to wrap a pop skin around skeletal forms. Fantytec and Akufen (as Horror Inc) bookend the collection, the former with a typically greyscale exercise in chattering typewriters and gossipy robot birds, the latter with a lush study for banjo and strings which lovingly cradles some of the most melodic figures yet heard from the label. Whether *Superlongevity 4* is a eulogy for minimal Techno or a lullaby for its rebirth will only become clear with the next instalment.
PHILIP SHERBURNE

Qbico U-Nite III Bruxelles QBICO LP
The latest instalment in a series documenting the U-Nite events intermittently arranged by Italian label Qbico (free jazz and psych enthusiasts with a fetish for colourfully splattered vinyl). The previous *U-Nite* release featured Alan Silva's Vibracathedral Orchestra and Chris Corsano with Paul Flaherty illustrating the rich dialogue between drone and free music. Volume three continues in this vein, bringing together Danish droners Family Underground and Finnish free jazz stalwarts Reuhan Orkesten. Family Underground take the first side, and immediately kick into a suffocating one note chug from a guitar so gnarled with distortion that its middle- and high-end are pure white noise. A chromatic line of synth quavers uneasily like drunken birdsong around this centring pulse, while a chorale of more muted tones hides in the background. The monomania of this groove eventually dissipates into a more open space, with tambourine and tail-chasing delays predominating. There's much use of the delay to produce squealing feedback, coiling in and out upon itself like fractal geometry. Reuhan Orkesten join in on the second side. After a tentative opening, the intensity gathers as the collective theme defines itself and players take the plunge. The sprayed sax of Reuhan Orkesten never gets swamped and the denser textures of Family Underground's sound benefit from the Finns' loose limbed drumming and starbursts of glockenspiel.
SAM DAVIES

Voices Of Dada LTN CD
This compilation of dada text performances and interviews with dada luminaries like Kurt Schwitters, Marcel Duchamp, Tristan Tzara and Hans Arp makes a fascinating partner to the hard-to-find *Dada For Now* released in 1985 by Liverpool label Ark. The bulk of the CD is taken up with interviews (in English) with dada theorist Richard Huelsenbeck outlining the political origins of the movement in the First World War, Duchamp discussing his *Nude Descending A Staircase*, and the infighting among the various factions. There are also recordings of Schwitters performing his notorious *Ursonate*, some vowel-free phonetic poems by Raoul Hausmann, and Tzara singing.

It's not known how many Talking Heads fans realise David Byrne adapted Cabaret Voltaire founder Hugo Ball's poem *Gadji Beri Bimba* for the splintered funk of "I Zimbra" (on *Fear Of Music*). Dada was swiftly added to the armoury of punk shock tactics, when in fact it was an outraged reaction to the horror of war. Still, some interesting, if casual, similarities can be traced to the work of Beefheart, Pere Ubu, Damo Suzuki, Mark E Smith, maybe even the glossolalia of Diamanda Galás, Neubauten and others. While this may be low on actual dada recordings, the interviews give you dada from the horse's mouth – apt, given that one of the original meanings of the word was 'toy horse'.
JOHN GILL □

KEN HUNTON

Both *A Love Moderna* and the *Digital Disco 3* mix are the flagship releases of the resurrected Force Tracks label, one of the many arms of the Force Inc/Mills Plateaux mothership. The first two volumes of *Digital Disco* released earlier in the decade, captured minimal House and MicroHouse at a crossover moment, its contours moving closer and closer to pop music and disco. *Digital Disco 3*, mixed with little flash but plenty of competence by Möller, feels a bit out of time, as though label head Achim Szepanski hasn't kept his ears abreast of the significant changes in the field over the past three years. It's hard to fault any of the tracks – they're all perfectly serviceable – but there's nothing to spark interest, beyond the welcome return of one of the earliest Force Tracks acts, Crane AK. The entire set is locked in a timewarp. The disc's cheesy artwork and aspirational air also does little to help matters, sending out messages at cross-purposes to Force Inc's originary political strictency.
JON DALE

George Steeltoe Ensemble
Church Of Yuh
HEAT RETENTION LP

Formed in 1999, the New York based George Steeltoe Ensemble is a shifting group of improvisors and free jazz players which first became established after holding weekly church sessions at the Kentucky home of percussionist Brian Robinson and his wife Elisa (both of whom have remained active members of the group). After relocating to Brooklyn in 2001, the Ensemble soon became part of New York's thriving free music community.

Made up of a revolving company of musicians, performing artists and dancers, the GSE can loosely be compared to the respective Arkestras of Sun Ra and Horace Tapscott. The same communal sensibility thunders from the grooves of the Ensemble's *Church Of Yuh* debut, a passionate gust of free jazz and experimental manipulation that sounds like the Art Ensemble Of Chicago jamming with Jackie-O Motherfucker. Incorporating an arsenal of brass instruments, percussion, keyboards, guitars and electronics, the assembled nonet let loose with salvoes of saxophone sludge which channel into electronic configurations which suck Daniel Carter and Lathan Hardy's twin horn interplay inside a vacuum of tangled tape loops, contact mic scrapings and tin can rhythms.

The second side is less manic but just as interesting. The Ensemble tap into a mellow minimalist groove driven by Jeffrey Shurdut's guitar before the roof caves in and the full torrent of percussion, drums and saxophones comes flooding back. The final track is a finely balanced blast of unfettered free jazz honk and howl, where the spirits of Ayler, Coltrane and Sonny Sharrock can be sensed elbowing through the musical barrage, silently giving the assembled players their blessing from above.
EDWIN POUNCEY

TITS/Leopard Leg
Throughout The Ages/ The Seven Sistered Sea Secret Of Shh Shh Shh
UPSET THE RHYTHM 2XLP

This split double LP brings together the ten-strong all female drum troupe Leopard Leg (from Brighton and London) with San Francisco's TITS, a four piece, also all women, London promoters and nascent label Upset The Rhythm see this as uniting two "girl tribes", but it's less the notion of international sisterhood that connects the acts than the inspiration both draw from the pagan processes of magical thinking.

TITS take Metal as their starting point: doomy chromatic basslines and eldritch vocals abound, but the seven songs of *Throughout The Ages* also hark back to the serrated edges of Riot Grrrl. The guitar leads share an asymmetrical No Wave funk with Erase Errata, and the group are light on their feet, especially on "Lonely Home", which cycles so madly through tempo changes and time signatures that an added drum solo would make it Prog not punk. Normally, lo-fi production values do Metal no favours, with so much depending on the impression of sonic weight the mix can convey. But on *Throughout The Ages* they serve to intensify the punch of TITS' playing.

Leopard Leg offer two long, slow burning jams. "Sea" releases gusts of circling howl and holds back the battery of massed drumming for as long as it can. Eerie group vocals dissolve through each other in rounds that speak of supernatural possession and the despair of damnation. "Dasos Skotema" is described as a field recording, though this refers to its al fresco midnight performance rather than any in-the-field document of found sounds. Another long intro overlaps percussion with plaintiff tape hiss to create insecdie atmospheres. As ululating vocals join and build to a black hole implosion of scrabbled sawing and howing, Leopard Lega collectivist set-up harnesses all the power of music played with a genuine real group mind.
SAM DAVIES

Uton
Mystery Revolution
DIGITALIS CD

Jani Hirvonen has been releasing music as Uton for several years. It is hard not to attribute the sound of Uton to the vast forests of Hirvonen's native Finland. His music conjures thoughts of sitting in tracts of vast pines in apparent silence, meditatively attuning one's hearing until the ambience of the environment swells into a rumbling natural symphony. The abstraction and density of Uton's music demands but also facilitates great concentration. The listener is drawn inexorably into the minute tones and changes. The microscopic seems massive and sublime, rendering the listener absorbed and egoless.

Mystery Revolution is just such a suite of arboreal microsonics. "Aikavirta" whispers with the groan of telegraph wires in strong wind, distant high hums of tensed metal accompanied by the hollowed knock of woodpecker riffs, natterjack toads, bellows and other sounds of the nocturnal and amphibious. The spreading pervasive noise of "Nauramme Hetken (Seurasva Otto)" rides the chaos of minuscule variances, like the infinitely balanced point water tables endlessly divide to send valleys and rivers across the land.

Only a few segments have any sense of authorial intervention. A death knell chime gives "Taivaan Sini Sokea" the feel of occult forces stirring and massing amongst the trees while a pied piper flute echoes in "Kuun Kasi Kävelee". The subliminal moans and near arpeggios of "Suonnasta Fois Ilmennyt (Edit)" also foreground a flute part, making the instrument feel primitive and timeless. It is the perfect tool for a music that wants to lead us all into an Eden of tundra and pine.
NICK SOUTHGATE

Various
Bulawayo Jazz 1950–1952
SWP CD

During the early 1950s, in the town of Bulawayo (the economic heart of what was then Southern Rhodesia, now Zimbabwe), a strain of jazz flourished in which zesty collective improvisation harking back to the New Orleans ensembles of the 1920s was filtered through the jump band style that became popular a decade later in Kansas City. But the rhythms of African drum and mbira ensembles were even more important to the Bulawayo sound.

The local linchpin was saxophonist/bandleader August Musarurwa, whose two ensembles, the Cold Storage Band and the Chamuruka Band, account for 15 of the 23 tracks on *Bulawayo Jazz*. Musarurwa's "Skokiaan", a practice version of which is included here, was a hit worldwide and artists as diverse as Louis Armstrong, Alma Cogan and Bill Haley and his Comets recorded versions of it. Of lesser fame but comparable musicianship are The Los Angeles Orchestra and The Umtali Chipisa Band. The latter group was actually recorded in Mutare (then named Umtali), but their music is strongly reminiscent of the Bulawayo sound.

A couple of groups have only one track apiece. There's a peculiar flavour of "Johnny B Goode" in vocal group De Dark Brownies "Hlabelani Ke Bafana", though in fact it's a close harmony version of Glenn Miller's "In the Mood". The keening (not pitch perfect) lead violin in The Dick Neube Trio's "N ga Ngile Ntombi Yami" is strangely affecting, but its guitar, violin, tambourine line up (all three instrumentalists also sing) is untypical of the music on the CD, which mostly comprises ensembles featuring three horns, a trombone, tuba or double bass, a banjo or two, guitar and drums. The tunes are compelling and the music swings, though in an interestingly different way to American jazz. The very serviceable open air recordings on *Bulawayo Jazz* were made by Hugh Tracey, whose vast and valuable archive of African music is being selectively reissued on CD.
BRIAN MARLEY

Various
Colonial Dance Bands 1950 & 1952
SWP CD

Various
Kenyan Songs And Strings 1950 & 1952
SWP CD

In his four decade long career as a recorder of African music, Dr Hugh Tracey preserved indigenous styles, but also shed light on the popular music enjoyed by Africans, music not so different to that played in Western ballrooms and bars. Released by SWP, whose compilations distilled from Tracey's International Library Of African Music have made his enormous legacy available, *Colonial Dance Bands 1950 & 1952* surveys a unique

COMING SOON ON 7HINGS

David Fennessy
PPP

Max Richter
from "The Art of Mirrors"

Mattin
Live at the Tolbooth

Luc Ferrari
Madame de Shanghai

+ free profila mp3s

New work already available from:
Charlemagne Palestina
Nmperign
Koji Asano
Zoe irvine
Yannis Kyriakidas/ Andy Moor
Peter Dowling
Vintage 909

7HINGS
www.seventhings.co.uk

The Boomerang New reissues: rated on the rebound

Alvarius B *Alvarius B* ABDUCTION CD Originally issued in 1994 as a mysteriously stark LP, the solo debut of Alvarius B (aka Sun City Girls Alan Bishop) sounds even more grippingly desolate and vitally inventive after 12 years of underground fermentation. Recorded live to cassette over a span of eight years during an 1980s residency in Arizona, the 32 instrumental tracks here cover every lonely outsider mode – single note folk, manic strumming, painfully slow ballads, ethnic ditties – and invent a few more. Mining sibilant string snaps and warped melodic bends, Bishop finds octaves in all the lost or shunned sounds that a semi-tuned, overplucked acoustic guitar can make. Traces of Loren Connors's frozen patience and Jandek's under the bed isolation emerge, but most of *Alvarius B* is delivered in a language only Bishop can speak. One-minute highlights abound: "Mesarcholeta" forges a symphony from noisy accidents, "The Waxing" piles strums into a blurry storm and "Day Glo Joe" rides a simple, heartbreaking melody into the darkening distance. The latter cut embodies the album's strength: a devastating intimacy that makes each track sound like it was recorded inside Bishop's cranium. His brother Sir Richard may have once cornered the market on high speed wooden guitar workouts, but when it comes to stirring all alone communication, Alvarius B still has pretty much everyone beat.
MARC MASTERS

Peter Brötzmann Group *Alarm* ATAVISTIC UNHEARD MUSIC SERIES CD A welcome reissue of this 1983 EMP LP, the only document of a nonet Brötzmann assembled for a November 1981 radio gig in Hamburg. The group expands his then trio with Louis Moholo and Harry Miller to include Toshinori Kondo, Frank Wright, Willem Breuker, Hannes Bauer, Alan Tomlinson and Alexander Von Schlippenbach. *Alarm* refers directly to the nuclear debate of the time, and the sense of anxiety it engendered gives the album its musical and conceptual theme. It's illustrated quite literally by the massed winds klaxon wail which opens the album and resurfaces regularly throughout 20 minutes of "Alarm, Part One" and 17 minutes of "Alarm, Part Two" in different forms. "Part One" is a superb and intense free jazz blowout, exactly what you'd hope for and expect from this line up. "Part Two" is more of a romp, allowing space for a couple of nice trombone and sax solos and cutting abruptly into a wailing Ayler tribute, before building towards a sustained, heavy climax. "Jerry Sacem" follows, a brief but delightful post-bop rave-up attributed to Wright. It's hard to detect much Cold War paranoia in music as joyous and celebratory as this – but then no extra material is available because, as Brötzmann explains in the liner notes, the gig was called off and the venue evacuated after a bomb threat. Those were the days.
NICK CAIN

Earth *Phase 3: Thrones And Dominions* SUB POP CD Considering how often Earth are cited as a key node in the avant rock matrix, it's surprising how difficult it is to locate their albums. Thankfully Sub Pop have begun a thorough rerelease schedule which should see the group exerting an influence over future generations of sludge rockers.

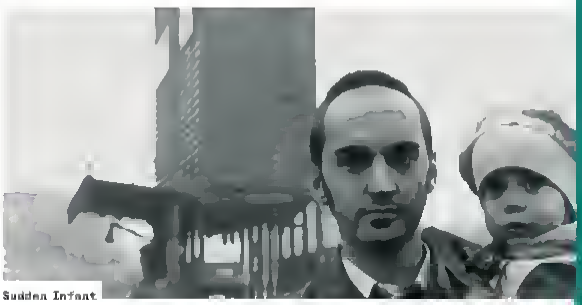
Recorded in 1993 but not released until two years later, *Phase 3: Thrones And Dominions* marked a point in the group's development when Dylan Carlson was seeking new modes of expression in his quest for the perfect drone. Hence it lacks the slo-mo impact of its predecessor, *Earth 2*. It has a cleaner and more open sound than the tar black grind that made them famous, almost as if Carlson was attempting to invent a new genre of Ambient Metal. Steadily, however, its power creeps up on you. There's a tangible, almost bloodyminded sense of purpose to each of the seven tracks, a steely resolve to let simplicity and repetition work their magic. "Thrones And Dominions" itself is an absolute beauty, and ranks among the group's finest moments. Over 12 minutes it gradually accrues layers of thick fuzz, progressing from an opening of calmly resonant droning chords, achieving a kind of bruised majesty from the simplest of means.
KEITH MOLINÉ

Monoton *Blau* OHAL CD Over the past quarter century or so, Konrad Becker has succeeded in turning obscurantism into an artform. This may not sound like much of a compliment, but that depends upon the kind of historical perspective that only 25 years of continuous recordings, publications, installations, discussions and institutional projects can afford. Originally released in 1980, when Jamaica's dubplate technicians were transforming song structures into entire acoustic environments, this early Monoton project takes the basic principle of repetition and decay found in the studio-generated echo to rigorous extremes. Utilising an array of standard reverb units and simple sound sources, Becker creates complex systems in which musical notions of variation and the physical laws of collapse are brought into tight conceptual proximity. The result is a kind of baroque minimalism, an admittedly contradictory term but one that embraces the rolling sound waves of "Dubwise" and the lengthy suspended periods of "Ein Wort". Reissued by Mutek founder Eric Mattson's Oral label, Monoton's *Blau* sounds remarkably fresh, thanks in no small part to John Sellekaers's painstaking remastering of the original recordings. The addition of some outtakes and variations from the Monoton archives, particularly an alternate version of "Dubwise", also help to expand upon Becker's initial conception. Whatever else remains obscure about this reissue obviously has not been repeated often enough.
KEN HOLLINGS

Arthur Russell *Another Thought* ORANGE MOUNTAIN CD Originally released in 1994, two years after Russell's death, *Another Thought*'s 15 tracks date from 1982 to 1990. Most find him in a mode familiar from *World Of Echo*, his voice simply accompanied by his unique cello and FX pedal set-up, with occasional cameos from collaborators like trombonist Peter Zummo. The selection shows off some of Russell's most brilliant characteristics, not least his marvellous ear for musical phrasing in the catch of his voice or the passing notes of his cello. His songs abound in these evanescent moments, with "A Little Lost" being a particularly gorgeous example.

His use of the cello as percussive rhythm instrument also dominates, with seamless switches from melody to pizzicato pluck and slap, and jagged bowing. "Hollow Tree" points towards the irreverent modernism of his avant garde background, as the grainy texture of bow drawing against string is thickened sweetly with distortion. Even his dancefloor experiments are evoked in the bare but unmistakable 4/4 dance pulse of "Keeping Up", and the drum programming which punctuates "Just A Blip" and "Me For Real". The liner notes read slightly oddly – reproduced straight from 1993, they make no reference to the recent resurgence of interest in Russell. But *Another Thought* offers an excellent introduction to Russell for the uninitiated, and an essential addition for longer term fans.
SAM DAVIES

Sudden Infant *Radiorgasm* BLOSSOMING NOISE CD The reissue of Sudden Infant's 1990 debut comes wrapped in a manifesto consistent with the core values of 80s Industrial music. "We see destruction as the conscious creative fragmentation of bodies, ideas, opinions, institutions and monuments. The sense of destruction lies in destroying junk, establishing a new reality in this way." However, the extreme noise of Switzerland's Schimpfluch Aktion Gruppe, of which Sudden Infant's Joke Lanz is a member, is much more openended than the misanthropic hammering of their British and American counterparts. *Radiorgasm* juxtaposes absurdist clamour with the sounds of the body, drawing a direct line between organic and non-organic junk to explore the compelling nature of the abject. Listening becomes an almost unavoidably participatory experience as one begins to hear one's own physical emanations as part of Lanz's audio assemblage. *Radiorgasm* can be regarded as an attempt to destroy the division between inside and out, and heal the trauma that accompanies the development during childhood of a sense of self. The sleeve features Sudden Infant's trademark images of distressed and/or sinister-looking children, but Lanz's preoccupation with what he terms the "original power" of the infant would find fuller expression on more sophisticated later works such as 1994's *Solothurn* or 1999's *Bandenkreig*. Still, *Radiorgasm* is a good introduction to Lanz's ultra-cathartic aesthetic.
JOSEPH STABNARD


Sudden Infant

Harry Taussig *Fate Is Only Once* TOMPKINS SQUARE CD Guitarist Harry Taussig's wafer thin discography comprises two tracks for John Fahey's *Contemporary Guitar Spring 67* compilation and *Fate Is Only Once*, which Taussig released on his own Talisman imprint in 1965. *Fate Is Only Once* demonstrates Taussig's ability to master all these modes in a style comparable to Fahey's explorations on mid-60s albums like *Blind Joe Death*. Taussig's version of Elizabeth Cotten's "Sugar Babe, Your Papa Cares For You" could easily be mistaken for a Fahey arrangement from this period. In his original sleevenote, Taussig cited JS Bach and Ravi Shankar as influences, and it is this blend of European composition and Indian raga music which, when added to the rich mix of American music his playing is based on, veers sharply away from the then accepted idea of folk guitar while remaining true to its traditional roots. Tompkins Square's reissue of this rare recording is to be welcomed, but they have neglected to tell Taussig's story in the sleevenotes. Some more information about the man, his life and his music would have fleshed out this important release considerably.
EDWIN POUNCEY □

MONIKA HEIZE

period in African culture, whose troubling undercurrents would ultimately terminate a nascent form of Afro-pop. Recorded with larger dance bands in urban locations such as Dar es Salaam, Nairobi and Elisabethville, these exuberant songs are played by forward-thinking musicians eager to escape traditional styles. That these same musicians mimicked sounds popular with their European colonial rulers remains unsettling. What the notes describe as the amalgam of "merry melodies" and downbeat lyrics presages much in contemporary African music.

In East Africa during the mid-20th century, rural musicians in Kenya were eager to absorb and adapt the influences popular in more urbanised neighboring countries. Singer/guitarists from the Congo like Mwenda Jean Bosco were successful touring artists in Kenya. The 'dry' (acoustic) guitarists of Kenya also bought and devoured the Cuban records beloved of Congolese musicians. *Kenyan Songs And Strings 1950 & 1952* is a valuable recording of musical styles previously documented only on the Original Music label's *The Nairobi Sound* and *Before Benga* compilations. Common to these older titles and SWP's new anthology is the endearing "Chemirocha", a paean to Jimmie Rogers. The Singing Brakeman the earliest US country star whose records debuted in Kenya at the same time as gramophone technology. *Kenyan Songs* wends its way through performances on lyres of varying scales: the woolly bass tones of a thum strung with cow tendons, as well as topical songs and dance tunes performed by school choirs. Blind troubadour Sheik Mbaruku performs a lament, "Habana Mapenzi", on an oud, encapsulating the Swahili influences at the root of the Kenyan guitar style.

Both collections are evidence of the high technical standards of Tracey's recording expeditions. The artists were the primary audience for Tracey's transcriptions, most of them encountering playback of taped performances for the first time. With recordings of such palpable dimension, Tracey captured the organic stuff of life in African countries on the crest of transition to modernity, with all it implied. That such rewarding discs are rumoured to be SWP's final releases lends poignancy to the proceedings.

RICHARD HENDERSON

Various
Radio Algeria
SUBLIME FREQUENCIES CD

Various
Ethnic Minority Music Of Northeast Cambodia
SUBLIME FREQUENCIES CD

The adventurous souls at Sublime Frequencies make no promises of easy listening for their surveys of international radio. These sounds and songs, whether first heard in Palestine, Mali or Java, are collaged with a mind to fracturing continuity. Grainy archival recordings bump up against the shiny local equivalents of breakbeat or Trance, shortwave Doppler effects shimmering throughout. Indecipherable ranting underscores commercials. Don't get too comfortable with a newly discovered groove – soon enough, that perfect slice of Bollywood film song or anthemic Korean agitprop or Iraqi socialist folk rock or Khmer cha-cha will be ruptured by another trainwreck segue.

Radio Algeria, the label's most recent scan of foreign airwaves, is very much of a piece with their previous forays into channel surfing. "Exterior Grooves" erupts with synthesizer stings announcing station identification, followed by a rai singer's wail, his group sounding like an over-amplified qawwali party. Islamic chants map onto Francophone pop, the latter an enduring artefact of Algeria's years under colonial rule. This most recent radio travelogue seems slightly less compulsive in its need to toggle between songs. Rhythms or vocal turns that prove particularly arresting are allowed to develop. "Radio Oran" showcases a male vocalist hammering out cadences as end-blown flutes and resonant percussion entwine in spiralling religious fervour.

Ethnic Minority Music Of Northeast Cambodia is a more conventionally recorded and structured ethnographic album. The recordings, by Laurent Jeanneau, document the other side of sustained intra- and extra-mural conflict, as ethnic minorities battered by the invasion of other tribes and foreigners mingle in villages, eschewing the traits that previously gave them a tribal identity. All the more impressive, then, that archaic song forms have been preserved, such as that performed by a female bruo singer as five elderly percussionists add sensitive gong interplay.

Sublime Frequencies has come under fire of late (notably in these pages) for obvious reasons. Their *Radio* discs sample music with little if anything in the way of attribution or royalty payments. Artefacts of other cultures are presented on these releases as examples of compelling weirdness, like entries in some 60s vintage Mondo film. Yet so many of the World Music imprints that have sprung up in the past 20 years are now boring, enervated by fusion-oriented policies and the constraints of political correctness. Sublime Frequencies is almost alone in recapturing the excitement of discovery that once resided within the laminated covers of Ocora or Le Chant Du Monde LPs.

RICHARD HENDERSON

Various
Stones Throw: Ten Years
STONES THROW 2xCD

Formed in 1996 by West Coast producer Peanut Butter Wolf, Stones Throw is home to a celebratory kind of independent hiphop, one at odds with backpacks characteristic lo-fi miserabilism. The label's first release was a 12" by Wolf and rapper Charizma, and, represented here, it sets Stones Throw's tone: a clipped big beat and committed rap are serious in intent and sound, but there's something rather arch about the chorus of "*ho!*"s that flits in and out. That confusion of the stern and the playful forms the label's mission and this album's signature.

Such themes are well established too in the work of Madlib – particularly that done under the alter ego Quasimoto, chipmunk-voiced but a bit of a bastard – and so, logically, the producer/rapper's records are scattered immoderately throughout the Stones Throw catalogue. Yet the selection of Madlib-led tracks here is a little disappointing, comprising an inconsequential instrumental nugget and some of the less interesting pieces from two classic albums: the Quasimoto project's *The Unseen* (2000) and the MF Doom collaboration *Madvillain* (2004). Other MC highlights are found in Wildchild's debating team rhetoric ("Knickknack") and Planet Asia's feature on Peanut Butter Wolf's "In Your Area", where the rapper's saliva dripping lines alternate between heavy gun staccato and CL Smooth-style singsong.

Some of the best music comes from the label's other dominant production presence, the late J Dilla, and "Two Can Win" from this year's *Donuts* fillets and wraps a sample around itself rather than dropped it into multi-sourced collage. It's not all good, though – Aloe Blacc read a different memo re. *Electric Circus* than everybody else, and his "Arrive" sits uneasily here. Kazi's "A.V.E.R.A.G.E." is well titled. The collection is rounded out with a few of the curios rereleased by new subsidiary labels Now Again and Soul Cal, ultra-obscure 45s from the 70s spanning funk, psychedelic soul and outsider pop. A mix CD accompanies.

TOM PERCHARD

Various
Touch 25
TOUCH CD

Fittingly, there are 25 tracks on *Touch 25*, a compilation of new material celebrating a quarter-century of the label's activity. The stalwart and stellar contributors include BJ Nilsen, Fennesz, Chris Watson, Peter Rehberg, Pan Sonic, Jacob Kirkegaard, Ryoji Ikeda, Bruce Gilbert and Biosphere, alongside Rosy Parlane, Dren Ambarchi, Mother Tongue, Tanja Orning & Hild Sofie Tafjord, Jóhann Jóhannsson, Rafael Toral and Mark Van Hoen.

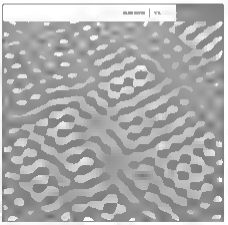
On their cassette magazines of the early 1980s, Touch documented a sonic underground which is now mostly overground and which can sound surprisingly commercial. Chris Watson's audio vérité recordings of natural events may still appeal mainly to a specialist audience, and Pan Sonic's sonics are as in-your-face and abrasive as ever, but Nilsen, Rehberg, Fennesz, Biosphere and Ambarchi have made recordings for Touch that border on Ambient music.

At their worst, these artists are predictable in their modes of operation, and the Touch sound is as identifiable as that of labels such as ECM, Mego or CIMP. But although Touch is no longer a cutting edge enterprise, it's still a valuable one, and as a celebratory document *Touch 25* works well. The CD's most interesting moments are, however, provided mainly by the seven very brief tracks (none lasting longer than a minute) which are attributed to various artists. They serve to disrupt the flow of the material and ground it to some degree in a single moment of quotidian sound, the source of much else that is to be heard here.

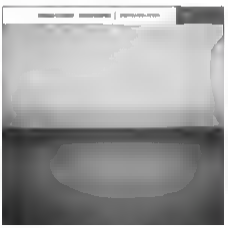
BRIAN MANLEY

Various
Voices Of Humans, Ancestors And Gods: A Musical Journey Through India's Interior
TOPIC CD

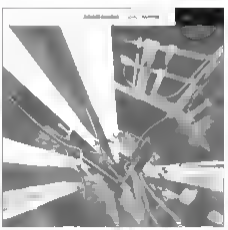
There are gems glittering amongst this carefully presented collection of field recordings from India's least-known regions, the east and north-east, from Andhra Pradesh up to Arunachal Pradesh in the Himalayas (where, culturally speaking, you might as well



ALVA NOTO
FOR
LINE 026



RICHARD CHARTIER + TAYLOR DEUPREE
SPECIFICATION FIFTEEN
LINE 027



RICHARD CHARTIER
LEVELS (INVERTED)
LINE EDOS (signed/numbered edition of 250)

L—NE
WWW.12K.COM

Innova Recordings:
What's Going On

647

Yoav Gal,
Yaal Kanarek,
Evann Siebens:
Bit by Bit, Cell by Cell

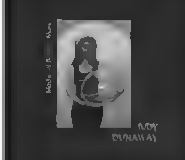
407

Enclosure 7:
Harry Partch (DVD)
"Dreamer," "Delusion"

666

Neil Rolnick:
Digits

648



Judy Dunaway:
Mother of Balloon Music

New iTunes Podcast:
"Alive and Composing"

the label of
the American
Composers
Forum

www.innova.mu

ba in Tibet). As is always the case with Indian music, everything is about vocals, and first we hear minstrel balladeers, semi-professional singers both male and female. Call and response love ballads are interrupted by improvised outbursts of moral commentary. Regional genres of song include the Bhajan and Odissi of Puri city: big, soaring melodies from a singer simultaneously playing harmonium. Popular singer Vishnu Das from Upper Assam devotes an entire song to the seductive beauty of Krishna's earrings.

Then there are the Baul: a mystical community in West Bengal. As the 16 year old Soroma sings amidst her family of musicians, it seems this melismatic style must have inspired The Incredible String Band. Various lutes are egged on by tiny bells and cymbals, while the sound of the elastic plunk of strings attached to drumheads keeps popping up.

Indias 50 million Adivasi, or aboriginal inhabitants, are largely ignored and their music almost unknown, but theirs is the most interesting material here. In Orissa a village mayor called Mr Indra performs an intimate funeral song. His three note melody is more earthy than the florid city songs, and he drives the beat by striking his finger, wearing a ring of bells, against his lute. In Assam the Deori women make a wonderful sound: the leader hiccups and yodels, while her backing group run through a cascade of downward glissandi till everything climaxes in ululation. As the air gets thinner the sound gets fresher, until the Buddhist Monpa boys and girls up in the Himalayas perform a pretty dance song of welcome, a stomping angelic choir that you would never guess came from India.

CLIVE BELL

Luke Vibert
Amen Andrews Vs Spac Hand Luke
REPHLEX CD

Kerrier District
Kerrier District 2
REPHLEX CD

These two simultaneously released albums represent facets of Luke Viberts "Grime/dubstep" alter egos: we are told. If that's the case, then it bolsters the suspicion that many of the hybrid forms of the last few years amount to little more than frenetic revisitations of bygone genres. Or maybe these are Viberts homebaked attempts to replicate new forms with the ingredients he has to hand.

"London", the opening track of *Amen Andrews Vs Spac Hand Luke*, is a conspicuous case in point. With its collage format, injections of funky brass and samples of Public Enemy samples, it feels like little more than a return to the era of "Pump Up The Volume". Subsequent tracks, with their Space Invader synths, slo-mo filtered vocals, dancehall shout outs, schlocky snatches of B movie dialogue and drum n bass breaks, merely revisit futures envisaged by the likes of A Guy Called Gerald.

Things improve with "Multiple Stab Wounds", despite its dumb street fetishising title – its spindly descending arcs of synth add a touch of fresh steel, as do the motorcycle Moog of "Intelligent" and the involved and elaborate soldering of well worn tropes that is "Barrave". These tracks help salvage the album. *Kerrier District 2* is also retro, but in some ways the more pleasing of the pair: reassessing the pre-Techno dawn of the early 80s – the world of Kraftwerk, Man Parrish, Sharron Radd and imported NYC electro-funk. Again, it initially feels like a patchwork of plunder, but later tracks suggest a distance between then and now, like skyscrapers receding into the distance on a balmy summer's evening.

DAVID STUBBS

John Wiese
Black Magic Pond
BLOSSOMING NOISE CD

Solo artist, serial collaborator (most recently with Sunn O))), Wolf Eyes and Metalux) and esoteric wanderer, John Wiese is quickly becoming the high priest of the US noise underground. *Black Magic Pond* is Wiese's first solo album since the release of the third and final part of the *Magic Crystal Blah* trilogy in late 2005. The first volume featured a series of aural avalanches sourced from live performances, the second saw Wiese handing the tapes over to a number of remixers including KK Null and Joe Colley, while the third brought the trilogy full circle with Wiese taking the previous volumes reinterpretations and subjecting them to further stress.

Weise maintains that he has retained the concept of the trilogy for his latest work. But where *Magic Crystal Blah Volume 3* featured lengthy intervals of near silence into which Wiese gradually unleashed scuttling clusters of reprocessed sound, *Black Magic Pond* fills every available space with its unrelenting roar, its crunching density barely relieved by split second pauses. Where so much abstract extremism can be viewed as an attempt on the part of the artist to negate life, John Wiese's work offers almost unbearable affirmation: the experience of being so sensitised to stimulus that it becomes near impossible to process. *Black Magic Pond* offers a striking simulation of how it must feel to have one's psychic floodgates overwhelmed. Perhaps this is what Wiese means when he expresses an interest in using sound as a transdimensional portal? Rather than piercing the fabric of space and time, his music tears away at our perceptions in the hope of triggering their expansion.

JOSEPH STANNARD

Wolf Eyes & Anthony Braxton
Black Vomit
VICTO CD

The unlikely teaming of Wolf Eyes and Anthony Braxton at the 2005 Musique Actuelle festival was the stuff that dreams are made of. A limited cassette of the performance was released by Purple Stuff Records and soon commanded huge sums online. Now released as a CD by Victo, *Black Vomit* begins with John Olson rapping with audience member Thurston Moore about *Star Wars* before launching into "The Mangler", a minimalist wash of electronics and metal percussion, over which Braxton's alto flutters, as Nate Young and Mike Connally's ominous maelstrom intensifies. As the piece progresses, the saxophonist bends into new directions with his playing, his ear becoming more finely tuned to Wolf Eyes' haunted beats and subterranean echoes. When "The Mangler" goes in for the kill, bearing down with a crushing tide of electronic sludge, Braxton can just be heard, blowing hard behind the wall of noise, before everything falls away to leave only a flurry of saxophone notes trailing in the air.

"Anthony, man, whaddaya wanna hear? "Leper War" or "Black Vomit"?" Olson asks his special guest. "Black Vomit," replies Braxton immediately. Without further ado, the ensemble lurch into another molten brain churner timed to the head nodding beat of a lumpen Black Metal riff, rattled here as "Rationed Rot". The combination of Wolf Eyes' bulging regurgitations and Braxton's frayed horn expulsions is a thrilling, unforgettable experience. Beyond a chance jam session, the performances on *Black Vomit* weld together two disparate but undeniably connected musical forms. Simply put, this rocks.

EDWIN POUNCEY

Enore Zaffiri
La Voce Ed El Sintetizzatore
ROSSBIN CD

It's now 40 years since Enore Zaffin set up the Studio Di Informazione Estetica to explore the relationships between sound and visual phenomena. At the turn of the 70s, Zaffin was attempting to overturn the historically specific relationships between acoustic instruments and to establish a new language of music based on Euclidean plane geometry and using electronic means. He also began to experiment with live performance.

These mostly literary pieces with Ellen Kappel, and Zaffin himself using an ARP 2600 synthesizer, were made in the first half of the decade, with a later meditation on *The Song Of Songs* from 1981. The range of inspiration is considerable, using Eliot and Kerouac, Shakespeare's *Dark Lady* sonnets, Philip Lamantia and Stefan George. If the black music theatre being devised by Peter Maxwell Davies and Harrison Birtwistle at the time was seen as a distinctively English project, Zaffin suggests it was a more widespread concern. His work with Eduardo Sanguineti's novel *Il Giuoco Dell oca* moved towards total theatre. It also points up an obvious comparison with the superficially similar work Luciano Berio was doing with his then wife Cathy Berberian.

The pieces are distinguished from Berio by the embrace of electronics and the virtual abandonment of any canonical harmonics. The settings are spare in the extreme, often concentrating entirely on tiny, splintery tones and odd, gleucous washes of sound colour behind the voice. The real tour de force is the Shakespeare sequence, which takes Kappel closer than usual to the Miss Donnithorne/Mad King schreck effects of 1970s Theatre of Cruelty. The *Dark Lady* emerges as threateningly genderless, more succubus than siren. There's a touch of the same in Eliot's "Rannoch, By Glencoe" which sounds like some ancient crone spinning fortunes over a dwindling fire. By contrast, "Omaggio A Webern" is more abstract, while the later Solomonic meditation sees Zaffin make a partial return to a more obviously classical idiom, juxtaposing recits and arioso over a fragment of melody which sounds convincingly Hebraic melody without ever disclosing its provenance.

These are important recordings, exquisitely mastered and presented. No one with an interest in recent syntheses of voice and electronic music can afford to miss them.

BRIAN MORTON ☐

Avant Rock Reviewed by Edwin Pouncey

Theo Angell
Dearly Beloved
AMISH CD

Hall Of Fame and Jackie-O Motherfucker member Theo Angell's latest collection of hymns, bruised ballads and distorted field hollers is an unsettling but ultimately fascinating aural experience. Angell's softly shifting, acoustically strummed melodies ring with a Syd Barrett-style sense of acid addled wonder, which is slowly sucked into a vortex of inner torment. Stranger still are the tracks featuring The Tabernacle Hillside Singers, an avant gospel group whose passionate contributions give an extra dent to the already damaged sound of Angell's epic moan.

Ashtray Navigations
Four More Raga Moods
TKU CD

This latest wonder from Phil Todd's constantly evolving power unit temporarily makes you forget that they hail from the north of England and instead convinces you that the raga moods of the title were performed in a distant decade in some foreign chime or faraway galaxy. Echoes of an unlikely meeting between Angus MacLise and Hawkwind rumble through these meditative and moving corridors of chime and drone, especially on the fourth spoke of the Ashtray prayer wheel, "And The Profit And The Loss", where the ambience of an underground film soundtrack pervades the set, drifting like suffocating bong smoke through the thin veil of a heady improvisation in flux.

Cloudland Canyon
Requiems Der Natur 2002-2004
TEE PEE CD

Brooklyn guitarist Kip Uhlhorn and German multi-instrumentalist Simon Wojan first met in 2002 when Uhlhorn was touring Europe with his group Panthers. *Requiems Der Natur 2002-2004* combines the guitarist's rock stance with Wojan's more electronically inclined leanings. Other hands were invited to leave their mark on the project and the tapes were further treated by the duo before being finally let loose. The pleasing result is a sometimes stunning neo-psychedelic experience where the musical spirits of This Heat, Ash Ra Tempel and The Mahavishnu Orchestra are evoked, celebrated and absorbed inside Uhlhorn and Wojan's shifting cloud formations of sound.

Dead Machines
The Night Callers
PYGMY/BLOSSOMING NOISE LP

The deadly Dead Machines duo of husband and wife John and Toyah Olson let rip with yet another salvo of brain paralysing electronic ugliness, pressed on a slab of sick pink vinyl. *The Night Callers* is a nightmarish work, with the Olsons creeping around in the rafters of some sonic spook house, rattling shutters and peeling back paintwork to shake spectral sounds loose from its flaking fabric. A series of haunted hums, fractured thighbone flutings and disjointed electric guitar gyrations loom at the listener. On this pink horror, Dead Machines' musical vision of a Hershell Gordon Lewis-style grand guignol finally sounds fully formed.

F/i
Paradise Out Here
LEXICON DEVIL CD

A welcome CD reissue of the long lost space rock opus from Milwaukee quartet F/i originally released on Human Wrecords back in 1985 in an edition of 300 copies before disappearing from the face of the planet. Song titles such as "The House Of Pharaoh's Daughter", "Om 21" and "Satellite Surfer" hint at where the group's collective overdrive is aimed. A series of swooping guitar solos with polish drum and bass backdrop are smothered with a blanket of synth that instantly summons up memories of the astral/industrial electronics of Helios Creed. The comparison really comes to the fore on "The Ninth Corner", an excuse for guitarist Brian Wenning and Grant Ritcher on electronics to set their instruments' controls for the heart of the sun and burn out in a blaze of glory.

Gaping Maw
Two Improvisations
ARCHIVE CD

Another handsome limited production from Scott Simmie Archive label. Gaping Maw are a Chicago improv/noise trio led by bass guitarist Kurt Johnson of Flying Luttenbachers. Recorded in Chicago between 2001 and 2002, this pair of live improvisations sound like AMM plugged into a stack of Marshall amps, a monstrous Metal/free jazz inspired meltdown that goes beyond the usual industrialised churn by experimenting with different modes of expression. Gaping Maw spark off each other with all barrels blazing, constantly projecting and reflecting back ideas as the volume of their improvisation intensifies or subsides into a shrouded, echoing drone state.

Jutok Kanako
Live At Jerry Jeff
THERE CD

Serious students of the Japanese Psychedelic underground will have cause for celebration with the release of this new live solo album from Kousokuya leader Jutok Kaneko, whose previous *Endless Ruins* collection (together with a reissue of the legendary Kousokuya debut) was released on PSF a few years ago. Here he sounds stripped to the nerve ends, hammering out alchemical acoustic guitar patterns at Tokyo's Jerry Jeff venue before a small but obviously enthralled audience of admirers. While it's a shame that none of the four songs feature him playing electric guitar, there is still a frantic power to his acoustic style that occasionally topples into free form extrapolations and bouts of fretboard shredding madness. In a world polluted with too many Fahey and Basho soundalikes, Kanako's defiantly unorthodox almost magickal playing is a welcome breath of fresh air.

Makoto Kawabata
Inui 1
VHE CD

Makoto Kawabata/Ania Courtia/ Rokugenkin
Kokura
RIOT SEASON LP

Acid Mothers Temple mainman Makoto Kawabata's *Inui 1* (originally released as an LP on Siwa in 2000) found him resuming his fascination with the power of drone music. In the spirit of Toho Sara. By orchestrating and overlaying loops of bowed sitar, violin, sarangi, oud, bouzouki, lyre, shou, nei and vocals Kawabata produces a solid blur of transcendental sonic hallucination that perfectly bends the edges of reality. If you only want to own one Kawabata record in your lifetime, *Inui 1* is a fine candidate.

Seasoned Kawabata fans will enjoy hearing what happened when he, ex-Reynols guitarist Ania Courtis and Japanese guitarist Rokugenkin got together "in the bowels of a Japanese club as the country shook outside". While this three pronged attack fails to reach the ecstatic out of body experience of *Inui 1*, *Kokura* does have its moments of ecstatic calm that descend without warning to elevate the soul and quicken the blood.

Christian Kiefer
Czar Nicholas Is Dead
CAMERA OBSCURA CD

Influenced by Norman Dubie's poem *The Czar's Last Christmas Letter A Barn In The Urals* and a photo of a lone figure wandering through a snowy landscape that appears on the inner gatefold of the *Doctor Zhivago* soundtrack album, the latest offering from Californian guitarist and composer Christian Kiefer is a thoughtful contemplation on history and the passage of time. Reproduced in the CD booklet, Dubie's poem acts as the basic score together with some original notations. Kiefer uses it as a base to bounce his ideas off. These range from intricate solo guitar pickings to more involved and densely packed pieces, where other instruments and electronic flourishes are introduced into a bleak and foreboding storm of wintry composition.

Mouthua/Couaina Of Reggaa
Mouthus/Cousins Of Reggae
OLDE ENGLISH SPELLING BEE LP

New York noise farmers Mouthus and the oddly named Cousins Of Reggae (there's not a hint of reggae to be heard in their sound) share a side each on this beautifully splattered art object from the mysterious Olde English Spelling Bee label. The Mouthus side is made up of two intensely ugly chunks of distorted electronic spittle. Like some muffled call to prayer, Mouthus transmit a subliminal message to join their church of unholy noise, carving out a suitably abstracted sonic mantra. Cousins Of Reggae's "History And Prehistory Of Hudson's Bay In Five Parts" is less ceremonial but just as brutal in its attack. A smothered vocal rides over squeals of feedback and crunching guitar demolition, locked away inside some dark echo chamber from which there can be no escape.

Ovo
Miastenia
LOAD CD

Italian noise rock duo Ovo's vocalist Stephania Padretti's voice is a screwed up ball of tension that suddenly explodes into a caterwaul of post-punk energy before withdrawing back inside its bolthole. The explosions of percussionist Bruno act as the perfect foil for such intense vocal gymnastics. Elsewhere Ovo show their softer, stranger side on "Rio Barbara", an asthmatic stroll into the unknown which is only kept from floating away altogether by some ghostly harmonica. Miastenia's high point is the opening section of the long title track, where Padretti's Riot Grrrl shriek transforms into the low rasping cackle of an old witch – replete with a suitable tail-dragging drone as accompaniment – before the duo dive into an extended passage of experimental tinkering.

Micah Blue Smaldone
Hither And Thither
TEQUILA SUNRISE LP

The poetically named Smaldone is an acoustic guitarist and ukulele player from Maine who plays in the American Primitive tradition of John Fahey, Robbie Basho, et al, later revived by the likes Steffan Basho-Junghans and Jack Rose. While Smaldone's style is certainly different from his contemporaries, he still retains a strong link with the more lyrical side of the movement, especially Robbie Basho who, like Smaldone, was fond of singing along with his complex acoustic compositions. Like Basho's vocal embellishments, the oddly affected timbre of Smaldone's voice takes some getting used to. One wishes he would concentrate more on his old timey playing than his vaudevillian singing.

Wolf Eyes/The Skull Defekts
Yes I Am Your Angel
FANG BOMB LP

With so many CDs, CD Rs, LPs, lathe cuts and cassettes under their belt, it's tempting to conclude that Wolf Eyes couldn't possibly produce new material with anything like the same clout their early recordings delivered. But this would be misguided. Hot on the heels of their superb *River Slaughter* double LP comes this split with Gothenburg's The Skull Defekts, which reinforces the theory that Wolf Eyes are morphing into something even more miraculous and dangerous than their previous incarnation. "Negative Space" taps into their more minimalist guise with electronic spark-plug glitching crunched alongside guitar feedback extensions that sound like talons being pulled across amplified metal sheets. On the flip, The Skull Defekts worry their "Feedback Between Skulls While Sitting In A Room" like a terrier with a rat, the Alvin Lucier inspired title pardy mirroring the electronic minimalism of the Wolf Eyes side, though their attack is more controlled and focused. ☐

Critical Beats Reviewed by Philip Sherburne

Basteroid
Meteorchester
AREAL 12"

For a while, Basteroid was the heaviest artist on a label that made no bones about its bone crushing. If most Areal records teetered dangerously into the red, Basteroid's hammerheaded snares and buzzsaw synths made the LEDs bleed. With "Meteorchester", though, he comes on like he's campaigning for the title of the label's strangest act. The centrepiece of the track is a clownish organ line that clomps clubfootadly, tangling with an ever increasing onslaught of characters: from sloppy bass belching to noised up harpsichord counterpoints. It's messy, grumpy and aimless, but that seems to be precisely the point. On "Un_Dos_Windows", Basteroid tries his hand at two step swing, bashing away at a sunny day House melody with the gusto of a sadistic dentist as syncopated offbeats go flying like chips of enamel. At the seven and a half minute mark he goes so far as to fuck with the track's tempo behind a smokescreen of bit reduction, as though intentionally short circuiting what otherwise might have been a summery club anthem. True to the operating system it's named for, it's a Trojan horse bearing a devastating viral payload.

Das Bierbeben
Im Kreis – Cristian Vogel Remixes
SHITKATAPULT 12"

What goes around, comes around – so it's somehow appropriate that title of Das Bierbeben's "Im Kreis", which repackages Bikini Kill democratic guitar riffing as stripped-down electric/electronic pop, translates as "In Circles". The shorter of Cristian Vogel's two mixes here does little to the original, aside from adding a stuttering record skip beneath the tune, which runs out into a disorientating spoken word lock groove. On his sidelong "Grippe Mix", however he takes the group at their word, sending the title phrase into a dizzying spin cycle that soon whips itself into a frenzy of machine shop grinding. Tiny sampled snippets blur into a slowly pulsing whir of brushed cymbals and thumbed guitar strings, recalling the noisier bits of Liars, Black Dice and another group who've recently come full circle, Sonic Youth.

Bodycode
The Conservation Of Electric Charge
SPECTRAL CD

Alan Abrahams has always practised a certain oblique literalism in his choice of project names. His label Süd stresses the formation of a Southern Hemispheric identity (Abrahams himself is from South Africa, though now based in Portugal after a stint in London). As Portable, he crafts intimate little sonic objects, alternately spongy and spiky, that seem so subliminal they suggest a day in which our private soundtracks will be implanted via microchip – the cyborg teleology of the Walkman and iPod. As Bodycode, he toughens up his sound, retaining the rough Techno structures and even the roughly whittled sounds (crudely cut hand drums, digitally degraded hi-hat hits) but buttressing it with Acid tropes like undulating basslines and Dopplering sirens. Abrahams contends that Bodycode arose from the necessities of beefing up Portable's live set for the motion sensitive club environment, and it's not hard to believe. But there's far more here than a simple dumbing down (or beefing up) for the punters. Even on a track like the marvellous "I_Data", overlaid with Abrahams's own distant vocals, a restless sense of play keeps undercutting formulas. It's the sound of a restless inventor wondering aloud what he can get away with, tiptoeing towards the edges while his public bobs along.

Cibelle
Noite De Carnaval (Matthew Herbert Mixes)
CRAMMED 12"

Readers who discovered the London based Brazilian singer Cibelle via a reference in a recent *New York Times* article on 'freak folk' may be surprised at the tracks on display here. The only relation of the jazzy "Flying High" to most new school acoustic songwriting is the Antony like quaver in Cibelle's voice. The only granola in "Mad Man" is the crunchy texture to the sampled percussion, which sounds like hail on porcelain, and the way the vox and guitar drizzle milkily over the gravelly base. Or perhaps this is just a reminder that the 'folk' music of the 21st century needs to take into account that most of us spend more time illuminated by laptop screens than campfires. In "Noite De Carnaval", the presence of Four Tet is felt – not in blithely folktronic textures but rather in the approach to cut-up percussion and the bass and guitar's knitting needle counterpointillism. Matthew Herbert's reworking of the track is about what you'd expect from him at this point – not a bad thing at all, but his cut up style has certainly become a signature. The real revelation is the zooming little high necked bass figure he unearths and gives pride of place in the mix, surrounded by cricket twitter. It reminds, oddly enough, of the bassline to The Breeders' "Last Call" – a track old and familiar enough at this point to have passed into the collective unconscious, ripe for unintentional riffing. Maybe this stuff *is* freak folk after all.

Johnny Dark
Can't Wait EP
KIN 12"

I'm about to mention two-step for the second time in the column, which must mean that a genre not long ago left for dead is veering toward rebirth. Johnny Dark was responsible for many of the UK Garage elements on The Junior Boys' first EP, and "Can't Wait" and "Too Close" show Dark continuing his investigation of Todd Edwards-style edits and the swing of producers like Steve Gurley or El-B – while chipmunking his vocal samples to the point of making Kanye's sped-up treatments sound straight. But Dark's rhythm programming is curiously clunky, forgoing the smoothness of UKG's last gasp productions in favour of gangly, awkward cadences – he fits all the bits together like puzzle pieces that have been torn, folded and left soaking in soda for weeks on end. The tunes, it goes without saying, are all the better for it. "HCD2", an edit of The Junior Boys' "High Come Down", chops Jeremy Greenspan's vocals into a crazy spray of hiccups over a grimly insistent snare drum. The original's sad sack melody is still there, but is a ghost of its former self, left in wisps and tatters.

Dinky
Home On A Sunday
HORIZONTAL 12"

Like a surprisingly large number of her Berlin Techno colleagues, Dinky, aka Miss Dinky (née Alejandra Iglesias), was born in Chile, though you wouldn't necessarily know it from her music. She has never enjoyed the same acclaim as most of her fellow expats, in part due to occasionally zigzagging styles – her 2003 *Black Cabaret* debut grounded itself in synth-pop while her colleagues were parsing sparser and sparser beats. But "Home On A Sunday", her most assured production yet, deserves a wider listenership. Sidelong and running at 33, "Home" takes its time. Structure takes the form of a handful of jittery hi-hats and gurgling synthesizers set over an almost imperceptible sub-bass, and the only variations feel mostly accidental, as parts drop in and out and filters spit quick expletives before running out of steam. But like the best work of Luciano or Ricardo Villalobos, Dinky summons a powerful sense of stasis by dint of the careful balance between repetition and interruption. It doesn't hurt that the spoken word vocals, recalling Laurie Anderson's "O Superman", seem to have come straight from a hypnotist's session.

Fluorescent Grey
Lying On The Floor Mingling With God In A Tijuana Motel Room Next Door To A Veterinary Supply Store
ISOLATE CD

Beat-oriented music is one of the dumber concepts out there, but one we're somehow stuck with in separating dance music from other more abstract forms, if we really want to rack up the cliches – as though rock and jazz didn't themselves use beats (or indeed make people dance). The recumbent title of Fluorescent Grey's debut for the Bay Area label Isolate seems to be getting at precisely this point, though thankfully in a non-didactic way. Producer Robbie Martin is audibly indebted to the lineage of IDM's most radical beatsmiths, crafting uneasy patterns that morph and dissolve at will. A distinct electro undercurrent runs through the album, but it surfaces like a geyser – sporadic and blistering hot to the touch. Generally, Martin's beats run so dense carbonated with static and impossible to track – 64th notes seem to be the run of his gale-force windmill – that they blur into a morass of white noise. It's a sandstorm of particle collisions that suggests a kind of underlying logic and then stings the eyes for the hubris of attempting to pick it apart. It's not all so caustic, though. "Drawer Full Of Booster Seats" recalls Autechre's determination to fuse difficult rhythms with regular pacing, all glossed over with oil slick melodies and melancholic bell tones.

Qodeval
Cliff Loser EP
UNDERL_NE 12"

Minimal House and Techno, increasingly simply called 'minimal', are beginning to experience a backlash, due to their ubiquity in clubs and media across Europe and the UK. This four track EP from Dutch newcomer Qodeval is unlikely to convert those who think that dance music is thinning out. With melodies and basslines generally restricted to pinprick riffs, most of the emphasis is on percussive figures that themselves are hardly any more ample. And sure, most of the tricks used here – quick rushes of polluted reverb, dry squirts of white noise – would slot comfortably into a phrasebook to minimal Techno's core vocabulary. But listen closely and you'll hear in Qodeval's tracks a distinct rhythmic approach, distributing a steady 4/4 pattern across an array of drums that pop up to pipsqueak and fall silent again. "Bahrenreiter Uhr", the single's best track, is cluttered with squealing keyboards that expand like creeping vines, smothering every inch of empty space.

Tres Demented
Shez Satan
PLANET E 12

Another month, another Carl Craig production. This time it's not a remix, but the return of his Tres Demented alias, which debuted in 2003 with the "Demented" single, a tribal blur of drums and guttural synths. On "Shez Satan", Craig goes for a brittle and brutal electro-funk that's worlds away from the tenderness of his recent reworks. In a spooky, spoken/shouted sing-song cadence, Craig tells the story of a woman, or a *"girl"* whom we'll call Satan, who takes everything from a man, to the point of faking her own death and having the protagonist charged with murder while she gets high on *"coke and meth"*. Bitter stuff, and scanner still when Craig's airy falsetto goes spiralling up in a cloud of bells and electric guitars. Frankly, it's reassuring to hear Craig, who could tweak a single filter for 12 minutes and sell a few thousand copies through Hardwax alone, doing something so freaked out (and even a little ugly). An instrumental is included to satisfy the feminists and anti vocal Techno purists, but it's not half as thrilling. The B side "Brainfreeze" sounds like it'll be one of those infinite filter tweak tracks, as it runs a sprightly arpeggio through the paces. But then Craig starts grunting and gasping, a conga enters, mixed distressingly high, and Craig screams, *"You give me brainfreeze baby!"* An answer song to "Milkshake"? □

Dub Reviewed by Steve Barker

Leroy Brown
Color Barrier
MAKASOUND CD/LP

Leroy Brown has been chugging away contentedly on the Canadian reggae scene for the past 20 years or so. His music is now fairly benign, but back in the day he was capable of writing, arranging and producing material of the highest quality, which only rarely gained much recognition beyond the hardcore reggae market. This excellent reissue of tunes cut with a stellar line up of sessioneers between 1978 and 1982 at Channel One, Tubbys and Treasure Isle in Jamaica, and Sound and Kink in Canada, is dominated by several takes on the title track. The original is followed by Skully's percussion cut, a horns version, Clint Eastwood's DJ version as an extended mix of the 7" horns version, and the dub of the original – phew! The repetition is fine as this is a great tune and the different treatments are a master class in versionology – the peculiar alchemy inherent in reggae music, albeit one derived from economic necessity. Also included are the in yer face "Metro Pigs", "Gone Gone", and "Prayer Of Peace" with DJ Captain Charghand (sic), all of which prove Brown is a reggae lyricist in the league of Joe Higgs.

The Congos
Some A Thief/Rasta Congo Man
CONGO MUSIC 10"

The vocals on this are lifted from The Congos' *Feast* album, out on Kingston Sounds, a subsidiary of the regularly vilified Jamaican Recordings label. "Some A Thief" turns out to be a version of "Crazy Baldhead", with Cedric Myton utilising the falsetto style that was the signature sound of The Congos at the height of their vocal powers. This 10" is recommended as a taster – plus there are dubs – as the album is a disappointing affair. Cedric Myton and Congo Ashanti Roy (Roy Johnson) are still estranged, so Brent Dowe, onetime lead singer of The Melodians (of "Rivers Of Babylon" fame), is enlisted to provide some harmony balance. For the original Congos sound, Lee Perry had Watty Burnett add a rich dimension with his baritone harmonies. Judging by the vocals, this is a Cedric Myton solo set, but his voice cannot stand up to this kind of scrutiny. On top of that, the material is weak and the playing tired.

Sam Cooke
Caribbean Cooke Volume Two
STUDIO 7 7

The first edition of *Caribbean Cooke* was a knockout, covering his time in The Soul Stirrers and his RCA heyday. The second volume can't be recommended – the novelty is stretched as the vocals sound far less clean and there is a nasty clash of keys between Cooke's voice and the grafted backing. The tunes are "Little Things You Do" and "Teenage Sonata", the latter running on a dub of John Holt's 'Love I Can Feel'.

The latest and most exciting breed of reggae mashups haven't yet made it to vinyl. Highly recommended are the virtual meetings of Macy Gray and King Tubby on "I & I Try", Madonna Vs The Congos on "The Power Of Goodbye" (fitting sweetly on the "Fisherman" rhythm) and, most bizarrely, Britney Spears cooing "I'm A Slave 4 You" over the late Desmond Dekker's "007 – Shanty Town".

Carl Hervey Meets The Dub Masters Bunny Lee & Prince Jammy
Ecstasy Of Mankind
MAKASOUND CD/LP

Despite the obligatory reggae title hooks, this is an instrumental outing rather than a dub set. The album has a chequered history. It was last released as *Guitar Boogie Dub* by Lee Perry – who had absolutely nothing to do with the production. In late 1977 Carl Harvey was employed in Kingston as a session guitar player by Bunny Lee, and three tracks were recorded in a two hour studio slot the night before he returned to Canada. Many great instrumentalists working in reggae often had to subordinate free exercise of their skills to the strict requirements of the genre. That constraint is blown away in this set, where Harvey runs the stylistic gamut from funk to rock to jazz to pop to the prevailing reggae 'chunka chunka chops'. The opener "Peace Truce" is apparently a Cornell Campbell piece, but comes on like Handnx versioning "I Shot The Sheriff". "Mercury Stars" is the ultra funky Jackie Mittoo tune otherwise known as "The Sniper", "Misty Night" is Tony Joe White's "Rainy Night In Georgia", originally versioned for Jamaican consumption by the great Lord Tanamo, while "Late Night Raver" is yet another cut of Curtis Mayfield's "Queen Majesty". "Breezing" is a take on the old George Benson soft jazz staple usurped in Jamaica by Mikey Chung. For lovers of version, the flipside of dub addiction, this album is a real fun find.

Jezzreel
Great Jah Jah
WACKIES CD/LP

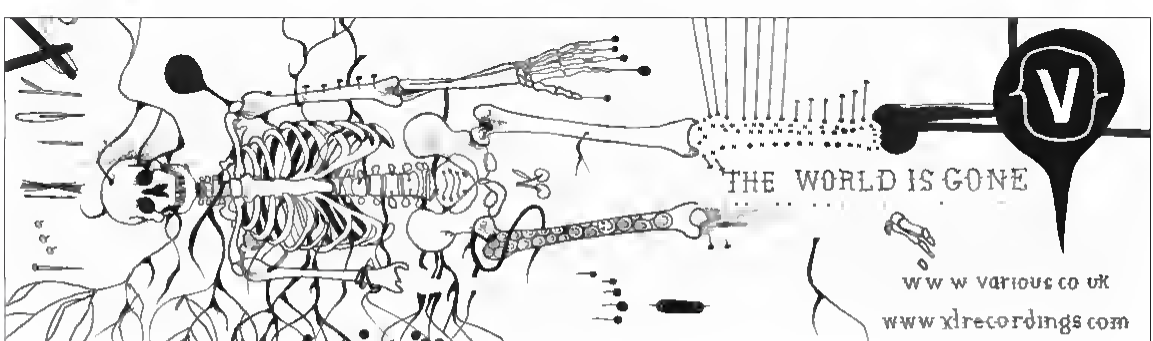
Last seen in Sugar Minott's backline, Jezzreel – the duo of Clive Davis and Christopher Harvey – took their name from the biblical city founded by the tribe of Issachar, where God is said to have cursed Ahab for his greed. Which bodes well for an album chock full of hardcore righteousness, and indeed there is a quota of Rasta spirituality, but it's mixed with a little lovers, too. The six extended cuts of Channel One-style steppers are showcased with segued dub or DJ versions driven by Jah Scotty's New Bread Band – another agglomeration of Wackies' in-house session artillery. Production comes from Bullwackie himself, plus Jah Hamma (aka Prince Douglas), in one of the label's heavier mixes with bass dominant as the tracks break down. The vocals rely more on Clive Davis's lead as the harmonies are thin and a long way short of the standards set by Earth, Stone And Fire and The Viceroys. The lyrics are textbook and predictable, so when DJ Calabash arrives for an unannounced chant on "Roman Soldiers", the interest needle peaks.

Scientist
Dub From The Ghetto
RAS CD

Albums released on RAS, now a Trojan subsidiary, seem to slip by in a generic stream, so time to stop and recognise this retrospective set of Scientist in his young gun prime. Modelled around the old album *Scientist Meets The Roots Radics: Dubbing With Horns*, this picks some of the freshest moments the engineer recorded while he was still emerging from the tutelage of Tubby and Jammy. If there is one cut that illustrates his abilities, without doubt it's "Baltimore", a masterly filleting of Sly & Robbie's production on the Randy Newman tune immortalised by Nina Simone. Mostly dropping the sublime horn section and allowing the deep end piano roll and impossibly sweet flute melody to stretch the rhythm is a pure masterstroke. There are dubs to Linval Thompson's "Pop No Style", Johnny Clarke's "Blood Dunza" and Barry Brown's "Separation", all heavy dancefloor fillers from the early 80s, plus a host of rhythm spotting opportunities, not least Tristan Palmer's awesome "Entertainment", utilising the immortal "Heavenless" and elsewhere the always impressive "Shank I Sheck" and "Real Rock" (aka "Armagideon Time") riddims. Just this side of ear bleeding.

Various
King Culture Presents "Cuss Cuss"
BASIC REPLAY 12"

One of the most versioned rhythms in reggae, "Cuss Cuss" was first cut by Lloyd Robinson for Harry J back in 1969, and then for Studio One in the early 70s. Perhaps the best loved version in the UK was the opening track from Dub Syndicate's *Strike The Balance* album with vocals from the late Bim Sherman. But the weight of versions came in the 80s, 90s and through until today, as "Cuss Cuss" continues to be a favourite of ragga artists. The six cuts here are collected from singles and dub flips produced by King Culture in Toronto and Kingston, Jamaica, in 1980–81. The high tenor of dancehall favourite Rod Taylor's "Little Girl" was voiced in JA. The version is a remarkably brutal piece of dub architecture. Stamma Rank was on the wire for the JA sound Taurus and the tough DJ bump "Taurus Special" was his recording debut. Mixing for all these tunes was done at Tubby's, where apprentices Professor and Fuggy unleashed the Delta 4-machine tape-delay to max effect. ☐



Electronica Reviewed by Chris Sharp

James Figurine
Mistake Mistake Mistake Mistake
MONIKA ENTERPRISE CD

James Figurine is yet another guise of the Californian producer Jimmy Tamborello, best known for his recordings as Dntel and for being – together with Death Cab For Cutie singer Ben Gibbard – one half of The Postal Service. That group's 2003 album *Give Up* has gone on to be such a huge word of mouth success that it's easy to lose sight of the fact that Dntel's 2001 *Life Is Full Of Possibilities* remains a highlight of the still unfolding history of melodic American electronica.

And although it's far closer to The Postal Service's faintly twee electro-pop than it is to Dntel's benign, shimmering soundscapes, *Mistake Mistake Mistake Mistake* may go some way towards focusing attention back on Tamborello's strengths as solo artist. We're told that every song started out as stripped to the bone 4/4 Techno. Subsequent additions have all but obliterated the stark purity of those original sketches, but there's a definite and welcome sense of underlying sturdiness that keeps things from getting too fluffy. The mix, provided by Viennese producer John Tejada, emphasises the beats as much as the soft centred vocals and melancholy melodies. Tracks like "5556668733" benefit from this approach – half Pet Shop Boys ballad, half relentlessly pulsing, deep sheen Eurodisco. It's cultured, but perhaps overly polite with it.

Rasmus Möbius
Medicine Walk
STATLER & WALDORF CD

This is the debut album from Rasmus Möbius, one half of the dub-hop duo Melk, whose releases have also made their appearance via Copenhagen's Statler & Waldorf label. It's hard to tell where the dividing line between collaborative and solo work falls. Like Melk's 2005 *Sports* album, *Medicine Walk* majors on rocksteady, squelchy basslines, leisurely beats and minimal instrumental ornamentation. Splashes of colour are provided by the contributions of synth and trumpet players Nikolaj Hei and Tav Kitgaard, and frankly they're welcome. Sleek, efficient and perfectly mixed though *Medicine Walk* is, it's rarely genuinely attention grabbing. The tempo is welded solid at a moderate lope, the Pole-esque doses of static are all too predictable and while the record as a whole would work just fine as the soundtrack to a 2am toking session, it sounds desperately pedestrian compared to the state of the art Dubstep constructions of the Burial album – surely the new standard by which dub influenced electronica must now be measured.

Niobe
White Hats
TOMLAB CD

Yvonne Cornelius makes unique and spellbinding music. This is the fourth Niobe album and with each of the previous three her curious, handbuilt, spacious songs seemed to be drifting into closer focus. *White Hats* completes the process – it was conceived as a record that would emphasise song structure and for the most part it holds firm against the aleatory, stream of consciousness touches that have made previous Niobe albums such otherworldly experiences. But, crucially, it achieves this without sullying the haze of timeless strangeness that makes Cornelius's music so distinctive.

White Hats opens with the woozy, bossa nova twitch of "Give All To Love", and the song's languid, sandalwood exotica conjures a mood of sweet, yearning dislocation, which trails like a lingering perfume through everything that follows. Although there's not much musical common ground, Niobe shares with the Portland troubadour M Ward an ability to infuse her songs with evocative hints of pre-pop popular music. Despite their 21st century methodology, her records sound like a ghostly transmission from a long lost 1940s Buenos Aires radio station. Artless guitars swoon, flutes and strings gambol like stoned lambs, and Niobe's husky, sensual voice flutters with intuitive, alien grace throughout.

Ochre
Lemodie
BEMBECULA CD

Ochre's debut album – released by Toytronic a couple of years ago – was a generous dose of beatific tunefulness which occasionally felt a little glib. This leisurely follow-up is just as lush and expansive, but the good news is that close inspection reveals a welcome structural complexity. Sure, *Lemodie* works fine as winsome mood music, but there's more going on here than initially meets the ear. Ochre – aka Chris Leary – is a British producer whose music is rooted in an early love for The Orb and *Selected Ambient Works*-era Aphex Twin but Lemodie suggests more wide ranging inspirations and higher aspirations. While the opening "111" is wafting along on a bed of hazy, woozy chords it's pretty but unremarkable, but Leary gives himself plenty of room for manoeuvre, and the entry of a convincingly scored string quartet halfway through elevates the track to an unexpected new plane. "Beneath Fleeting Visions" has a filmic scope which unites ornamental clarinets, delicately plucked harps and intricate percussion programming in faintly brooding sweep of sound, while "Bluebottles" punctuates its lurching, jazzy swing with tangy 303 squelches and *Radiophonic* burbles. In a word, assured.

Outputmassaga
Nebulae
MELODIC CD

This winning collection of astral melodies and cavernous beats manages to make an impact that far outlests its modest 38 minute running time. It's the work of Bernard Emmanual Farley Jr, a graduate student based in Virginia. It's been plucked from the ether and released in a beautiful package by Manchester's Melodic label. Outputmassage's music combines the glossy serenity of *Deep Space*-era Model 500 with the crunchy, homemade beats of early Aphex Twin. Corny and overworked reference points, of course, but made genuinely relevant by the calm assurance with which Farley Jr guides swathes of sound around the wide spaces of his mix. A track like "Snow" showcases his technique in its purest form – a spare, springy, four-square rhythmic platform is gradually garlanded, first by a mournful, one finger analogue keyboard melody and then by a caressing flock of warm, supportive chords. There's a distant clattering of environmental noise, too – it's as simple as anything, but poised, musical and affecting nonetheless.

Printed Circuit
The Sound Of The Wonderful Technique
CATMOBILE CD

You could think of Printed Circuit as a kind of safari park, a safe place for an endangered species to roam and play, shielded from the evolutionary progress raging unstoppably outside. Clare Broadley's amiable, wide eyed electro-pop project has reached its second album, but as the title of the opening track ("Continue? Y/N") makes clear, she remains as besotted by 1980s home computing and first generation video games as ever. In Printed Circuit's brightly coloured, hermetically sealed world, the Commodore 64 still reigns supreme and The Human League will never be toppled from the *Top Of The Pops*. Broadley's chunky, child friendly basslines are like Giorgio Moroder rebuilt in Lego. It's such a comfortable, immediately convincing sound world that it's all too easy to spend *Wonderful Technique*'s dinky 30 minute running time smiling at the retro flourishes rather than concentrating on the considerable subtlety which which these seemingly artless songs are put together. But tracks like "Movements" and "Oseka Shalom" are littered with unexpected chord changes and surprising little twists and turns. Printed Circuit's mannered naivety is only skin deep.

Gregory Taylor
Voiceband Jilt
CYCLING 74 CD

Sometimes the simplest ideas are also the most fertile. The possibilities opened up by Stockhausen's experiments with tape loops in the early 1950s have yet to be exhausted, rampaging away from the academy and – via any number of post-digital innovations – into just about every form of music. And many of these developments have been documented by Gregory Taylor, who for the last two decades has broadcast a questing weekly radio show called RTQE from his home town of Winnipeg. *Voiceband Jilt* is another manifestation of his fascination with electronic loops, conceived as a homage to the Fällt label's monolithic 2001 *Invalid Object* series. It was improvised around looped quotes from that epic source of raw material. Taylor's own approach is one of subtle, gradual recombination, creating a creeping, dramatic tension between stasis and progress. These pieces range from the spare and whispery ("_A") to the metallic and agitated ("_F"), but a constant sense of stealthy progress animates them all, producing a genuinely satisfying sense of organic unity.

Venetian Snares
Cavalcade Of Glee And Dadaist Happy Hardcore Pom Poms
PLANET MU CD

You know what you're getting with Aaron Funk – up to a point, at least. He's certainly got the knack of generating a random, free associated title which also manages to offer a devastatingly accurate insight into the music, and *Cavalcade Of Glee* is his best-named album since *Higgins Ultra Low Track Glue Funk Hits*. But given that the man has built a musical career – indeed, almost a whole genre – out of seizure-provoking juxtapositions, breathless non sequiturs and wilful, ramshackle eccentricity, it's intriguing to note that this latest outing continues the increased interest in coherence and sonic polish signalled by his last record, the career best *Rossz Csillag Alatt Született*. Which is not to say that Funk has gone all easy listening on us, or even all IDM.

His trademark scattershot rhythms, dazzling shifts of focus and random cries of *"doughnut"* are still present and correct – it's just that they're pinned together by the sleek Detroit textures of "Swindon", or given room to breathe by the stark, French-accented spaces of "Tache". Devotees will be bewitched, and if you've never quite seen the point of Venetian Snares, this could be the record to enlighten you.

Takashi Wada
Araki
DNITOR CD

Takashi Wada's *Meguro* debut was named after the suburb of Tokyo that he grew up in. *Araki*, his second, is named after his late grandfather. For Wada, electronic composition is clearly rooted in the personal and in individual experience. *Araki* grew out of the process of reflection that followed his grandfather's death, but it's a far from gloomy experience. Measured, certainly, and wistful too, but leavened by buoyant melodies and insouciant one-finger keyboard patterns. While much Japanese electronica revels in gauche naivety, *Araki* derives a welcome weight from both its sombre inspiration and from Wada's formal expertise. Many of these tracks are lengthy, but they're rarely aimless or merely decorative. Guitars, brass and piano offer a range of organic textural counterpoint, and there's plenty of rhythmic sleight of hand – a track like "True Connection" skips effortlessly between pulsating, flicker frame urgency and languid, loping grace. Wada can be playful, too – "To Dance With The White Dog" is a genial romp that blends blissful ascents and cheeky retro twinkles, while "Memory Of John Astor" is prematurely elegant digidub. If anything can be amniotic and bracing at the same time, this is it. □

Global Reviewed by Richard Henderson

Asif Ali Khan & Party
Mazarana
LONG DISTANCE CD

To be a qawwali – that breed of improvising singer whose art is rooted in the poetry of Sufi mystics – from Pakistan is hard enough, but to be one named Ali Khan must be even harder these days. In the last years of his life, the late Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan looked fondly on the talents of Asif Ali Khan, recognising the younger singer's ability. *Mazarana*'s four extended performances have a cavernous ambience, but rather than overwhelming the recording, it skilfully replicates the acoustics within the tombs that host the most inspired qawwali recitals. A whirling energy generated from the human voice, hand percussion and pump organ threatens to trump the most selfconsciously fierce Metal or Industrial acts. In particular, the 17 minutes spent immersed in Asif's rendition of "Dam Dama Dam Must Qalandar" makes the balance of one's waking day seem like so many hours murdered.

Uun Budiman & Jugala Gamelan Orchestra
Bandonan: New Directions in Jaipongan
DUNYA/FELRAY CD

A pop music style prevalent in Java from the 60s onward, jaipongan stirred the disapproval of statesmen and parents alike. Because of the era in which it emerged, its instrumentation was local: a variant on the front-porch small gamelan ensembles found in Java's Sunda region, including metallophones, rebab fiddle and galloping riffs alternately played on double headed drums and/or sung by a male chorus. Though jaipongan originated partly in response to President Sukarno's ban on foreign culture, it incited a wave of reactionary sentiment, which is peculiar given its incorporation of classical motifs and timbres. A prime mover behind the form since the 70s, Dr Gugum Gumbira Tirasondjaja helms this new collection featuring the vocals of Uun Budiman. Like her predecessor, Idjah Hadidjah (whose 1980s Nonesuch album was the first – and for years the only – jaipongan album readily available outside of Java), Budiman sings in the same high-pitched range as the rebab, her vocals twining around the fiddle's arabesques. For those already acquainted with the court gamelans of Jogyakarta and other representations of classical composition from the area, *Bandonan* offers new turns on a familiar sumptuous palette.

Thomas Mapfumo
Rise Up
REAL WORLD CD

In years of Zimbabwe's battle to end colonial rule, native son Thomas Mapfumo and his Acid Band released a string of incendiary singles (collected as *The Chimurenga Years*). Years later, having incurred the wrath of the Mugabe regime through his continued outspokenness, Mapfumo relocated to Oregon. Though the performances of his latest release show his demeanour has mellowed with time, these opened essays in song are no less incisive in their observations on corruption and the privations endured by his countrymen (*Rise Up* has reportedly already been banned by Zimbabwe's state radio). Just as earlier in his career, the guitar parts mimic and interweave with mbira thumb piano patterns. The flanged effect that has long been Mapfumo's sonic thumbprint is still in evidence, but it's now reserved for the guitar alone; in the old days, his engineer would cram the entire group's output through the effect. Otherwise, *Rise Up* frames Mapfumo the elder statesman in spacious, dark-toned recordings, with Hammond organ prominent in the confident instrumental mesh of his group, The Blacks Unlimited.

The Musicians Of The Nile
Down By The River
LONG DISTANCE CD

These musical crown princes of Luxor, Egypt have not been heard on record since their stellar 1996 disc, *Charcoal Gypsies*. In the intervening years a number of key elder players have passed on: rababeh virtuoso Metqal Qenawi Metqal most significant among them. Yet The Musicians Of The Nile have rematerialised in fine form, with the group's youngest members sounding as though they have inhaled several generations of sare wind. Fans of Terry Riley's *A Rainbow In Curved Air* will find familiar components in the working methods of these Egyptian gypsies: rattling cadences tapped from the brittle skin of a daff frame drum, recycling modal riffs sketched, then compounded by a phalanx of fiddles whose numbers seemingly increase with each repetition, and vocal melodies whose ornaments are evidently carved from passing clouds or curls of hash smoke.

Darko Rundek & Cargo Orkestar
Mhm A Ha Oh Yeah Da-Da
FIRANHA CD

Yugoslav expat Darko Rundek offers more sketches of his own Elba: virtual real estate that only partly resembles the area of Paris where he now lives. To judge by *Mhm A Ha Oh Yeah Da-Da*, he's been exiled to a multilingual realm, where rarely is a single couplet sung in but one tongue – Esperanto and Latin are possibly the only languages not used. Cargo Orkestar vamp alongside him in a studiedly sleazy manner: oily violin motifs enjoying congress with distorted guitar, the drummer inhabiting suitably narcotic meters. *Mhm A Ha Oh Yeah Da-Da* builds yet another artery by which Balkan sounds can travel and commingle with European pop. Though his ostensible subject matter might cover drugs or the Internet or obnoxious tourists, a castaway's loneliness permeates Rundek's singing and every note played by his Orkestar.

Ali Farka Touré
Savane
WORLD CIRCUIT CD

That titan of Sahelian blues, the late Ali Farka Touré may have retired from performance as often as Ray Davies. His last studio release – 1999's *Niafunké* – marked the winding down of his concert activities, coupled with a shift in vocation, as local agricultural concerns in Mali increasingly occupied his attention. Fortunately, he couldn't ignore the musical instinct, and began a series of fruitful collaborations with musicians in Mali and Burkina Faso which generated the source material for his final, regrettably posthumous release, *Savane*, on which he's paired with Nick Gold, his most sympathetic producer. The sound is closer to an American blues recording than anything in his career. These are for the most part busy and deceptively complex arrangements: all sinew and devoid of unnecessary trimmings. Pee Wee Ellis turns up occasionally on saxophone, alongside Little George Sueref, who adds amplified mouth harp to the album opener "Erdi". Some might prefer the intensity of *Niafunké*'s starker settings, but when Touré ramped up the size and diversity of his ensemble, there was nothing gratuitous in the results.

Trio Kavkasia
The Fox And The Lion: Georgian Vocal Music
TRADITIONAL CROSSROADS CD

Another intriguing example of complex music surviving for centuries despite never having been formally notated. As with the ragas of Indian and numerous other traditions, the repertoire of folk melodies from the region of Georgia, in the Caucasus mountains, survives through oral transmission. One generation teaches the extensive song catalogue to the next, that folk music remains an active part of daily life in rural villages doubtless facilitates this transfer. The selection of Georgian folk music comprising Trio Kavkasia's preservationist effort, *The Fox And The Lion*, represents the gamut of typical subject matter: Christmas carols, tales of unrequited love, paeans to the singer's homeland. The three singers heard here seem to form a vocal amalgam that suggests a much larger ensemble. Perhaps this owes to the unique rules of harmony governing Georgian folk music (the fifth interval rather than the octave as place of stability), combined with the naturally reverberant soundstage (a monastery in upstate New York). Then again, much of this music's allure is threaded deep within the melodies and harmonic movement of these songs.

Various
Indonesia: Postmodern Volume One
LEMYNG CD

This collection was initially intended as the soundtrack to a documentary investigating psychological maladies in Bali and Java, but after the devastation of the recent earthquake in Jogyakarta, *Indonesia: Postmodern Volume One* was retitled and released to raise money for disaster relief in the area. Beginning with a haunting fragment of a cappella song recorded in Central Java, the collection moves on to Sahilin, a guitarist and singer who wails a contemplative South Pacific blues. The sizes of the ensembles then increase, from acoustic guitar duets, pairings of flute and fluttering hand drums, through combinations of the metallic percussion intrinsic to gamelan orchestras and Western instruments (cello and Mexican requinto guitar), and Indian sitar accommodating the tempi and intonation of the Javanese mallet instruments. The dignified character of these East meets West groupings justifies the unique mix of instruments. Symmetry is achieved as the final selections return to the village settings and the recording studio – destroyed by the earthquake – where this study in deep listening and cross-cultural investigation began.

Various
Panama! Latin, Calypso And Funk On The Isthmus 1965–75
SOUND WAY CD

As a cultural crucible, Panama is almost too good to be true. The tiny political district sitting above the isthmus connecting North and South America shone brightly in the late 60s and early 70s, as this brilliant compilation attests. The tracks collected on *Panama!* are a result of the country's proximity to Colombia (the pelvic thrust of cumbia rhythms and variations on salsa) mixed with regular injections of American R&B hits. Exposure to The Exciters intensified. African take on a James Brown chestnut, fortified with deep bass and wah-wah effects, will only improve your summer. Acoustic tracks provide a tie to an immortal compilation from the French Vogue label, *Street Music Of Panama*, but the majority of this disc describes the music making and record buying habits of an equatorial people concentrated in a few urban areas, people for whom a medley of Four Seasons songs was the raw stuff of homegrown chimerical funk.

Various
Rough Guide To Bachata
WORLD MUSIC NETWORK CD

An earlier *Rough Guide* compilation documented the Dominican Republic's innovations within Caribbean rhythm. The skipping beats and agitated guitar figures underpinning songs by Frank Reyes and Anthony Santos were a good introduction to bachata, the preferred soundtrack for cockfights and barroom romance in the eastern regions of Hispaniola. *Rough Guide To Bachata* is stacked with new material from both Reyes and Santos, in addition to introducing a dozen other bachateros, including Raulin Rodriguez, whose tenor voice an immediately memorable instrument, seems to be held aloft by luminous reverb. As with performers from an earlier halcyon era of American Nashville, these singers from Caribbean tobacco country can stuff lightning and heartbreak in the same bottle and ship it just about anywhere. Bachata has its Elvis, too: Elvis Martinez (aka "The Shrimp") a Rodriguez acolyte whose spin on the style incorporates what might be 80s vintage Linn drums emphasising a mambo inflected bassline. □

HipHop Reviewed by Hua Hsu

Cosmo Baker/Pase Rock/ Spankrock
Xxxplosive
RUB CD

This triple X monster teams Cosmo Baker with Cool Disco MC Spankrock and subdued Five Dazz triple-threat Pase Rock in a veritable cage fight of styles – grimy radio raps, Peter Crouch-like throwback robotics and throbbing House music. It's all here. The Caribbean drum show of Nicko and Real Live Shows Fate Rock riffing "Give The Creator Some" lazes its way into the E Z listening Gringo Starr remix of Nas's "Made You Look" – two classy reworks of rap classics. Further down they drop the utterly bizarre Diplo remix of "Stay Fly", which aspires for a midpoint between Balimore, Rio and Jomm. It's all about weird transit: Trick Daddy radios "Throw The D" and namedrops the swampland's legendary Pack Jam club, and Yal – a tiny, filthy French rapper or so she sounds – pops up with "Short Dick Cuzi". Things get even smaller when Brit Lady Sov closes it out with the surprisingly tight "Hoodie".

Bambouche Of Vanguard Squad
Operation Snatchback
VANGUARD/KSD 12"

One half of the mighty Vanguard Squad – freedom lovers, truly – New Yorker Bambouche re-emerges from what I imagine to be a Kaczynski-like underground lab with a fresh remix of The Coup's classic 1994 anthem, "Takin' These". Boots and former sidemen-turned longshoremen E-Roc push the proles to snatch back what's theirs (in their minds, at least). *"I can't feed my family with a Happy Meal."* E smacks, while Boots invades your domesticity: *"Knock knock knock motherfucke/ let me in/I just wanna kick it in your big ass den/And if you don't like it, take two to the chin/And show me to the kitchen 'cause my kids is getting thin."* (The music is super-topical, too – the drums are borrowed from The Honey Drippers' "Impeach The President", and there are righteous snippets galore.) The crusade continues on the flip – "Things I Know Will Be In Your Next Bible" refits Rakim's "Guess Who's Back" with some stiff, tap-drip funk while "Destined To Get Tested" is a chaotic traipse of keyboards and timid violin pulls through the private mind garden of the rapper DC.

The Clipsa
Mr Me Too
JIVE/ZLG 12"

The Clipse's second album, *Hell Hath No Fury*, still hath no release date – someday, maybe. For now we make do with the lead single, an anthem for all the ones of a kind tired of being mimicked. *"I say I got a Benz so you said 'me too',"* Pharrell circuitously brags, before his requisite mentions of Ice Cream sneakers, Bathing Ape, G4s (not the computer) and private spaceships to Aspen. He sounds surprisingly limber on the mic, though it's Pusha T and Malice who the rapping Misters want to mime. Pusha brags about his Pyrex-to-Cavalli makeover, while Malice flings crack like gobstoppers – *"We cloud hoppers, tailor suits like we mobsters."* Back on the proper side of the glass, Pharrell plumbs the depths for new sounds: depth charges track the beat, sonar pings offer some contrast and the trio rap as quietly, above-whispery as possible, so as not to disturb the life aquatic.

Dangerdoom
Old School
LEX 12

Luck never seems to find MF Doom. While producer of the minute Danger Mouse cavorts around in *Star Wars* outfits with a suddenly famous Cee-Lo on primetime MTV, in Gnarls Barkley, Doom's hoped for breakthrough record with DM is already an afterthought. Perhaps it was a problem of approach – Dangerdoom just sounded too damn happy, even the Gorillaz record had more edge.

"Old School" is a perfect example: a corny, gameshow fanfare offering guest Talib Kweli space to float out limp non-observations about cartoons and politics – *"And I might be buggin'/But it seem to me/That cartoons be realer than reality TV."* Really? *"We'll be right back after these messages,"* Doom saves us rhyming in the rain *"with his nose runny"* and lamenting the degradation of Old School values. Regarding the current intellectual scene, an incredulous MF asks: *"What kinda chitlins is that?"* Still, the beat is just a bit too chipper. The same might be said of Madlib's remix of "Space Hos", which verges on Muzak, but it gels with Doom's fantasies of hosting his own late night talk show, where he can *"jest with the guests"* and configure a couch featuring *"Father Guido Sarducci/ Father MC and Charo – Cuchi Cuchi!"* Cuchi Wally!

The Federation
I Wear My Stunna Glasses At Night
VIRGIN 12"

Deny it as you might, the 1980s have cycled back in a very real way. The latest example is this lead single off The Federation's second album, ostensibly a rework of one of Canadian pops finest bits of counter hegemony, Corey Hart's "Sunglasses At Night". The premise here is the same, though it's safe to say that the twin Corey assault wasn't lurking in the same parts of town as Fed rappers Doon, Goldie and Stres. Perhaps the best rap record about garish nighttime eyewear since "Snatching Cazals" (or maybe the last Bay song about stunna shades), the trio and guest E-40 trade barbs about gunching out Christian Dior frames, copping the newest styles at Dave and Busters, riding around in burnt orange scrapers and looking like Kool Moe Dee, a bug, or both. Doon shines, bragging about a rare Spidermen inspired shade frame that's the colour of cayenne pepper. E-40 hogs up a considerable portion of the middle with a so-so clarification that he neither invented the term 'hyphy' nor started the shades thing.

GLC & A-Trak
Drive Slow
MIX UNIT CD

Chi-city rapper GLC deserves a much taller podium, if only so he can continue his sideline hustle as a film critic. Of *The Wild*, he recently observed, "Hmm... so this is like a mark-ass *Lion King*? I haven't seen a mark-ass lion since *The Wiz*." More than just a Kanye-co-signed charity case, GLC brings the same, say anything wit to his music, reviving the dead art of prank-call skits, versioning Three 6 Mafia as "From Tha Chi-y-y-y-y" and lazily bragging, *"I ain't Iraq but I'm gon' blow up."* A-Trak fixes a winner with "Chi State Of Mind", a splendid Kanye-esque twirl of 1980s-sounding soul and screwed down hook, over which GLC describes cleaning his chain with Colgate. "Can't Complain" jacks some Brian Bennett futurism for "Jesus Walks"-style introspection (*"Why I only go to church if my boy in a hearse?/You ain't even gotta say it, I know I'm the worst"*), while the Bush-doubting, contradiction-embracing "Spaceship 06" furthers the pathos play. "One Day" and the whistle-while you-lurk "Haterville" also shine.

2Max & Life Rexall
Green Grass/So Money
UP ABOVE 12"

Stare at the American dollar bill long enough and you start seeing things – Jonathan arrows, the number 13, the Twin Towers pluming smoke, 72 stones forming the broken pyramid of the eye of Providence, etc. This is what happened to Visionaries 2Max and Life Rexall, indie superheroes who have joined forces to become Smartyr. The first single off *Money Symbol Martyrs* offers two interpretations of the colour green. "Green Grass" isn't about bucks or bud, instead 2Max struggles with more basic issues, like whether the other side's grass is always greener. *"Travelled the world, but I'd trade it for a family."* The Fernando of rap raps, before slinking back into the labyrinthine possibilities of his beloved/hated LA.

Meanwhile Rexall plays the other side of the turf, finding strength in their underdog, David-sized enterprise. "So Money" picks up where *Swingers* left off, as the pair celebrate the small riches they've acquired as ratty DIY heroes. *"I'm so money and I don't even know it,"* Max smiles. His partner Life just can't get over his big fucking teeth and how sweet his hustle is, bragging about his one-man business and bricks of cash in the mattress. □

Barry Adamson
Stranger on the Sofa

The new album.
Available now on CD
and download.

"As good as anything he has done. The bleak, dysfunctional cityscapes conjured are nightmarish." THE SUNDAY TIMES CULTURE ★★★★
"This is it. After decades of giving us good and even fine work, he's finally treated the faithful to a masterpiece." ALL MUSIC GUIDE ★★★★½
"Proves once again what an unnerving space the interior of his head must be." MOJO ★★★★

For web-only exclusives, please visit Central Control - www.barryadamson.com
Central Control is distributed in the UK by Forte Distribution www.fortedistribution.co.uk

Central Control

Jazz & Improv Reviewed by Julian Cowley

Bass Tone Trap
Trapping
MUSIC À LA CODUE CD

ASK
Acoustic Quartet 2006
DISCUS CD

Bass Tone Trap were a Sheffield sextet with Martin Archer and Derek Saw on saxophones John Jasnoch and Neil Carver playing electric guitars, drummer Pete Infanti and double bassist Paul Shaft. *Trapping* was initially issued on vinyl back in 1983 and it sounds of its time – angular and funky post-punk jazz rock. It smacks variously of The Magic Band, Ornette Coleman's Prime Time, Pigbag, Rip, Rig & Panic and The Voice Of God Collective. The group are clearly enjoying themselves and the music remains entertaining, for a few listens at least. Two additional tracks and a spoken appraisal by local fans round out the CD reissue.

23 years on, Archer and Jasnoch form half of ASK, performing an acoustic and more abstract music with cellist Angela Rosenfeld and percussionist Charlie Collins. Archer tends to sound acerbically assertive on soprano and alto, Jasnoch is tuneful and allusive on guitar, mandolin and oud, Collins oddly new on vibraphone. Rosenfeld's contribution is subtle and cohesive. AACM values seem to provide the main springboard into this music. Five circuitous tracks, one lasting more than half an hour, make for a diffuse, rambling and sporadically diverting set – a January 2006 live report rather than a studiously premeditated statement.

Beck/Drenching/Pleasure
A Low Carbonation
DISCUS CD

Mick Beck, THE Drenching and Sonic Pleasure doing whatever it is they do, in a seditious huddle, using bassoon and whistles, dictaphones, and bricks and flute respectively. The trio keep themselves busy, mostly avoiding any connotations of Music with a capital M. The sounds they make are negligible and real with plenty of potential for irritation if you're searching for grand gestures and conciliatory attitudes. It's a matter of plentiful rustling, clunks, warbles and gurgling. It meanders and is engagingly minor, an instance rather than a product. It's a kind of improvising that brings to my mind Robert Wyatt wondering (on the second Soft Machine album) why people sit and listen instead of doing it themselves. After a couple of plays I found I was liking it a lot.

Bennett/Bryerton/Butcher/DeGruttola/Kaiser/Smith
Sextessense
BALANCE POINT ACOUSTICS CD

The character of The Spontaneous Music Ensemble varied considerably according to their active personnel, yet the group's identity remained firmly anchored in the playing and ideas of drummer John Stevens. During the past 30 years, many collective improvising outfits have paid implicit tribute to Stevens and The SME. *Sextessense* featuring a heavyweight ensemble of John Butcher (saxophone), Henry Kaiser (guitar), Aaron Bennett (saxophone), Danielle DeGruttola (cello), Damon Smith (double bass) and Jerome Bryerton (percussion), pays its dues overtly. Two pieces take off from exercises Stevens proposed in his book *Search And Reflect*, and seven others are freely conceived in his spirit. While not narrowly imitative, this fine ensemble have the proper spring and kinetic intimacy, the right balance of intense listening and absorbed participation, internal tension and self regulating motion. The value of this music as a tribute resides in its display of genuine vitality within an approach that Stevens did so much to open up.

Hélène Breschand
Le Goût Du Sel
D'AUTRES CORDES CD

Parisian harpist Hélène Breschand has previously recorded interpretations of work by John Cage and Luciano Berio and has collaborated with saxophonist Michel Doneda and other radical improvisors, demonstrating her readiness to deconstruct her instrument's identity. The eight pieces on the remarkable *Le Goût Du Sel* are her own conceptions, elegant melodies and moody soundscapes flowing into and through one another, enhanced with occasional French text, spoken by Breschand. She plays acoustic and electric versions of the instrument, manoeuvring skilfully between conventional soundings and unorthodox techniques in ways that remind me, in spirit and to some extent in effect, of Fred Frith's approach to guitar – inclusive yet open. If – despite the efforts of Zeena Parkins and others – you still regard the harp as an anachronism, just experience the scope and power of Breschand's "Le Festin De Penthésilée".

Marcos Fernendes/Hans Fjellestad/Haco/Jakob Riis
Haco Hans Jakob Marcos
ACCRETIONS CD

Two California residents plus one Danish and one Japanese musician recorded at a session in Tijuana, Mexico in 2003. Marcos Fernandes plays drums and percussion, Hans Fjellestad synthesizer, Jakob Riis Powerbook, Haco electronics, toys and voice. The outcome is a set of five agitated yet tightly bound improvisations that disclose real affinity amongst these disparate players. The capacity of Fernandes to mix his kit convincingly with electronic instruments while heightening the music's momentum, most notably on "Glow", is a key element in its success. Not that any group involving Fjellestad is likely to become becalmed, driven as he is by wild enthusiasm for the analogue synth's lurking squeals, chimes and burbles. Haco and Riis add viscosity and texturing, and it all hangs together in motion.

Curtis Hasselbring
The New Mellow Edwards
SKIRL CD

A Fixies number, a 1941 Fats Waller tune and nine originals by trombonist Curtis Hasselbring add up to *The New Mellow Edwards*. In the failsafe company of reedsman Chris Speed, bassist Trevor Dunn and drummer John Hollenback, Hasselbring shimmies gracefully through Black Francis's "Ana" and engagingly through Waller's "Mamacita". His own material embraces both amiable jauntiness and confident probes into abstraction. Dunn and Hollenback get seriously tricky with matters of rhythm and tempo. Speed plays mainly tenor with occasional welcome reminders of his highly appealing clarinet tone. Hasselbring is supple, robust and expressively accented. It's all a lot of fun and beautifully played.

Kidd Jordan/Hamid Drake/William Parker
Palm Of Soul
AUR FIDELITY CD

In the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, New Orleans saxophonist Kidd Jordan headed for Brooklyn and recorded *Palm Of Soul* with percussionist Drake and bassist Parker. Jordan has a distinctively full, rich tone on tenor, a directly affecting soulful sound, tinged with vibrato that seems to affirm a deep pleasure in playing. And even when playing out, there's a core to the character of that sound that's rooted and funky. Drake and Parker mostly decline to supply straightforward rhythmic support. Jordan's frank manner benefits from the complications they offer. Parker uses gongs, singing bowls, talking drum and guimbri (an untempered African lute) as well as bass. Drake plays tablas and frame drum as well as his kit. They steer the dynamics with subtlety and skill and Jordan responds, clearly energised by this association even when the prevailing mood is contemplative.

Josephson/Leandre/Smith/Blume
Cruxes
BALANCE POINT ACOUSTICS CD

The primary interest here is the interaction and contrast between dynamic double bassists Damon Smith and Joëlle Léandre. Léandre crops up so regularly these days that she would risk being overrecorded if she weren't so phenomenally creative. Here, once again, she steers the music into unexpected quarters, sounding the bass over and over in ways that offer a new slant on its capabilities. Technique is for her a key to exploration, and she's technically awesome. Smith is impressive building a reputation as a strong and adventurous free player. But it's Léandre who can deliver the genuinely unanticipated and communicate a sense of necessary music emerging in the moment. Drummer Martin Blume and singer Aurora Josephson are involved too, although their roles seem largely secondary, decorative and even at times a distraction from the main event.

Junk Box
Fragment
LIBRA CD

Ten compositions by pianist Satoko Fujii performed with trumpeter Natsuki Tamura and ubiquitous percussionist John Hollenbeck. Like Aki Takase, Fujii is an aggressively percussive, frequently explosive pianist. The sheer power of her attack is one of the more surprising aspects of this music. Tamura's approach is well-suited to it – a tough, lashing and declamatory style. He uses electronics on some tracks, echoing his compatriot Toshinori Kondo's imposing trumpet style. Hollenbeck is characteristically thoughtful and subtle in method and means, steering clear of obvious ways to punctuate or embellish this forceful music, introducing unexpected colourings and crafty shifts of tempo. There are constrained passages in the course of this set and also some humour, but a sense of bristling energy demanding release is never far away. Now and again Fujii and Tamura lapse into predictable free jazz. Hollenbeck, though, isn't that kind of drummer.

Aki Takase
Tarantella
PSI CD

Aki Takase's piano playing retains its clenched intensity and power even through the extended spidery swirl of the title track, which opens the excellent *Tarantella*. She thrives in vigorous company – here, it's a taut and spiky string quartet of violinist Aleks Kolkowski, Maurice Horsthuis on viola, cellist Tristan Honsinger and Nobuyoshi Ino on double bass. "Tarantella" is one of two lengthy Takase compositions which allow the string players ample room to assert themselves. Eric Dolphy's "Hat And Beard", from *Out To Lunch*, gets a lively overhaul. There's also an idiosyncratic reworking of Charlie Haden's "Song For Che" and two Carla Bley numbers performed with the kind of incisive edge missing from Bley's own work in recent years. The boozy lurch of Bley's "Drinking Music" evokes a suitably decadent cabaret band. Elsewhere, animated strings swarm around the piano, as Takase threatens constantly to crash through the confines of the material. Exhilarating throughout.

Trevor Watts & Jamie Harris
Live In São Paulo, Brasil
HI4HEAD RECORDS CD

Recorded live at a 2005 concert in Sapo Paulo before an enthusiastic audience – live being surely the best way to catch saxophonist Trevor Watts and percussionist Jamie Harris. Watts feeds from the momentum of Harris's energetic pattern making. On soprano saxophone, and to some extent alto, he favours a taut, nasal tone reminiscent of Middle Eastern or North African double reed instruments. The association is compounded by his taste for sinuous melodic lines, unfurled around the contours of Harris's buoyant drumming. For a long time Watts has given priority to communicative directness in his music. In this duo as in Moiré Music and The Celebration Band, Watts achieves that goal with skill and imagination, and without a hint of crudity or complacency. As ever, the result is highly enjoyable and well worth hearing. □

Outer Limits Reviewed by Jim Haynes

The Angelic Process
Coma Waering
PARADIGMS CD

For all its bombastic strategies for reinvention, Metal has always defined itself through a stranglehold on the mighty riff. The Angelic Process may be attempting to carve out another new subgenre of Metal (Ambient drone Metal, if you must know) but the savage churn of downtuned riffs is fundamental to their sound. The 'Ambient drone' aspect draws on the lugubrious atmospheres of mid 90s indie shoegazing. But instead of drifting on a sea of blissful guitar wash, The Angelic Process punctuate a Swans-like rhythmic crawl with a savage use of 'explode and release' dynamics and densely packed slabs of guitars, which shift between blackened desolation and celestial luminosity in slippery fashion. The dichotomy imbues *Coma Waering* with an almost apocalyptic framework, like a score to some mythological battle between good and evil. However far from sounding corny, The Angelic Process are as demonstrably powerful as Jesu, Godflesh and anything else JK Broadrick has produced.

Arastoo
Three
ISOUNDERSCORE LP

Oakland label Isounderscore is only a few releases old, but has already embraced an intriguing area of sound research between the precision of 20th century computer music and Dark Ambient's grim expressionism. The black on black artwork for Arastoo Derakhshan's debut leaves no doubt about the sonic spectres within. But the resemblances to Walter Marchetti's composition *Nel Mari Del Sud* place this well outside the realm of Lustmord copyists. Derakhshan manipulates a slow procession of chiming tones (possibly steel strings, springs or even a piano struck with soft mallets), cleverly mirroring each of the sounds into a knot of out of phase frequencies, rendering the source material a chimera of eerie atonalities. These bent sounds are scattered at a deliberately funereal pace across a Harry Bertoia-like cascade of metallurgist drone, giving *Three* an air of compelling desolation.

Martyn Bates & Troum
To A Child Dancing In The Wind
TRANSGRESSIONT CD

In many ways, the career of Martyn Bates has mirrored that of David Sylvian: a transition from an eccentric producer of art pop in Eyeless In Gaza, to a romantic crooner with avant garde sensibilities. Just as Sylvian's work with Christian Fennesz and Derek Bailey added a contemporary sparkle to his voice, Bates's collaboration with German drone specialists Troum seeks to recast his vocal melodramas in a new light. Inspired by the mystical poems of WB Yeats, *To A Child Dancing In The Wind* pairs Bates's elegant tenor falsettos with the snowblind ambience and moonstruck melancholy of Troum's signature drones. Previously Troum have delved into the depths of dark monochromatic rumblings, but here their arrangements are much lighter, recalling the more transient atmospheres from Tim Mortal Coil.

Kapotte Muziek & Lethe
Tsurumai
INTRANSITIVE CD

The Japanese/Dutch summit which resulted in *Tsurumai* reflects a methodology of extracting minute sound from silence. Kapotte Muziek is the long standing 'broken music' project of Frans De Waard. Roel Meelkop and Peter Dumelinks, and the trio's collaboration with Kiyoharu Kuwayama (aka Lethe) musters the tiniest of acoustic clicks, bleeps and scratches out of expansive passages of nothingness. Eventually, constellations of uneasy ripples, clinical hiss and a gingerly caterwauling violin appear before dissolving back into the prevailing silence.

Andrew Liles
The Dying Submariner
BETA LACTAM RING CD

Hypnotically simple album from occasional Nurse With Wound collaborator Andrew Liles. While there is no spoken narrative, the sequence of events is perfectly clear: the nautical protagonist finds his bathysphere cast free from its tether to the surface world and eventually plunges into the ocean's depths. Liles guides this grim tale through numerous different moods, using polyphonous tone clusters and arpeggiated hammerings to connote the shift from dreamy weightlessness into nourish tension, pushing towards a forbidding chill. The final piano notes emerge from cavernous reverb and leaden sustain, both curiously playful and drunkenly stumbling – a comedic twist of fate for the luckless submariner, or his final thoughts flashing before his eyes as he nears his demise?

Ahsis Mahapatra
Orange Of
TRUE/FALSE CD

Ahsis Mahapatra kicks off his impressive debut album with a wall of sparkling guitar monochords – sugar coated with laptop trickery – which will inevitably be compared to My Bloody Valentine and Fennesz. As his heavily filtered and layered guitar samples disperse, Mahapatra stomps on the distortion box, channelling a narcoleptic pink noise directly from the magenta nebula of *Loveless*. His introverted expressionism and resampling of guitar techniques are certainly in step with Kevin Shields's innovations, which were later expounded by Fennesz. *Orange Of* may be mimetic, but Mahapatra proves himself to be a deft tunesmith, mingling wistfully nostalgic melodies with pixellated fizz and irradiated tone float.

Origami Replika
Kommerz
SEGERHUVA CD

Norwegian noise meets Japanese noise, as the Origami Replika trio of Lasse Marhaug, Tore H Bøe and Mads Steff Jensen use archival Merzbow recordings as the source material for *Kommerz*, recorded in 1997. The Norwegians employed Merzbow cassettes from the early 80s as well as a handful of mid-90s CDs, bridging Masami Akita's huge stylistic leap from the primitive 'noise junk' of early Merzbow to the sustained viral explosion of his later pre digital sound. As one would expect, *Kommerz* is a testosterone-driven assault on the ears with dive bombing squeals, volcanic rumblings, compacted mechanical plunks and the cackling crunch of overloaded distortion boxes, juxtaposing exasperated female moans and heavy male breathing in a quickened pulse which erupts in a climax of primal noise.

Reformed Faction
Vota
KLANG GALERIE CD

I can't claim to know anything about the conflicts between the various members of zoviet*france, in the 80s and 90s, but the occasional grumbles from former personnel imply an acrimonious divorce with irreconcilable differences. The ultimate tragedy of zoviet*france's numerous splinterings over the years is that they have kept all the group's recordings out of print for well over a decade, denying a large potential audience the chance to experience the magnitude of their work.

Reformed Faction are a trio of former z*f members (Andy Eardley, Mark Spybey and Robin Storey) who employ many of the strategies of the greatest z*f albums. The semblances of a revitalised aesthetic are evident: a ghostly ambience crafted from dubbed bagpipes; multiple loops of gut-string plucks falling in and out of phase, and fragmented shakuhachi wafts swaying along a current of shortwave hum. But each of these sounds is merely a digitised replica of the original, with little trace of z*f's allusions to secret histories and religions, and the philosophies their ritualised music worked to reveal.

Asmus Tietchens
Geboren, Um Zu Dienen
DIE STADT CD

Throughout the 1970s and 80s, Asmus Tietchens created a precise language for avant garde electronics in parallel with the development of Industrial music. Though he professed an admiration for and affinity with some of the genre's originators, his work could never be confused with that of Throbbing Gristle or SPK. Tietchens describes *Geboren, Um Zu Dienen* (*Born To Serve*) as his Industrial homage, but it's no snarling epitaph of cultural hysteria and claustrophobia. Recorded in 1988 and released on the Discos Esplendor Geométrico label, it aimed to harness the electric abjection of Industrial culture and to cast a paranoid gaze on the growing political tensions between NATO and the Warsaw Pact countries, as manifested on the border between East and West Germany. It contains only a few truly tense moments of locomotive rhythmic churning, more reminiscent of the sound of industry than an Industrial aesthetic. The album's cheesy electronic melodies and primitive, flange-drenched rhythms are oafishly charming, but there's nothing remotely provocative or apocalyptic about it.

Esther Venrooy
Shift Coordinate Points
ENTR'ACTE LP

To celebrate 75 years of Belgian radio, Dutch sound artist Esther Venrooy was commissioned to produce a sound artwork. She extracted sounds from the hallowed *Comet Project*, the Irdial label's anthology of encrypted shortwave messages, originally broadcast from intelligence agencies to operatives in the field. Exquisitely eerie, these numbers stations recordings are mechanical recitations of letters and numbers interspersed with a vast array of idiosyncratic 8-bit tone poems and quizzical melodies.

Given the governmental secrecy behind these very public transmissions, Venrooy's choice of source material is a double edged sword, as the numbers stations imbue her sounds with an immediate shadow of conspiratorial mystery, but occasionally hang too heavily on her delicate compositional framework of post Techno modulations and structured repetitions. As wholly sinister as the numbers stations samples are (the protracted use of the CIA's "Sexy Lady" transmission at the album's conclusion is especially spooky), Venrooy is at her best when she alludes to a technological disquiet through the electrical discharges and sinusoidal hums endemic to shortwave itself.

CM Von Hausswolff
The Wonderful World Of Male Intuition
DRAL CD

Throughout his lengthy career, Carl Michael Von Hausswolff has melded earnest curiosity and absurdist black humour through metonymic leaps of logic. For this, as for most of his conceptual works, Hausswolff strives to short circuit any linear thought process when making the recording. His logic runs something like: if all matter is really a vibration, what better way to communicate than through the modulation of pure frequencies? If technology is really an aid to our ability to perceive the world around us, what better way to increase that perception by forcing technology to interact with those pure frequencies? Hence Hausswolff's system of running shortwave radio and cassette recordings of the human voice through sinewave oscillators as the best means of articulating what intuition has to say for itself. The grand comedy of this album is that the voices of the Dalai Lama, Alvin Lucier and Albert Hofmann are mangled into an unrecognisable muffle amidst a clinical mosaic of fluctuating electricity. Through his inimitable deadpan delivery, Hausswolff presents yet another brilliant conundrum for us to unravel, using our own powers of intuition. ☐

The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Luke Fowler

RD Laing
Life Before Death
CHARISMA 1978
ARTWORK BY HAG

What kind of music would you imagine a Glaswegian psychiatrist producing? I'm not talking about your common or garden NHS counsellor here (although I know one Glaswegian psychiatrist who has perhaps the largest collection of Krautrock this side of Kreuzberg). No. I'm referring to a rebellious, radical flamboyant and outspoken psychiatrist of the 60s counterculture. Dr RD Laing. Celebrated and dismissed in equal measure, Laing was responsible for penning several compelling and radical re-evaluations on the origins of schizophrenia including *The Divided Self* (1960), *Self And Others* (1961) and *The Politics Of Experience* (1967). He also formed the Philadelphia Association in order to establish the daring social experiment-cum-therapeutic community based in Kingsley Hall, East London. This ran from 1965–70 and provided the subject for my first film, *What You See Is Where You're At* (2001).

If you're familiar with Laing then you might also be aware that he was a talented pianist, so you might imagine a tasteful cocktail of piano suites. That's if he was sober. If inebriated (he had a reputation for enjoying a dram or two), your expectations might suggest more of a drunken boogie-woogie.

The music I anticipated, judged solely on my initial contact with this morbid and striking cover art, was an abstract psychodrama set to suitably fragmented and alienating concrète or electronic music – but that, it seems, would have been too hackneyed and dehumanising an interpretation of madness for Laing to take. (Though, as a postscript, there does actually exist a concrète album titled *Sous Le Regard d'Un Soleil Noir* by IRCAM composer Francis Dhomont based on the writings of Laing, but that's another story.)

The incredible *Life Before Death* sleeve depicts Laing in two physical states: as a clothed corpse on the front cover and as his normal, living self on the back (he died in 1989), regarding us with wise eyes and a wry smile. The photomontage of the skull faced Laing must have been a real feat of darkroom trickery in those pre-Photoshop days. And it is seamlessly executed by the mysterious photographer and graphic artist Hag.

The music, though, is sadly not quite as wonderful as the arresting, macabre sleeve would suggest. It's a vaudeville pastiche of styles: reggae, rock, pop, disco, music hall, no genre was safe from the drab dabbling of onetime West End musical arranger Nic Rowley (one of whose other clients was Dame Edna Everage). But the music itself is surely just a backdrop for Laing's sonnets and verse, spoken by the big man himself and flitting between several personae (drunken lush, pub philosopher, jaded husbands and jealous wives). The subject matter covers much of the same ground as his published studies into the "knots" and "double binds" Laing perceives all human relations are trapped and entangled within.

It doesn't take a psychoanalyst to read the references into his own existential crises here. When this album was recorded in 1978, his books were selling relatively few copies, his celebrity status was diminishing and his personal life apparently in tatters. Track 11, one of the standout pieces on the LP, begins by eulogising: *"I've seen better days, my spirit is weak, my flesh is in ruins and I can't see my feet. It was nice while it lasted some of the time, a few minor offences, no major crime... I tried to use my reason and if indeed it's sound, I'll have not a leg to stand on when I'm underground."*

OK, so it seems like Laing was a slight victim of the entrepreneurial spirit with this record. It was a foray into a world that he wasn't in tune with and I imagine his critics would have seen this musical misadventure as further evidence of a writer and psychiatrist who had fallen deeper into the trappings of celebrity.

Personally, for all his faults, I don't see Laing in that way and, although this LP will be filed under novelty in most people's collections, the memorable, innovative sleeve art and the witty, frank sonnets contained within are further proof of a man who refused to accept the preconceived roles that society casts us in.

☐ *Luke Fowler is a film maker whose film on Cornelius Cardew,* Pilgrimage From Scattered Points, *was included in Tate Britain's recent Triennial exhibition. He is currently artist in residence at the Internationales Künstlerhaus Villa Concordia in Bamberg, Germany.*

Print Run New music books: devoured, dissected, dissed

Horace Tapscott, on the cover of Pan-Afrikan Peoples Arkestra's *Flight 17* (1978)

The Dark Tree: Jazz And The Community Arts In Los Angeles
Steven L Isoardi
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS
HBK+CD £22.95

Horace Tapscott was a signal figure both in the history of Los Angeles's cultural landscape and the story of improvised music. His powerful personal magnetism and his highly evolved sense of community drew people together to create vistas of art and experience that would have never coalesced otherwise. His gifts as an organiser were also abundantly clear in his compositions and his ability to keep large musical ensembles together and working despite all odds. Steven L Isoardi's dense book puts all of this into detailed context. The author previously worked with Tapscott on his autobiography, *Songs Of The Unsung*, and the amount of first person narrative he's able to marshal for this new effort is pretty mindblowing.

Tapscott was born in Texas in 1934, but spent most of his life in Los Angeles. The early portions of this book are a thorough history of the avant garde jazz scene in LA, connecting the dots between everyone from Buddy Collette to Eric Dolphy to La Monte Young. Following a stint in the military, Tapscott was playing in a group led by Lionel Hampton when he decided he needed to follow his own path. This was 1961 and a group soon came together called the Underground Musicians Association (UGMA).

The group included the likes of Arthur Blytha and Everett Brown Jr, and they brushed shoulders with vast numbers of improvisors who were passing through LA. They established headquarters and began to attract people from throughout the community. The set up is reminiscent of the scenes that developed around Sun Ra and Fela Kuti, both socially and musically. The UGMA was heavily into the exploration of African American historical threads, incorporating them into their music and also the cultural dialogue they opened with the community at large.

This continued through the 60s and 70s, as the group became The Pan-Afrikan Peoples Arkestra, and they aligned themselves with other organisations such as the Black Panthers and the Watts Prophets. During this period there were precious few recordings, but the group was heavily involved in workshops and live dates, giving them a high profile in the area. This brought its share of police heat with it and the story of how they dealt with this nonsense and the problems it caused is similar to the text of any American radical organisation of the era.

Tapscott was not overtly political, except in the sense that he was a politically aware African American living in the belly of the beast. The group was always more interested in their music than anything else. But the times created a context in which freedom of any sort was viewed with antipathy by the powers that be, and Pan Afrikan Peoples Arkestra was free as hell. Because it was structured as an open forum for the people of Watts (and surrounding areas), just about anyone was able to join the band if they showed sufficient interest. This meant that over 300 people passed through its ranks during its history, and also means that there could be wildly variant levels of playing inside the ensemble at any given time.

Isoardi seems determined to mention every one of these players by name, but it's unfair to fault him for being too thorough. My eyes glazed over at some of his lengthy recitations of band members, but that's not a real fault. The book's narrative moves quite well. There is a bit of a drag in the late 70s, when things really start to get bad everywhere, but it's interesting to read about the connection between the Arkestra members and the new white players of the early 80s (Nels and Alex Cline, Vinny Golia, et al).

What's weirdest, given the evocative descriptions of some of the groups and performances, is that there's so little recorded evidence of the early units. Until Nimbus Records was created by Tom Albach, there were just a few recordings available – *The Giant Awakens* (a poor representation of the group's real potential), soundtracks to a few films, backing on Elaine Brown's *Seize The Time*, and not much else. A few choice 80s recordings show up on the CD provided inside the book, but it would be great if someone undertook a substantial archival retrieval of the era's lost work.

By the time Tapscott died in 1999, he had survived decades of critical apathy, and was finally starting to be reckoned with as a major musical figure. But it seems as though he got almost everything he needed from the music itself and the people who surrounded him. The saga has its ups and downs, but there's never any real sense that Tapscott was captured by the demons of despair that dogged so many of his peers. Players came, players went, some returned, some never did.

Tapscott remained – a brilliant, idiosyncratic composer and leader inside the whirling shitstorm of the late 20th century. At least, that's the picture one gets from this book. And it's a valuable history of the underdocumented Los Angeles scene, using one of its prime numbers as a narrative thread.

BYRON COLEY

Composing A World: Lou Harrison, Musical Wayfarer
Leta E Miller & Fredric Lieberman
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS
PBK+CD $35

Leta E Miller and Fredric Lieberman's *Composing A World* – originally published in 1998 and now available in a revised edition with a CD – is the definitive study of Lou Harrison, the American composer who died in 2003. Harrison's music represented a radical alternative to dispassionate modernism and macho 12 tone composition, and engaged rigorously with World and folk musics. He was a significant composer, an agent provocateur whose project was to celebrate diversity and scorn globalisation.

Harrison's music had an unaffected optimism and warm glow that few other 20th century figures were able to match: a central paradox for such an instinctive radical. His warm personality is a key hook of Miller and Lieberman's highly affectionate portrait. They refer to him as "Lou" throughout, while keeping blind admiration to a minimum.

A profound turning point in Harrison's life was the nervous breakdown he suffered in 1945, when he was living in New York – the big city life didn't suit Harrison's rural temperament. His relationship with John Cage and the Cageian aesthetic is a recurring theme throughout the book and one the authors explore with great cogency. Despite their opposite approaches, Cage and Harrison remained close friends throughout their lives and their formative collaborations on the 'junkyard' percussion pieces, created from automobile debris and other disposable garbage, are pioneering works of American experimental music. It was Cage who rescued Harrison as the gravity of his mental condition became clear by driving him to hospital, and Charles Ives who helped foot the bill.

Harrison's recovery was completed by his move to the West Coast, where he lived in a rural community outside San Francisco for the rest of his life. His interest in gamelan and Asian folk music had been initiated by his early studies with composer Henry Cowell, a contemporary of Ives who trailblazed what's now termed 'ethnomusicology'. Miller and Lieberman focus on the technical basis of Harrison's use of gamelan scales and harmonies, and by extension his interest in non tempered tunings. This section of the book analyses the myriad subtleties in the tuning systems Harrison explored, and requires considerable understanding of musical theory, notation and mathematical ratios. However the analysis is written with great clarity and the authors explain complex theories as straightforwardly as is possible.

The only slight grumble about this new edition is its limited updating. A very brief note in the introduction pays posthumous tribute to Harrison, but the main text still claims the composer is accepting commissions. The catalogue of Harrison's works in the appendix has, however, been updated, and the CD contains some rare works.

PHILIP CLARK

Blowin' Hot And Cool: Jazz And Its Critics
John Gennari
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS PBK £22.50

John Gennari describes his book as an attempt to get between the cracks that make the jazz canon so creaky. He focuses on what he calls jazz's "superstructure" – its critics, essentially, but also some of its businessmen – to analyse what a much-related story says or almost says about racial and cultural politics in the American 20th century. An account of the young Leonard Feather's 1935 encounter with John Hammond sets up key themes of gaze and distance, engagement and responsibility. Gennari has the pair at the Savoy in Harlem to hear Teddy Hill, pushing past the dancers to stand, concentrating and motionless, in front of the stage. The image of the critics, part of yet separate from the crowd, advertising their own aesthetic prerogative, recurs throughout the book.

A second movement begins as Gennari's writers begin to write history rather than reportage. Gennari identifies the intellectual genetics of various influential arguments, and of various critics' methods: the mystical Africanist prehistory constructed for jazz by Rudi Blesh in his 1946 *Shining Trumpets* is traced back to Blesh's contact with the historian and anthropologist Melville Herskovits, and forwards to LeRoi Jones's 1963 *Blues People*. Ralph Ellison's idea of jazz as part of a historical "total way of life" formed in public ritual, was born not only of his own black American experience, but also from a reading of the Jessie L Weston study of Arthurian legend that Ellison found as he studied TS Eliot. And Gennari's reading of Ellison's jazz criticism is superb. This half-chapter is more nuanced and insightful than Horace A Porter's recent book-length study of the same work.

As Gennari breaks away from the discussion of criticism to describe the histories of Marshall Stearns's Lenox School jazz summer camp and George Wein's Newport Jazz Festival, his narrative loses some momentum. While his treatment of Newport's early years is entertaining enough, the event's tangled racial politicking is better exposed in Scott Saul's 2003 *Freedom Is, Freedom Ain't*.

More profitable is the close textual reading that follows, in a chapter on Ross Russell's infamous Charlie Parker biography *Bird Lives!*. Gennari has unearthed Russell's correspondence with Albert Goldman, and the tone of their correspondence throws some light on Russell's miserable portrayal of Bird as an alienated proto revolutionary trapped in a web of social and sexual pathologies. A final chapter on contemporary criticism is again unfocused: the author following a scattershot address of writers like Greg Tate, Gary Giddens and Francis Davis with a recap of the well documented charge for post bop critical legitimacy led by Stanley Crouch and his mouthpiece Wynton Marsalis.

But what is most missing from this account – otherwise intriguing, readable yet thick with detail – is a coda on recent academic writing on jazz: an appraisal of the methods, ethics and politics that emerged there while jazz's mainstream media coverage shrank to almost nothing. Scholars like Gennari are, after all, subject to the same struggles of critical legitimacy and privilege, of race and culture politics, as those critics whose work is described here. But that's not acknowledged. Without a trace of irony, Gennari comments on how black readers have been irked by the "inability of the white jazz critic to perceive how his message was shaped by his medium".

An attempt of Gennari's to deal with these issues reflexively to write his academic self into this problematic history, might appear awkward and selfconscious. But it wouldn't be the first time such a pose had been described in this book, and the unfortunate alternative is for the author to appear somewhat Olympian – likewise a word that features here not infrequently.

TOM PERCHARD

Jesus Dub: Theology, Music And Social Change
Robert Beckford
ROUTLEDGE PBK £18.99

Religion is more important to reggae than to any other form of popular music. Although you can feel the power as a non believer, to plumb the full depths of reggae's soul – its pan Afro-Caribbean consciousness, the existential angst of "sufferation", and its pursuit of pure religious expression – you need to become a disciple of sorts, if only temporarily.

Robert Beckford's concern with dub and dancehall is not so much to interpret such songs as to excavate their shared foundations with Pentecostal religion, by outlining the strikingly similar histories of the Afro-Caribbean church hall and dancehall. The first stirrings of a specifically Jamaican Christianity can be found in the 'Revival' movement of the 18th century, which brought Afro consciousness to Jamaican religious practice. Pentecostalism became a social movement on the island when missions arrived from America in the early part of the 20th century.

Much like the early dancehalls of the post war period, the Pentecostal church hall originated as a specifically black space that could resist the divide and rule of predominantly white, racist societies in America, Jamaica and post Windrush Britain. As Beckford notes, there are even parallels in the form and function of how the two congregations operate. A walk through the downtown Kingston of the late 1940s might take in troubadours chanting hymnal lyrics over tunes, much like a reggae DJ. Conversely a preacher's plea of *"can someone raise a chorus"* has him working the throng like a selector at a soundclash.

Jesus Dub makes some provocative and enlightening points. Yet the less historic and more speculative thrusts of Beckford's polemic fall somewhat flat. Considering dub as an act of "deconstruction", and drawing on cultural theories of hiphop DJing, he suggests the mix and blend of the selector provides an infinitely flexible blueprint for social change and resistance. Leaving aside the aesthetic differences between hiphop and reggae in the mix, considering dub as a deconstructive musical method can overlook the tremendous act of synthesis and of self definition that occurs in the dancehall. The biggest soundclash tunes are frequently those with the strongest lovers' vibe, and much of the "dialogue" in dub is not between contrasting notions of black and white, but the contrast – and possible harmony – between male and female. To understand the sound and power of dub, a gender reading is crucial.

More broadly, an understanding of the relationship between reggae and religion requires a textual engagement with the songs themselves. The Jah of reggae is a fascinatingly and frustratingly elusive figure simultaneously an all-powerful leader ("*he rules us all!*" in the words of The Abyssinians) and the imaginary big brother who will come to whip the ass of your wicked neighbour. As Beckford notes, whereas religion's spiritual resistance tends to be implicit and internal, the most politicised reggae is explicitly political and engaged with the realities of Jamaican life. In its attempt to understand the connection reggae forged between spiritual utopias and social reality in the 70s, *Jesus Dub* has sufficient analysis and background, but a lack of the music itself.

DEREK WALMSLEY ◻

On Screen Films & DVDs

Irène Schweizer: A Film By Gitta Gsell

In 1968 Swiss piano player Irène Schweizer was cast as the wild woman of European free jazz – her tempestuous performances appeared to be relentless physical assaults on that most bourgeois of instruments. In the course of Gitta Gsell's excellent 75 minute documentary, Jost Gebers, founder of the radical German FMP label, remarks that it was brutal music responding to brutal times. Schweizer, daughter of Swiss innkeepers, found a home amongst FMP's revolutionary cadre of angry men. Now aged 65, she has grown more relaxed as a person and a musician, although implacably opposed as ever to all forms of social injustice. Without making excessive claims for the political agency of music, Gsell does show that in pursuing her own musical development Schweizer has contributed consistently to a emancipatory causes. And the music itself has been consistently exhilarating.

Gsell sketches an active Swiss jazz scene that shaped Schweizer's formative years, but the character of her playing was transformed by exposure in 1964 to exiled South African musicians The Blue Notes. Their uplifting blend of kwela, township jazz and free blowing has continued to flow through her music especially, as the film shows, in her long term collaboration with drummer Louis Moholo. Equally important was her participation in the Feminist Improvisation Group. Performing with other women she found that emphasis shifted from competitive displays of accomplishment to exuberant fun and openness to different kinds of discovery. Gsell incorporates a wonderful sequence where Schweizer, singer Maggie Nicols and bassist Joëlle Léandre play together as Les Diaboliques.

Schweizer readily acknowledges that her playing is emotional, rather than cerebral. She describes herself as a percussive pianist and has clearly loved working with drummers since her first serious musical association with fellow countryman Pierre Favre. The DVD proves that point magnificently, offering two supplementary films extracted from concerts: 34 minutes in Zurich in 2003 with Dutch master drummer Han Bennink, 22 minutes with percussionist Hamid Drake and saxophonist Fred Anderson, Chicagoan visitors to the 2004 Willisau Jazz Festival. Both extracts are compelling to see and hear.

JULIAN COWLEY

Irene Schweizer

Smaile, Metmos style

Slomo Video

SLOMOVIDEO COM DVD

Self styled 'media director' and Bay Area hellraiser Ryan Junell was last seen having a pint with John Kerry on his 2003 campaign trail in Iowa. At the time, Junell's six-minute on the road documentary of the Democratic US presidential candidate circulated film festivals, political rallies and the Net alike. Before attempting to break into politics, Junell has been involved with the Bay Area electronic music community as a member of multimedia team Sagan with Lesser and Blevin Blechtum and as video director for artists such as Soft Pink Truth and Gravy Train!!!.

Junell's latest venture is a slow motion video festival. After a call out on his Website for one-minute contributions experimenting with the slow motion button he put together this *Slomo Video* DVD, with the self explanatory subtitle *100 One Minute Long Slow Motion Videos by 85 Film Makers & Video Artists*. A stoner's dream show, the ton of films contains everything from aesthetically pleasing freeze dried roses breaking against glass with Spanish guitar accompaniment to the hilarious *Four Kid Tenors* – children's happy shrieks that in slow motion become scary wild boar roars and an insect's wistful stroll on a toilet seat. *Slowplayer* by British sound artist and former Pogue Jem Finer features a record deck revolving at snail speed with a sinister thump and clang making it sound like a rusty hulk of an industrial machine. Metmos's contribution is a snail writhing next to a theremin, while Keith Fullerton Whitman and Robyn Belair take a slow look at an aquarium. Unfortunately you have to wade through a fair number of dumb ass high school slow motion footage of kids drinking beer or eating with their mouths open to get to the more inventive films like the ones mentioned above. The *Beavis And Butthead* effect has gone into overdrive on *Dilda Face* featuring a man spraying his caboose with flammable liquid and setting fire to it. Classy.

ANNE HILDE BESET

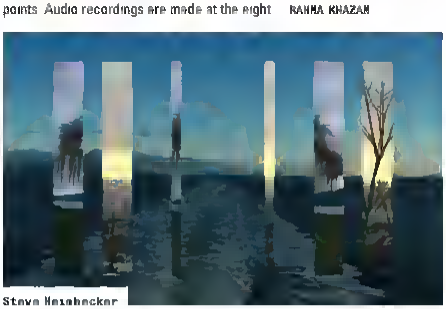
Steve Heimbecker
Songs Of Place

OBORO OUBE ASSEMBLAGE 2xDVD

The movement of the wind across fields of tall grass has always fascinated Canadian sound artist Steve Heimbecker. It creates wavelike patterns that resemble each other but are never quite the same – an illusion of repetition, as he likes to call it. Illusions abound in the four video and surround-sound pieces brought together on this double DVD. In these elaborate portraits of rural and urban environments, mundane places and sounds bathe in a magical, timeless aura, taking on new meanings and a new lease of life.

Each track recreates a complex spatiotemporal environment extending over considerable distances, thanks to Heimbecker's trademark mapping system: he identifies the location's geographical centre, traces a huge imaginary circle around it and then selects eight equidistant locations on its circumference corresponding to the cardinal points. Audio recordings are made at the eight sites, which are also filmed by video cameras. These onsite recordings introduce a live element into Heimbecker's mapping system. On the most compelling track, "Springwater", video images of rural expanses flash across horizontal bands of varying widths, evoking an endless journey through remote countryside. Accompanied by a dense, hypnotic tapestry of sound, made up of bird calls, rustling, hisses, wind-like sounds and enigmatic tinkles, these images create an impression of floating in a timeless limbo. Although "Vancouver" works less well – the images of a bustling city flitting across four narrow vertical bands are reminiscent of a travelogue more than anything else – "Halifax" more than makes up for it. Each of its eight juxtaposed images depicts an incessant flow of cars, suggesting the passing of time. As one car takes the place of another, they create an impression of perpetual motion. The illusion of repetition, as Heimbecker would say.

RAHNA KHAZAN



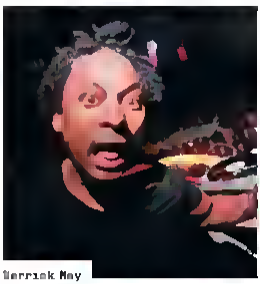
Steve Heimbecker

ADRIAN RETTLESHIP (VIOLETTE)

High Tech Soul: The Creation Of Techno Music

PLEXI DVD

Techno's Detroit incarnation – the subject of this documentary by Gary Bredow – is given various explanations in *High Tech Soul*. It is a "deprived sound trying to get out", according to one of the originals on the 1980s scene, DJ Blake Baxter. His colleague Stacey Pullen has a nice line: "Our parents worked with robots…" With original music by Juan Atkins, Bredow's film is a valiant attempt to explain how and why Detroit became, in the



Derrick May

mid-80s, the crucible that forged a cheaply made, technologically based dance sound that has become, like a meme entering a language, an integral part of electronic music's structure.

High Tech Soul is a film clearly made with passion, even if the narrative is sometimes breathless. It's best when, shedding the footage of Detroit's economic blight and babbling newcomers, it concentrates on telling tales. The focus is, as it should be, on the triumvirate that brought Techno out to the world – Derrick May, Kevin Saunderson and Atkins himself – although equally important figures get a look in: most significantly radio DJ Electrifyin' Mojo (filmed in a shadowy anonymity). We get to see inside the legendary club that the trio played at – the Music Institute, described by May as "just a dark hole with a strobe light".

The film's good on the relationships Atkins nurtured May: May mentored Carl Craig and so on. It notes the people left behind. There was, for whatever rivalries that might later surface, a spirit of community. But it's a neat fiction to characterise a city by its sound. The truth is that Detroit's Techno was never sui generis. Its protagonists were never cut off from Chicago and its Acid scene or earlier Europe and its musicians – obviously Kraftwerk, less so Depeche Mode. London, rightly given much credit by May et al for recognising their work, is condensed to shots of double deckers and a contemporary riverside vista focusing on Tate Modern (until 2000 still just a husk of an old power station). No mention of the clubs or the DJs that, in an audacious feedback loop, took up the whole American House scene and sold it back to a wider Stateside audience.

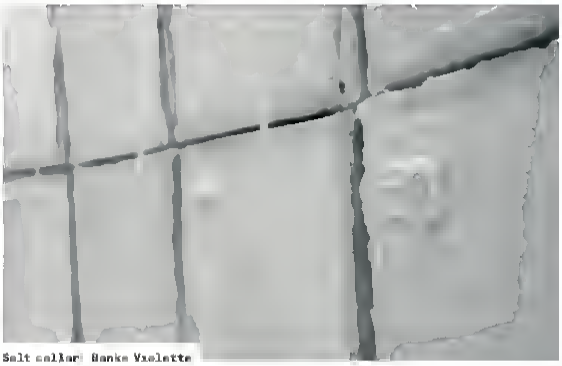
LOUISE GRAY

Banks Violette/Sunn O)))

MAUREEN PALEY GALLERY
LONDON, UK

The opening for this collaboration between New York artist Banks Violette (whose work uses Black Metal imagery as a metaphor for humanity's dark side) and drone Metal group Sunn O))) sounded, on paper at least, like a unique gallery experience. The initial idea was to have had the group playing on the ground floor (together with Hungarian extreme music vocalist Attila Csihar singing from inside a sealed coffin), while those attending the event were only allowed entrance to the first floor where they would be able to feel the vibration of the group's low frequency rumble beneath their feet. In this room stands Violette's installation piece *Untitled – White Cast Salt Space*, consisting of a resin cast of Sunn O)))'s backline and equipment that has been covered in a thin layer of salt. By cannily blocking the audience from the performance, Violette and Sunn O))) hoped to create a work that dealt with space, presence and absence – but ultimately, while it was probably never intended, it created mostly frustration.

Although it had been announced that Sunn O))) would remain unseen throughout the performance, Maureen Paley was completely unprepared for the army of fans that descended on her tiny two-storey gallery in the East End of London. As the line for entry grew longer, it was eventually decided to leave everybody outside in the street drinking

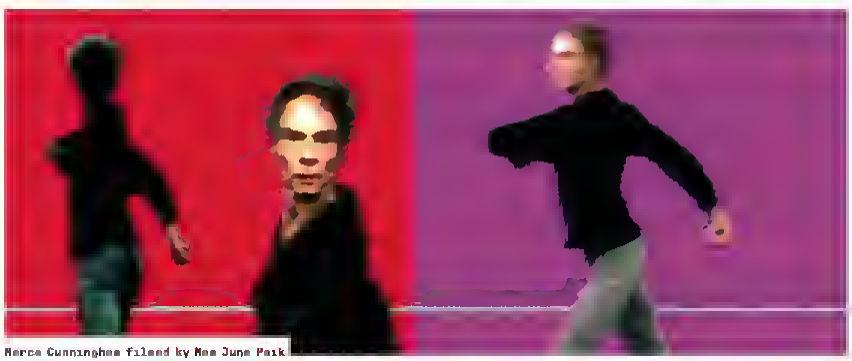


Salt caller: Banks Violette

complimentary bottles of beer rather than have them crushed together on the upper floor where Violette's fragile artwork was on display. As a result, the desired effect of this 'happening' was reduced to merely hearing a rattling building rather than experiencing the total spiritual evocation of sound and imagery that, through their artistic collaboration, both parties were undoubtedly hoping to generate on the inside.

When Sunn O))) had completed their part and departed, the gallery was swung open for scrutiny by those acolytes who had patiently hung around for the duration of the performance. Inside were the traces of the group's presence (a broken wine bottle and footprints on the black stage panels), together with the splintered remains of Csihar's coffin and a cloying odour of sweat and adrenalin. The feeling of suddenly invading a space where some unholy rite had taken place was sulphurously strong and, despite the failure to communicate this properly at the time, the aftershock of the event was suitably crispy and effective.

EDWIN POUNCEY



Merce Cunningham filmed by Nam June Paik

Nam June Paik: Magnetic Memory

TATE MODERN
LONDON, UK

After the ten minute silence that Yoko Ono requested to mark John Lennon's death in 1980 she issued a statement, the last line of which was: "I SAW ALL OF US BECOMING ONE MIND". Similar sentiments, one suspects, were behind the 12 hour screening that memorialised the passing of the radical video pioneer (and Ono's Fluxus contemporary) Nam June Paik, who died in January this year. First taking place at Electronic Arts Intermix (EAI), New York, in February and repeated at Tate Modern in June, *Magnetic Memory* featured more than 40 predominantly dazzling and occasionally absurd works, shown in reverse chronological order – a timewarp back from death to birth, to when video was a genuinely new form, and satellite television twinkled like an avant garde star on the horizon.

At EAI, the video art distributor with whom Paik was closely associated, there was the humility of immediacy: a disparate group of artists, friends, workers, shuffling in and out of the room, sharing a drink… Paik's videos glistened. The electro fantastic arabesques of *Global Groove* (1973) actually describe a vocabulary we cannot imagine ourselves without. Never let Charlotte Moorman leave us, the classically trained cellist who was Paik's frequent collaborator, often bare breasted and strapped to her 'TV Cello'. The broadcasts, the experiments, the video gardens, *Electronic Opera* (1972) and works with John Cage, Laurie Anderson… It's time not only to remember but in some way to forget everything we think we know so that we can rediscover, remember again what makes Paik's miraculously free work so utterly vital.

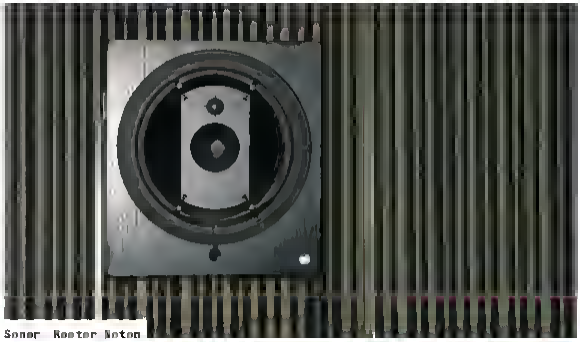
IAN WHITE

On Location Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh

Vanna: Team Brick

Tony Allen

Kode9



Sonar: Roster Noton

Kimmo Pohjonen

Modified Toy Orchestra

Venn Festival

VARIOUS VENUES
BRISTOL UK

Now in its third year, Bristol's Venn Festival is described by its organisers as a celebration of "wayward musical magick". Over one weekend in early June, the city plays host to a variety of events, workshops, installations and related happenings, the abundance of which is pleasantly overwhelming.

Crescent open the festival at St George's Hall, with a set of hushed, but confidently played drift rock recalling *In A Silent Way*-era Miles Davis and late period Talk Talk. It's a tentative introduction to the countless musical delights on offer this weekend, but none the less charming for its delicacy.

Vashti Bunyan's voice hasn't changed a bit since *Just Another Diamond Day* debuted all those years ago, and it's breathtaking to witness that unforgettable sound emanating from the woman herself. It's the material from belated second album *Lookaftering* that proves the most affecting on this occasion. "Wayward" and "Hidden" are quietly devastating, provoking reluctant tears from audience members unaccustomed to such public displays of emotion.

Former Strawberry Switchblade chanteuse Rose McDowell's Saturday afternoon gig at the Cube Cinema is hindered by a less than proficient backing group, some of whom seem to be having difficulty staying in tune. McDowell's songwriting – a kind of Gothic bubblegum folk – deserves better. Covers of The Velvet Underground's "Sunday Morning" and the now hideously over familiar "The Willow Song" (from *The Wicker Man* soundtrack) are superfluous, given the strength and sweetness of McDowell's own material. However, the biggest disappointment of the weekend comes from Ariel Pink, whose set at Moroccan-themed club Casablanca is plagued by poor sound and a lacklustre accompanying group – not to mention a rather lazy 'that'll do' performance from AP himself.

Team Brick cuts a gnomic dash as he shambles onstage at the Malcolm X Centre and positions himself behind a tabletop of FX units. With a vocal style that moves between animalistic grunts, highly accomplished but untutored operatic warbling and distorted caterwauling, the artist also known as Matt also blends a small electronic organ and a salvaged CD rack into his merry noisemaking. Team Brick's joyful noise offers a necessary corrective to the brattish negativity of superficially similar US artists, such as Providence's lamentable Prurient.

Kode9's Saturday night DJ set at the Blue Mountain club is a real ear-opener. The excitement surrounding the burgeoning dubstep scene might seem excessive on the strength of the music alone, but it makes perfect sense in a room swimming with thick, mesmeric bass frequencies, the sheer weight and volume of which subject the body to severe impedance while the often sluggish tempos require a certain degree of dedication from any would-be dancers. Dark, ganjadelic vibes, heavy bass, insistent riffage... could dubstep be a Doom Metal for the 21st century?

Maverick US drummer Chris Corsano provides not one, but two Venn highlights. The first is a deliriously uplifting space rock odyssey performed with Vibracathedral Orchestra's Mick Flowers, who coaxes a ragged drone from his Japanese banjo while the drummer surfs the soundwaves with unusual restraint. Corsano's second appearance, which takes place on Sunday at the Trinity Centre, is a collaboration with saxophonist Alan Wilkinson. Eschewing the cosmic pulse of the previous set, the duo deliver a brief, but invigorating, blast of free jazz.

The Sunday bill is dominated by the indefatigable Tony Allen, who, abetted by an excellent in-the-spirit group of supporting players, issues a command to dance few are able to resist. Even in 2006, witnessing Allen building up a supple network of rhizomatic polyrhythms is like glancing – make that dancing – into the future. Perhaps still the ultimate in organic party music, Afrobeat is music for body and brain, or as Kodwo Eshun would have it, body as brain, the visceral impact of which is hard to beat. Thus Venn 2006 ends on a high note. Too soon.

JOSEPH STANNARD

Sónar 2006

VARIOUS VENUES
BARCELONA SPAIN

Now in its 13th year and attracting almost 90,000 attendees over the course of three days, Sónar has become possibly the largest electronic music festival in the world. Each day is divided into day and night events, the former presenting music on four stages at the adjacent MACBA and CCCB arts complexes from 1–10pm. The latter is a mammoth 10:30pm–7am rave, also across four stages in a vast conference centre on the outskirts of the city.

Sónar has been going for long enough that different cultures have sprung up around it and in opposition to it, whether they be the 'anti-Sónar' and 'off-Sónar' events taking place in the city's clubs during Sonar weekend – Kompakt, Spitch Control, Playhouse, Get Physical, DFA and dozens of other labels scheduled nights – or the disgruntled local residents who hung a red 50 foot banner emblazoned with the words "SONAR NOT HERE" in five languages in a prominent position outside the MACBA.

The advance press for Sónar 2006 made much of its focus on black and Japanese artists (a meaningless pitch, given that Sónar has always included black and Japanese musicians), but what was more striking was the patchy, diluted nature of the line-up, which appeared to result from the organisers' attempts to broaden the festival's scope and remit. Surely one of the weakest in the festival's history, it offered a meagre handful of highlights. The day events were particularly thin, as a glance at the main stage's headline acts illustrates: Dutch funk no-hopers C-Mon & Kypski on Thursday, the pure corn of Señor Coconut And His Orchestra on Friday and the woeful Schneider TM on Saturday.

Thankfully, multiple distractions were on offer: film screenings, interactive exhibitions, multimedia presentations, a record fair, a DJ lounge in the CCCB (positioned next to the entrance to an exhibition on Chernobyl, 20 years on) and off-site roundtable forums, presentations and art installations. A sound-proofed and air-conditioned Raster-Noton installation provided both an escape from the heat and the crowds, and the event's most consistently rewarding music. A cab's ride away from the main daytime site (and not included with your festival pass), alva noto (Carsten Nicolai) and Ryuichi Sakamoto brought an elegant rebel and crisp aesthetic detail to an otherwise unimpressive first day.

The four Japanese audio-visualists who build their own instruments – Federico Monti, Manna Yanagisawa, Kanta Horio and Taeji Sawai – who performed during the day on Thursday at SonarComplex were all well received. It's hard to tell exactly how the balls of light Sawai whipped around generate sound, but they can't be beaten for sheer showmanship.

The Knife's performance in the Escenario Hall (downstairs in the CCCB) proved so popular, punters queued for more than half an hour in the hope of getting in. SónarDôme, an outdoor marquee, was plagued by sound problems throughout the festival, which spoiled Thursday night's showcase for UK label Static Caravan. The gentle folktronica of Tunng and Inch Time's subtle electronica were both drowned out by crowd noise.

Performing on Friday as part of a Mosz showcase, the electronics and live percussion duo of Kapital Band 1 fared somewhat better, no doubt because they featured a live drummer (Martin Brandlmayr of Radian and Trapist) as well as electronics (Nicholas Bussmann). They competed sweatily with SónarDôme's acoustics and boisterous crowd and The Scissor Sisters making a surprise appearance on the SonarVillage main stage disguised as White Diet. Fellow Mosz act Gustav's mannered folktronica merely bemused while Liars flailed aggressively in the Escenario Hall to little discernible effect. Circlesquare's stiff crooning and robotic beats offered a minor diversion; on the main stage, a performance by the Pole trio was dominated by Stefan Betke, who slathered washes of electronics over slow dub rhythms. In SónarComplex, Optrum – a Japanese duo of a percussionist and a guitarist playing an amplified halogen light bulb – went down a storm. They were followed by derivative Spanish post rockers 'Tape' – not to be confused with the superior Swedish trio Tape – whose crowd got smaller the longer they stayed on stage.

Friday's Sónar by Night made one realise that this must be the largest rave on Earth, and it really was a sight seeing an aeroplane-hangar sized area stuffed with people dancing to the DJing of perennial Sonar favourite Jeff Mills. Retreating to one of the smaller stages, one found Herbert and his Big Band dressed in dark blue pyjamas and robes with orange towels round their necks serving up a truly impressive take on cut up, soulful R&B, with Herbert on keys and live sampling and the vocalists and musicians holding their notes and keeping their places despite hearing themselves coming back in the mix in mutated forms.

DJ Shadow's presentation of The Hyphy Movement sees him take a backseat to the MCs Keak Da Sneak, Turf Talk and Nump in traditional hiphop DJ role. Although they are selling this as the new movement in hiphop, it's hard to tell how it's changed the genre much, and the crowd only really goes wild when it's time for the DJ solo and Shadow performs a live version of his classic track "Organ Donor".

The line up for the Saturday day event was rather threadbare. The Pinker Tones' block rocking beats conjured up Fatboy Slim in SónarDôme. Tucker and Fat Freddy's Drop meandered witlessly on the main stage. Amongst such company, Modified Toy Orchestra were a breath of fresh air in the Escenario Hall, and their set injected a welcome note of levity into proceedings. Ryoji Ikeda presented *datamatics*, a pleasing if unsurprising 30 minute piece, at an off site venue. It was worth waiting to the day's end to see Kluster, the Finnish duo of accordionist Kimmo Pohjonen and electronic percussionist Samuli Kosminen. Although the intricacies of the accordion are often lost through a MIDI translation, Pohjonen's kinetic power as a performer is undeniable and this, plus a style that incorporates Finnish folk traditions as well as tribal rhythms and electronically enhanced drones, made for one of the more interesting performances of the weekend.

Back at the enormo-rave for Saturday night and the final event of the festival, there was live House music from Rajko Müller aka Isolée. His chosen alias says plenty, as his style holds much in common with the warm, expressive House typical of French producers as opposed to the cold Techno of his German roots. One last stop before calling it a weekend was Diplo (Hollertronix producer of MIA and champion of Baile funk) vs A-Trak (Kanye West's touring DJ). It amounted to little more than a party set of mash-up mixes that sounded similar to an amalgamation of already released mixes, but it was worthy of note as an example of the way technology has affected turntablism. Whereas before, the hiphop turntablist had two decks and a mixer, both DJs had two turntables, a laptop, a DJ CD player, and A-Trak (evidently the only real turntablist of the two) had a mixer with live sampling and digital delay functions. A-Trak used a grand total of no more than four pairs of battle records with which to cut, scratch and juggle. Gone are the days of digging through the crates when all of the favourites can be downloaded and the turntables are left only as the devices for flourishes on top.

LISA BLANNING & NICK CAIN

ADAM FARADAY (VENN) LISA BLANNING (POHJONEN, RASTER NOTON)

Michael Gordon/ Max De Wardener

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
LONDON UK

Max De Wardener's much admired 2004 album *Where I Am Today* was a synthesis of electronica and manipulated instrumental performance that paid great attention to details of texture and perceptions of depth. As such, it was headphone music par excellence, and the composer's technique and aesthetic was bound to be tested in a concert hall. Tonight, from his bass guitar Wardener directed an ensemble that also included two horns, live electronics and percussion, and he opened by recreating album standout "Automatic", the piece's musicbox soundworld here formed of laptop chimes, mechanical clicks from Finn Peters's sax keys and glassy curves thrown low by Gideon Juckes's tuba. But when the tuba was called on to provide a repetitive bassline, as later too often it was, and when Tom Skinner's drumming moved from creative fidget to jazz rock workout, brass and stick sounds overcame anything electro, and the group began to sound like nothing so much as a stylistically progressive majorette corps. Live performance also foregrounded the formal simplicity of Wardener's composition. "Snowflakes" began prettily with the composer striking Partchian cloud-chamber bowls, but, like many of the pieces, it quickly dissolved, unabashed to be thought a little piece of nothing.

Headlining was composer, Bang On A Can co-founder and downtown NYC fixture Michael Gordon, here with his group to play pieces from the recent *Light Is Calling* album. This was a small group – bass, guitar, drums, keyboards and violin – though it was scored so as often to approximate quite effectively the scale of sound found in the composer's rock-reinforced symphonic pieces *Yo Shakespeare* and *Decasia*. But while those larger pieces make much of variations in texture and instrumental activity, the music heard tonight was drastically limited in both ambition and realisation, characteristically two-note melodies, showily articulated by Todd Reynolds's amplified violin with a sound like trainers on a gym floor, would be backed by the composer's facile keyboard arpeggios, and bottomed-out by drummer John Hadfield's hobnailed 4/4. There were brief moments of San Agustin calmness on one hand, and much Led Zep hysteria on the other, but most of the music satisfied only a received and rarefied idea of rock practice: certainly few hard-gigging groups would have been proud of the sloppy rhythms and misaligned loops that, fatally for such pulse-driven minimal music, were recurrent here.

Decasia (2001) was written to accompany work by the film maker Bill Morrison, and some of his films were projected behind the group tonight. These were generally banal – a tarmac-level shot of autumnal detritus blowing around a gutter, a bobbing waterproof camera giving a fish-eye view of the East River – and Gordon's creative response to these images was predictably jejune, the composer coupling dead leaves with violin, water with a synthesized female voice. Just as his music had successfully mined both rock and composed traditions only for their differing sorts of pomposity, so his pairing of sound and vision produced work no better than the sum of its bland parts, a presentation truly multimediocre.

TOM PERCHARD

Mats Gustafsson & Kent Kessler in Chicago Tentet

Nattjazz

USF VERFTET
BERGEN NORWAY

Norway's second city of Bergen, in its stunning fjord location, owes a lot to fish. The Hanseatic Museum – one of the charming wooden buildings in Bryggen, the old merchant quarter – celebrates the port's vital trade in dried fish, while the arts have taken over the United Sardine Factory, apparently the largest in Norway. The USF is a funkier version of the Sage Gateshead, which modelled itself on the set-up here, and especially for a sardine-lover like me, it's a superb venue for the annual Nattjazz (Nightjazz) Festival.

The crowd-pullers were in the large hall Rekenet, while jazzier events were in the club venue, appropriately named Sardinen – it was hard to keep up with the simultaneous programming in these and I never made it to the smaller venues. The Chicago Tentet, first organised by Peter Brötzmann in Chicago in 1997, appeared in one of its less prestructured manifestations. The group was unamplified except for bass and cello, but in the club venue that still meant *very* loud – the effect was explosive. With Brötzmann (playing alto sax, clarinet then tenor sax) were Ken Vandermark on baritone sax, bass clarinet then clarinet, and Mats Gustafsson on tenor and 'fluteophone' – which he made from a flute body and soprano sax mouthpiece. Joe McPhee alternated pocket trumpet and alto sax, Johannes Bauer was on trombone and Per Åke Holmlander was on tuba and cimbasso – a kind of valve-bass trombone. Kent Kessler on bass and Fred Lonberg-Holm on cello made up the string section, with Paal Nilssen-Love and Michael Zerang on drums. The set started at white heat, and throughout, the energy level was never subdued for long, with rhythms moving from free to a hard groove. When the group started, Brötzmann had created graphic scores and other members contributed also, but last year, as Joe McPhee explained afterwards, he abruptly announced that there wasn't enough spontaneous creation of music. "We threw away all of the paper and it was a bit rough at first, now it's second nature... like breathing!" A large aggregation of free jazzers can't help seeking strategies of formal organisation – for instance a chorale of Bauer, McPhee and Gustafsson, or a blasting riff behind the solos – but now it arises spontaneously, and the results were magnificent.

The New Andrew Hill Quintet featured British born players Byron Wallen on trumpet, and Jason Yarde on alto and soprano sax, with John Hebert (bass) and Eric McPherson (drums) – the rhythm team from his fine new album *Time Lines* on Blue Note, the label where the pianist made his name in the 60s. Now 68 and in poor health, Hill still continues to push the envelope. Sitting high at the keyboard on a drummer's stool, he led proceedings with hardly a nod or aside, and though Yarde and Wallen were replacements for the advertised Greg Tardy and Charles Tolliver from the album, they've played with him before and are thoroughly familiar with his music. Yarde came across like a latter-day Joe Harriott, and I wondered why he's still so under-recognised – something to do with a thoughtful, undemonstrative manner, maybe? Hill, conserving his energy, made his solo space really count, his caressing touch unforgettable on the plangent final piece. His brand of lyrical, inside/outside playing remains enigmatic to this listener at least, but as with most great jazz players, it's his time that makes Hill especially unique – and what a time! The grooves, often Latin-inflected, were compelling though still elusive, the "pulse no metre" numbers equally affecting.

In comparison with this magisterial playing, Esbjorn Svensson's rather glib sub-Jarrett stylings in the big hall made little impression. Much more compelling, in the club venue, was the latest edition of Eivind Opsvik's Overseas with Tony Malaby (tenor sax), Jacob Sacks (piano) and Kenny Wollesen (drums) – you'd get an idea of their sound from the trio album *Tone Collector* on Jazzaway, featuring Malaby and Opsvik. Born in 1973 in Oslo, Opsvik moved to New York, where he plays in a number of leftfield groups including Opsvik & Jennings and the David Binney/Bill Frisell Project. His Overseas quartet mixes post-Tim Berne grooves and free playing: adventurous and stylistically free-ranging, their music is densely packed with ideas and hard to categorise. Jacob Sacks was a revelation on piano and Fender Rhodes – almost crouching at the keyboard like Glenn Gould, he and Andrew Hill would make for a piano teacher's nightmare. Though there's plenty of noise and overblowing in Malaby's playing, the label 'free jazz' doesn't quite fit. Howard Reich referred to the listener having to "decode" Malaby's improvisational techniques and shifting idioms – which show great clarity and logic – and that seems right. It's a measure of his originality that the playing grabs your attention while you try to figure out how it works.

Violinist Carla Kihlstedt's 2 Foot Yard features Marika Hughes on cello and Shahzade Ismaily on percussion, and all three on vocals. The group's self-titled debut on Tzadik aimed to synthesise chamber music and rock, exploring "the boundaries between pop song and art song". San Francisco-based Kihlstedt has played with Derek Bailey and John Zorn, but following the quirky excellence of her Tin Hat Trio, this clever and stylish set was rather a disappointment. Her vocals had echoes of Björk and PJ Harvey but weren't as individual as her violin playing. Lyrics were cute but not compelling, as in the octopus song which tell us *"I've got three hearts/And one of them's for you"*. (They do have three hearts, apparently.) Kihlstedt is so full of talent, though, I wouldn't bet on her not getting there with this group.

In the large hall, Nils Petter Molvær, with Eivind Aarset and others, and guest Sidsel Endresen, coaxed an amazing range of timbres over slowly mutating trance beats and glitches, while Norwegian outfit Elektro Dmpaniet produced an original mix of jazz rock grooves over electronics and low-end sounds. I missed his gig with Arve Henriksen, but Bergen born Terje Isungset performed a private solo set on amplified mouth harp made from steel from a downed Second World War German bomber. Adding bass drum and hi hat, the effect was like didgeridoo in a howling wind, a taste of Isungset's passion for the atmospheric sounds of nature heard on his album *Iceman Is*, where all the instruments are made of ice. In Bergen, the elements of rain and wind are very apparent, but the warmth of the music at Natjazz was palpable – a model of intelligent programming and first-rate organisation.

ANDY HAMILTON

KARTE ROGNERUD (CHICAGO TENTET) TYRONE LEBON (MONOLAKE)

Ryoji Ikeda/alva noto/Monolake

TATE MODERN
LONDON UK

Tate Modern has raising its collection for the first time since they opened in 2000 and The Long Weekend is the name of a four day festival to celebrate the new displays, with each day themed around one of the four wings of the displays. This event, clunkily titled *ULTRA. Extreme Economy In Electronic Music And Visualisation* marks the evening performance of the jolly sounding *Minimalist Monday*. Entering the vast Turbine Hall felt like being an extra in *Metropolis*. Cloaked in darkness, the hall had a giant screen suspended and a silent audience perched on the floor down the opening ramp. The dramatic drone of the turbine itself provided a sinister background hum. Robert Henke, aka Monolake, served up a deliciously pounding minimal Techno, each beat ricocheting around the immense hall. His piece *Atlantic Waves* was an improvisational audiovisual performance in collaboration with Torsten Pröfrock, performing remotely from the Monolake studio in Germany. Henke describes *Atlantic Waves* as an "audio visual network performance instrument", where the visual interface, projected on the screen, supposedly makes the process transparent. Different coloured blocks moved horizontally in time of the beat along a giant grid. What exactly the nature of the collaboration was, or who did what, was impossible to tell. But even if the visuals bordered on the tedious, the music itself sounded phenomenal.

Carsten Nicolai premiered *xerrox*, a new abstract, beatless work, part of his *transall* series themed around principles of atomisation and dissolution. Taking its cue from the Xerox machine, the theme behind the piece concerns repeated duplication and magnification until an abstract mass remain. Samples of elevator music and television jingles have been reflected through an overwhelming blanket of white noise, and the result was a sweeping, symphonic composition. On screen, masses of sparkling white grains undulated and collapsed against a black background, like pixels escaped from a page to join a contemporary dance troupe, moving in ecstatic unison. Though the visuals were abstract it was the most narrative of the evening, with a subtle beginning and an overblown climactic ending.

Datamatics [prototype] is part of Ryoji Ikeda's ongoing *datamatics* series using pure data, to as a source for sound and visuals. Ikeda's ultra-minimal barcode aesthetics are continued in this work. 3D patterns – derived from hard drive errors and data code – resembled scientific software representations of the ocean floor and coupled with Ikeda's non-linear pulses and sparse sine tones, created an impressive minimalist blast zone. The Turbine Hall is a demanding space to work in, the echo, the hard surfaces, the hum, and not least its immensity alone are factors to consider. All three works on this night worked with the space and not against it, which made for an incredibly successful display.

ANNE HILDE NESET

Monolake at Tate Modern

John Zorn: A Tribute To Derek Bailey

BARBICAN HALL
LONDON UK

In the mid-1970s, when I first heard guitarist Derek Bailey live, he was playing solo to an audience of seven. At 9pm he turned on a portable television he had brought onto the small stage, explaining that pianist Oscar Peterson was on and he hadn't had an opportunity to perform with him before. For five minutes Bailey then proceeded immutably to run counter to the grain of Peterson's sleek trio. By the time of his death at the end of 2005, Bailey had made music with an extraordinary number and diversity of musicians in the flesh. Saxophonist John Zorn became a regular associate following his participation in Bailey's Company Week in the early 1980s. Zorn was then relatively unknown beyond his immediate New York circle and he was still exploring the potential of duck call devices and reeds blown into water.

On the first evening of a high profile weekend residency this June at the Barbican Hall, Zorn paid tribute to Bailey. He invited other musicians who had known the guitarist at various points in his uncompromising musical life – drummers Tony Oxley and Milford Graves, bassists Gavin Bryars and Bill Laswell and trombonist George Lewis. Zorn planned the evening to follow the basic Company format – a series of ad hoc groupings exploring collective possibilities. In practice, the formality of the Barbican stage and its well attended auditorium precluded the loose, investigative feel of Company events; the venue dictated that this would be a concert, rather than a space cleared for inquisitiveness.

From the off, Zorn on alto played in character – fierce staccato outbursts, rapid-fire splutter and squawks. He was predictably exciting. I found myself thinking how self-aware and practised free improvisation has become during the past 20 years. In the first grouping Zorn was joined by Lewis, plus Oxley and Bryars, the remaining two-thirds of Bailey's groundbreaking Joseph Holbrooke trio. Lewis was brilliant throughout, a fluent and imaginative trombonist, sensitive to mood yet able to change group dynamics through subtle suggestion. Oxley too worked brilliantly from within the collective sound, hearing and reacting in a language uniquely his own. A solo spot, incorporating electronics, displayed his constructive sense of percussion, working in a polychromatic, variably textured field of sound rather than following a metrical line. Bryars renounced improvisation for many years and became a successful compoaer. His interest in improvising has revived, but he never looked or sounded comfortable in this context. He seemed to have arrived from a slower, gentler world and made most impression in duet with the accommodating and responsive Lewis.

After some initial problems with his power supply, Laswell stayed on full throttle assuming the bass monster role, at times exhilarating, at times excessive. To begin with he was paired with free jazz legend Milford Graves. Graves sat quietly, then erupted into one of the most dazzling, potent and intricate exhibitions of the drummer's art I've ever witnessed. In various combinations he became the dynamo at the hub of the collective performance, waves of energy seemed to crash through his body and translate into spellbinding patterns of sound. At one point Graves hilariously mimicked dancer Min Tanaka, with whom he and Bailey had toured Japan.

Mike Patton made a guest appearance. Graves, now 65, carried him around the stage on his shoulders, performing an uproarious vocal duet. Patton stayed for the finale, a rousing expression of collective gratitude to Bailey. Thanks to John Zorn for organising this tribute, thanks to Milford Graves for making it unforgettable.

JULIAN COWLEY

Alex Bradley & Charles Poulet: *Whiteplane_2*

TRAMWAY
GLASGOW UK

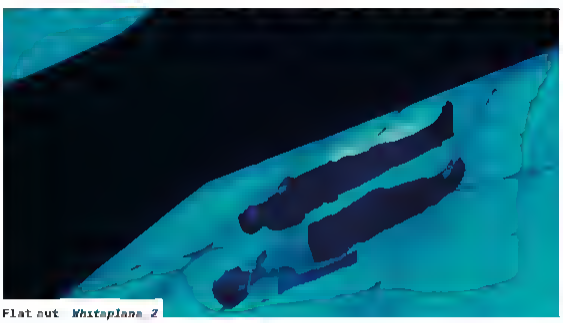
Whiteplane_2 is a sound and light installation that looks like a cross between a 70s disco floor with randomised light patterns and some kind of sophisticated machine. Barefoot visitors are asked to stand or sprawl in a wall-less space between those two planes and experience waves and washes of sound and colour projected in 360-degree ambisonics. It's certainly not the immersive experience promised by creators Alex Bradley and Charles Poulet, and the presence of both artists at a special live performance, bent over laptops at opposite ends of the performance space, had the curious effect of normalising what should have been an experience as far as possible removed from familiar expectations.

The problems inside were compounded by the usual health-and-safety compromises and by an unintended clash between those who took the brief at face value and got up onto that virtual dance floor and those who wallflowered in the shadows watching them. That more than anything was the jarring contradiction, a paradox that didn't trouble earlier *Whiteplane_2* performances at Bristol's Arnolfini and elsewhere, in which the exigencies of space and presentation were more closely absorbed into the work itself.

The other compounding problem at the live Tramway performance was the behaviour of some audience members. One woman got up and danced, while a girl walked endlessly round the installation, tripping over the steps with regularity, and adding a claustrophobic edge to proceedings. In our heads, we were all pacing around nervously.

Bradley and Poulet's use of ambisonics and LED technology is doubtless virtuosic and their respective backgrounds in sound design and dance are well deployed in the work. There are genuine problems about mounting work of this kind within a conventional space. It struck me that the obvious setting for the piece was outside in the hidden garden that has started to sprout on old industrial space behind the building. This blend of NVA-style ambi-theatre and Bill Viola-inspired visual theatricals just didn't make sense in this setting. It also violated a cardinal principle in work of this sort. If it isn't richly perturbing, then it has to be beautiful, and this time failed on both counts.

BRIAN MORTON □



Flat out: *Whiteplane_2*

Resonance104.4fm

Summer Season

Highlights include
Artrocker
Radio Gallery
Block Wednesday
Rock & Roll Fishing
Horse Hospital Radio
London Diaspora Live
Fifty Fifty Sound System
The Traditional Music Hour
Sounds of the Universe
Daddy Said So Land
Audio Sketchbook
Spoon it Moon it
One Life Left
Bananza
plus
Carole Finer
Marvin Suicide
Simon Fisher Turner
Steve Beresford
Kevin LeGendre
William Blake
Dan Wilson
and
Live rock-climbing with Gaz Perry

Special Broadcasts:
Friday 28 July, 6pm to Saturday 29 July, 6pm
"Serpentine Gallery Marathon: London."

Architect Rem Koolhaas and curator Hans Ulrich Obrist interview more than three dozen cultural animateurs in a marathon 24 hour session - broadcast live on Resonance from Koolhaas's extraordinary Pavilion. Leading politicians, architects, philosophers, writers, artists and economists debate the issues of today, answering the question Who / what defines London? www.serpentinegallery.org

August 7 to 11 inclusive, 4.30-5.30pm:
Resonance Live at the Edinburgh Fringe.

Richard Thomas and Max O'Brien are joined by Stewart Lee, Daniel Kitson, Simon Munnery, Kevin Eldon and others in a special live late-afternoon series from the country's foremost arts festival.

www.l-m-c.org.uk

LMC registered charity number 290236

The Gloss-House Trust.

Design by bellasmith

NUMUSIC

WEST COAST FESTIVAL OF NEW MUSIC, STAVANGER, NORWAY
SEPTEMBER 06 - 09TH 2006

WEDNESDAY 06TH
PIERRE HENRY (FR) (STAVANGER DOMKIRKEN)
THE WHITEST BOY ALIVE (N)

THURSDAY 07TH
PIERRE HENRY (FR)
KEIRAN HEBDAN (FOUR TET) & STEVE REID (UK)
WOLF EYES (US)
ANNIE (DJ SET)
& BALTHAZAR (N)
LINOSTRØM & THOMAS (N)
KIM HIORTØY (N)
WHITEHOUSE (UK)
BELGRADE YARD SOUNDSYSTEM (SERBIA)
NOXAGT (N) & DJ SCOTCH EGG (UK)
DJ TODD TERJE (N)
DJ JOAKIM HAUGLAND (N)

FRIDAY 8TH
PIERRE HENRY (FR)

HIP HOP SPECIAL
DJ KOOL HERC (US)
MAD PROFESSOR DUB SHOW (UK/JAM)
NIGHTMARES ON WAX (DJ SET) (UK)
RFRB & INCREDIBLE BEATBOX BAND (JAPAN)
DALEK (US)
DJ SPOOKY THAT SUBLIMINAL KID (US)
DARKSIDE OF THE FORCE (N)

PLUS
MU (JAPAN)
LOUIE AUSTEN (DE)
NEW YOUNG PONY CLUB (UK)
DJ MAURICE FULTON (US)
A HAWK & A HACKSAW (NEW MEXICO)
ICARUS (UK) MURCOF (MEX)
HANNE HUKKELBERG (N)
LEAF RECORDS DJ S (UK)

FILMS & TALKS
STYLE WARS & STYLE WARS REVISTED
'CANT STOP WON'T STOP' JEFF CHANG
INTERVIEWS KOOL HERC
MORE TO BE CONFIRMED!

SATURDAY 09TH
STEREO TOTAL (DE)
ANDREW WEATHERALL (UK)
EWAN PEARSON (DJSET) (UK)
KID 606 (US)
LEGAWELT (NL)
120 DAYS EX BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE (N)
JASON FORREST AKA DONNA SUMMER (DE)
DURAN DURAN DURAN (US)
NEXT LIFE (N)
KNIFEHANDCHOP (CAN)
DROP THE LIME (LAN)
AUDIOGARDE (N)
QRT (N)
SUGARGHOST (D)
MOTHBOY (UK)
MONOMEN (N)
ELEKTROFANT (N)
DJ URB (N)
HOH (N)

SATURDAY 09TH / LABEL SHOWCASES
HEALTHY BOY
SEX TAGS
MELEKTRONIKK
GOLD SOUNDZ
TIBPRDO
ZANG/HUMBUG

NUART CURATED BY LONDON'S C6
C6 / GRAFFITI RESEARCH LAB (US)
MOTHERBOARD / NODO / TOBY SPARKS
TOM CARDEN / DISASTER UNIT
NICK WALKER (UK) / EELUS
PØBEL / DØLK / BEK / IDAT / IAA
WWW.C6.ORG/NUART

THURSDAY AUG 03 @ BLÅ
EXCLUSIVE NUMUSIC OSLO PROMO PARTY!
FEATURING MU (LIVE) (OUTPUT RECORDS)
SUPERJUPITER (N)
DJ MARTYN REED

WWW.NUMUSIC.NO

SUPPORTED BY NORSK KULTURRÅD, STAVANGER KOMMUNE, ROGALANDFYLKES KOMMUNE
PERFORMING RIGHTS SOCIETY FOUNDATION (UK) NYMUSIKK

MEDIA PARTNERS
WIRE KINGSIZE AVIS planB

SPONSORS
The Foundation for new music · Stavanger 2008 · HILRBR · AIR FRANCE · KLM · billett service · KINO1

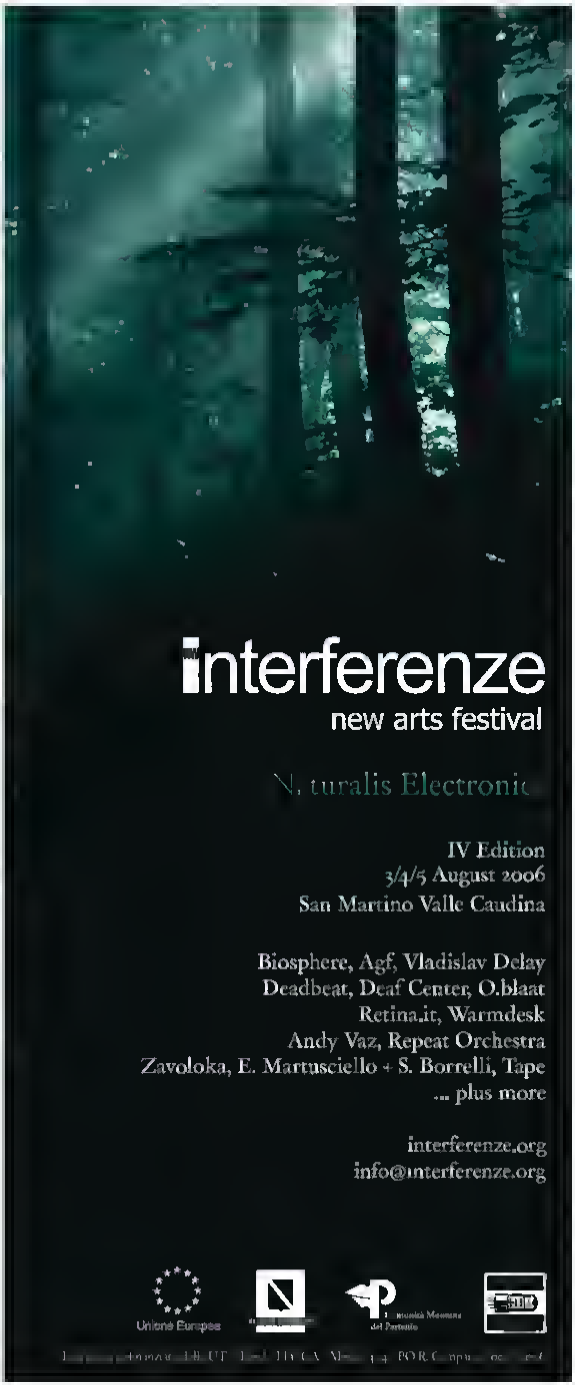
OFFICIAL FESTIVAL HOTEL
CLARION HOTEL BOOKING (CODE NUM20) TEL : +47 51 50 25 29 / 27 WWW.CHOICEHOTELS.NO
FESTIVAL TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM WWW.BILLETTSERVICE.NO

Clarion Hotel Stavanger

THE EMPTY BOTTLE & THE WIRE PRESENT
ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC 2006
WIRE
The Empty Bottle
FILM CENTER
A FIVE DAY CEL ATION OF OUTSIDER SOUNDS
WEDNESDAY SEPTEME 20TH through SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 24TH
THE EMPT BOTTLE
1035 NORTH W E CHICAGO USA
WWW EMPT TTL COM

DECIBEL
DECIBEL
SEPTEMBER 14 - 17 : 2006
SEATTLE
WWW.DECIBELFESTIVAL.COM
CONFIRMED ACTS >
SPEEDY J • GREEN VELVET • ALEX SMOKE • BOLA
THOMAS FEHLMANN • THE DEAD TEXAN • FAX
APPARAT • TELEFON TEL AVIV • FUNCKARMA
TAYLOR DUPREE • RICHARD CHARTIER • SUBTLE
ANDREAS TILLIANDER • JEREMY ELLIS • MOKIRA
CLAUDE VONSTROKE • PANOPTICA • KATE SIMKO
BRETT JOHNSON • LATINSIZER • TIM XAVIER
SOULTEK • LUSINE • PLANKTON MAN • JACOB LONDON
DJ CAMEA • SON OF ROSE • JERRY ABSTRACT
YANN NOVAK • JON MCMILLION • RANDY JONES
SUN TZU SOUND • LOGIC PROBE • NORDIC SOUL

SILENT|LISTEN
Over twenty-five years into the AIDS crisis . . . the record is now open.
Ultra-red
SILENT|LISTEN
Exhibition: August 16 – November 26, 2006
Toronto Performance: August 9 7PM
with Ultra-red (Eddie Flint, Dont Rhine and Robert Tomlow)
International Performance: August 14 8PM
with Ultra-red and special guests Isabelle Noël, Sandra Pam, Andrew Zealley and others to be announced
Artist's Talk: August 16, 7PM
SWING SPACE
TRANS-FORMATION AGO
Art Gallery of Ontario


interferenze
new arts festival
Naturalis Electronic
IV Edition
3/4/5 August 2006
San Martino Valle Caudina
Biosphere, Agf, Vladislav Delay
Deadbeat, Deaf Center, O.blaat
Retina.it, Warmdesk
Andy Vaz, Repeat Orchestra
Zavoloka, E. Martusciello + S. Borrelli, Tape
... plus more
interferenze.org
info@interferenze.org
Unione Europea

Mouth-o-fonic
Bauchklang
Phil Minton
Olga Szwajgier
Sainkho Namtchylak
and others
Cologne
August 12
Stadtgarten
Warsaw
August 18-20
turning sounds
international meeting
turningsounds.pl

KLANGBAD
FESTIVAL 2006
klangbadfestival-scheer.de
SOFA SURFERS
STEAMBOAT SWITZERLAND
BERNADETTE LA HENGST
EMBRYO
FUNKSTÖRUNG · NIGHTINGALES
VOLCANO · THE BEAR · ATTWENGER
PAPER FACTORY · SPEARMINT · U.V.M.
11.-13. AUGUST
SCHEER
FAUST STUDIO
klangbad
MAILORDER:
www.klangbad.de
info@klangbad.de

Frantasia
Festival of Out Music and Arts
Aug. 24, 25, 26, 2006
Livermore Falls, ME, USA
Artists and Performers
Audrey Chen, Clyde Forth,
Andy Haylock, Paul Neidhardt,
Jose Rigler, Liz Tonne,
Nate Wooley, Alessandro Bosetti
Plus over 30 more!
Experimental, Improvisational, Eclectic!
www.frantasiafestival.com

IXMAE
SOUNDSCAPE PERFORMANCE SERIES | LONDON
PERFORMANCE + VIDEO BY
ISAN | OCHRE
A LILY | CURIUM
RIGIL | SLEEPROBOT
AUGUST 17 | 8PM
THE SPITZ, LONDON | EC1.ORG
INFO + TIX: WWW.IXMAE.COM

DABRYE
TWO/THREE
EUROPEAN TOUR w/ KADENCE
7.9
PARIS
@ Le Triptych
9.9
GLASGOW
@ Vic Ace
9.9
NEWCASTLE
@ TBA
10.9
MANCHESTER
@ TBA
15.9
AMSTERDAM
@ Paradiso
19.9
LONDON
@ Cargo
19.9
ROTTERDAM
@ Warm (w/ A MEKEN)
19.9
BRÜSSEL
@ Bazgrte Art (w/ MATMOR, D MEKEN)
29.9
HANNOVER
@ Pebel (w/ A MEKEN)
21.9
HOPERRADER
@ Culture Aux (w/ STATIC)
23.9
ZÜRICH
@ Jazzclub
CD/2x LP AVAILABLE NOW
feat. BOOM, J DILLA, MOS DEF, MADVILLAIN, KADENCE, MAJALEE, and more
"A major statement ... an epic, awesomely dented record." - THE WIRE
DABRYE.SLEEPYOU + WWW.DRAKYE.COM | GHOSTLY.COM

NO-FI
SATURDAY 22ND JULY
SLEEPARCHIVE
MARCIA BLAINE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
IZU (LIVE) JAZZFINGER AND MORE
THE TYNE | NCL | FREE | OUTDOOR ALLDAY!
THURSDAY 27TH JULY
THRONES (JOE PRESTON)
ZOMBI ROMANCE
CUMBERLAND ARMS | NCL | £5.00
SATURDAY 12TH AUGUST
MODESELEKTOR
WARM DIGITS (CATHODE&MODSON)
D RRADIO AND MORE
THE TYNE | NCL | FREE | OUTDOOR ALLDAY!
THURSDAY 24TH AUGUST
SUNBURNED HAND OF MAN
MARZURAAN
JAZZFINGER
CUMBERLAND ARMS | NCL | £4.00
WEDNESDAY 6TH SEPTEMBER
NOXAGT
MASS
THE CLUNY | NCL | £5.00
WWW.NO-FI.ORG.UK | MAIL@NO-FI.ORG.UK

Exploring new frontiers in creative music.

GUELPH JAZZ FESTIVAL + COLLOQUIUM

presented by Desjardins

september 06→10

guelphjazzfestival.com

Steve Coleman & Five Elements

György Szabados & Vladimir Tarasov

Bill Dixon & Joëlle Léandre

Evelyn Petrova

FAB Trio Joe Fonda, Billy Bang & Barry Altschul

and so much more...

For festival ticket packages or tourist and accommodation information call Guelph Tourism 1 800 334 4519

Ontario

Guelph Wellington County

DARKNESS IS ENLIGHTENING

PSYCHIC TV (LIVE)

LYDIA LUNCH (LIVE)

BLACK SUN PRODUCTIONS FEATURING VAL DENHAM & OLI NOVADNIEKS (LIVE)

TUESDAY 10 OCTOBER PARADISO AMSTERDAM THE NETHERLANDS

PREEALE € 22 50, DOORS OPEN 20 00

MORE INFO PARADISO NL KINKFM COM ELECTRONATION NL

KINK

SONIC ARTS

8A Honours Sonic_Arts

MA Sonic_Arts

Sound Art
Radiophonic Arts
Electroacoustics
Sound and Image
Installation
Composition
Psychoacoustics
Interactive Arts
Sound Design
Curating
Performance
Generative Music
Sound Diffusion

info : www.sonic.mdx.ac.uk
+44 (0)20 8411 6689

apply : admissions@mdx.ac.uk
+44 (0)20 8411 5649

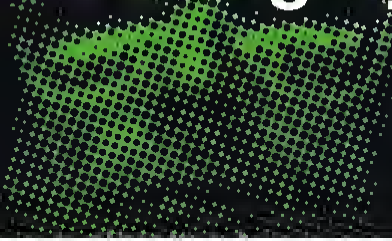
Middlesex University

ENO in collaboration with Asian Dub Foundation presents

ENO

An exhilarating collision of live music, theatre & film in this audacious major new work

Gaddafi: A Living Myth



Join the elist for updates + FREE music/video clips
www.eno.org/gaddafi

Book by 7 Aug to get top price tickets for £25* – call 0870 145 0200, quote 'early booking offer'. *Terms and conditions apply

0870 145 0200 www.eno.org/gaddafi Sept 7 · 8 · 9 · 14 · 15 · 16

ENO, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4ES 6 dates only £10 – £54

season sponsors sky & artsworld

Out There

This month's selected festivals, live events, clubs and broadcasts.
Send info to The Wire, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN, UK.
Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, listings@thewire.co.uk. Compiled by Phil England

Busking it: A Hawk And A Hacksaw

Branching out: Leafcutter John

UK festivals

Cross Central
LONDON
Music, art and cinema in a station railway arch with live performances from Money Mark, The Bug, Four Tet, Gang Gang Dance, Cut Chemist, Young Blood Brass Band, King Creosote, Andrew Weatherall plus Nightmares On Wax Soundsystem and many others (26 August, 5pm–5am) and Coldcut, Amon Tobin, DJ Food (27, 8pm–6am). London Kings Cross Station. 26–27 August, £20 per day. 020 7833 9344. www.tdkcrosscentral.co.uk

Distraction Summer Alldayer
NEWCASTLE
Nine hour showcase of 12 acts from the North Eastern circuit plus guest appearance by DJ Scotch Egg. Acts range from indie pop to post-hardcore, Ambient, post-rock, sludge rock, surf-pop, drones and earbleeding noise. Live sets from DJ Scotch Egg, Catwaasels, d_radio, To My Boy, Posset, Les Cox (sportifs), Fuck That!, The Bubble Project, Halalchemists, Spraydog, Minotaurs, Mt and Mwvm plus DJs. Newcastle Upon Tyne Cluny. 5 August, 2pm–1am. £6. 07850 630491. www.distractionrecords.com

F-ire Festival
LONDON
Three concerts on consecutive evenings showcasing acts from the new jazz collective's roster. With Jade Fox, Fulborn Teversham, Miso Soup (2 August), Polar Bear, Elysian Quartet, Princess And The Pervert (3), Leafcutter John, Simon Bookish, Normal Gimbal (4). London Spitz. 2–4 August, 7pm. £5 per concert. 020 7392 9032. www.spitz.co.uk, www.f-ire.com

Green Man Festival
BRECON BEACONS
Folk artists old and new play this fledgling festival which this year takes place in the lowland hills of a National Park in Wales. Confirmed acts include Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Kieran Hebden & Steve Reid, Alasdair Roberts, Wizz Jones, Jack Rose, Circulus, Skygreen Leopards, Sunburned Hand Of The Man, It's Jo And Danny, Mansa Nadler, Euros Childs, The Aliens, 18th Day Of May, A Hawk And A Hacksaw, Television Personalities, Joe Boyd, Archie Bronson Outfit, Viking Moses, Chris TT, Silver Jaws, Donovan, King Creosote, James Yorkston, Tunng, Adem, Little Wings, Gruff Rhys, Jose Gonzalez, Calexico, Martha Wainwright and Micah P Hinson. Glanusk Park Estate. 18–20 August. £58. 08700 667799, www.thegreenmanfestival.co.uk

Norwich Underground Pop Convention
NORWICH
Four day event including two free afternoon concerts. Performers include Fart Chimp, DJ Scotch Egg, Radioactive Man, Onions and A Hawk And A Hacksaw. Norwich Arts Centre, 3–6 August, various times & prices. £16 festival wristband. 01603 660352, www.norwichartscentre.co.uk, npuc.mqprojects.co.uk

Palimpsest
CAMBRIDGE
All-day event focusing on new music and outsider folk with Sunburned Hand Of The Man, Alasdair Roberts, A Hawk And A Hacksaw, Chris Corsano, Directing Hand, Dead Rat Orchestra, C Joynes and Haas plus DJs. Cambridge All Saints Church. 26 August, £15/£12.50, 0770 865 8056, www.htrecords.co.uk

What They Could On, They Did
EDINBURGH
First edition of a microfestival featuring experimental and electronic performances from Egg (MC Muffin) and H & The Capsized Smiles, noise from Les Enfant Bastard, The Tea And Toast Band and Noisebastard as well as mixed media installations, texts and an open night of improvisation with artificial life agents. NB this line-up has been amended since last issue. Edinburgh Forest Cafe. 27–28 July. free. 07855 449735. www.evacte.noise.org.uk

International festivals

Summer In The Summer
CANADA
The organisers say the festival "mostly displays the beautiful and harsh side of Toronto's best keep secrets" and aims to unite the disparate groups that comprise the city's thriving avant garde music community. Artists include Brujo, Oneida, MV+EE, Bummer Road, Deep Dark United and about 40 other acts. Toronto Tranzac. 4–8 August, $15/$10 per day, $35 weekend pass. 001 416 923 8137. bummerinthesummer.blogspot.com

Council Of Mysterious Things
USA
One day event organised by Unity Sound Archive and Disjecta and featuring live action from Yellow Swans, Family Underground, Shoplifting, Tom Carter with Kyle Bruckmann & David Dove and Problems, plus videos and DJs. Portland location tba. 5 August, times & prices tba. tgreenwood60@hotmail.com

C Sides
ISRAEL
Festival for electronic music and digital arts with an emphasis on cultural dialogue between Germany and Israel and a critical perspective on the Occupation. With over 70 participating artists. Jerusalem Dalia. 29 August–1 September. 00972 54 470 0640. www.csides.net

Electric Eclectics
CANADA
First annual international festival of music and media art at the Funny Farm near a small town in Ontario. Curated by Laura Kikauka and Gordon Monahan, the festival comprises of concerts, sound installations and workshops with featured artists including Einstürzende Neubauten's Alexander Hacke, Tony Conrad, Yuko Nexus6, Gary Wilson, Richard Underhill's Astrogroove and theremin player Dorit Chrysler. Ontario Meaford town and environs. 4–7 August, 001 519 538 3569. info@electric-eclectics.com

Frantasia
USA
Festival of "Out Music And Arts" with performers including Audrey Chen

Alessandro Bosetti, MV Carbon, Clyde Forth, Andy Hayleck, Jana Rigler, Nate Wooley, IDM Theftable, Liz Tonne, Paul Neidhardt, Chris Cathode, Mystic Out Bop Review, Myla Hardie, Tim Feeney, Laura Feathers, Ed Snyder, Vadim, LSD, Watersports and others. Plus free workshops. Maine Livermore Falls, 24–26 August, 7 11pm, $5/$7, 001 207 897 6158 jazzcorridor@hotmail.com

Interferenze
ITALY
New arts festival with Biosphere, AGF, Vladislav Delay, Deadbeat, Deaf Centre, D blast, Retina it, Warmdesk, Andy Vaz Repeat Orchestra, Zavoloka, E Martusciello & S Borrelli, Tape and others. San Martino Valle Caudine, 3–5 August, interferenze.org

Jazz À Mulhouse
FRANCE
Free music meeting with Phil Minton & Roger Turner, Peter Brötzmann & Han Bennink, Trio Sawari, Peggy Lee, Brötzmann/Joe McPhee/Kent Kessler/Michael Zerang, Doppelmoppel, The Fish, Peggy Lee, Pierre Favre, Matthew Bourne, Daniuk Lazro/Paul Rogers, Johannes Bauer/Clayton Thomas/Tony Buck, Luc Ex/Tristan Honsinger/Serigne Gueye, Zu & Mats Gustafsson, Jérôme Noetinger/eRikm/Michel Doneda and others. Mulhouse various venues, 21–27 August, 0033 3 8945 3667, www.jazz-mulhouse.org

Jazz Em Agosto
PORTUGAL
Jazz and Improv fest with Orkestrova ROVA's Electric Ascension, Anthony Braxton Sextet, Nels Cline/Andrea Parkins/Tom Rainey, Lê Quan Ninh, Evan Parker, Larry Ochs/Fred Frith/Lê Quan Ninh, Corkestra, Lisbon Improvisation Players and others. Lisbon, 3–12 August, www.musica.gulbenkian.pt

Klangbad
GERMANY
A quiet little town in south western Germany on the Danube plays host to Faust keyboard player Hans Joachim Irmler's third annual festival. Over 25 acts include Paper Factory (Irmler with Clive Bell and Sylvia Hallett), Volcano The Bear, Embryo, FM Einheit/Michael Fakesch, Steamboat Switzerland Duo, Franz Hautzinger and Attwenger. Scheer, 11–13 August, €30, 0049 661 250 555 26, www.klangbadfestival-scheer.de

Mouth O Fonic
GERMANY & POLAND
International meeting of artists exploring the outer reaches of the voice. Artists include Phil Minton, Sainkho Namtchylak, Bauchklang and Olga Szwajgier. Cologne Stadtgarten, 12 August, Warsaw 18–20 August, www.turningsounds.pl

Pantiero
FRANCE
Festival on the French Mediterranean coast with DJ Shadow, TV On The Radio, !!!, Datarock, Dizzee Rascal, TTC, Modeselektor, Agoria, David Caretta, John Lord Fonda, Puppetmastaz and Breakestra. Cannes Terrace of the Congress & Palace of Cannes, 16–18 August, €50, 0033 4 9299 3383, www.festivalpantiero.com

Summer Jazz Cycling Tour
THE NETHERLANDS
20th edition of this cycling jazz and improvised music festival in which 26 concerts take place in venues that include mediaeval churches, old estates and barns. The best way to get from venue to venue is, of course, by bike. This year the line up includes Sex Mob, Hatfield And The North, Evan Parker & Louis Sclavis, Tobias Delius/Cor Fuhler/Paul Lytton, Klaas Hekman/Fred Lonberg-Holm/Veryan Weston, Trevor Watts & Jamie Harris, Herb Robertson & The Space Cadets, Hermine Deurloo NY Trio, Evelin Petrova, Keshavan Maslak, Joost Buis Sliphorn featuring Han Bennink, Palinckx Play The Beatles and DJ Sem. Groningen, 25–27 August, 0031 50 4030 862, www.zjft.nl

Table Of The Elements: Balerium
USA
Five day festival over Labor Day weekend from the experimental label featuring Arnold Dreyblatt & His Orchestra Of Excited Strings, a tribute to John Fahey, Rhys Chatham's Heavy Metal ensemble, a programme of Jack Smith-related rare early 60s films hosted by Tony Conrad, Jonathan Kane's February, Leif Inge's 24 hour installation *9 Beet Stretch*, Loren Connors, Charlemagne Palestine films, San Augustin, Keenan Lawler, a goat roast and more. Atlanta Eyedrum, 31 August–4 September, info@tableofthe elements.com, www.myspace.com/table oftheelementsfestival4

Special events

Arsenal: Sound As Weapon
UK
Artists exploring the offensive applications of sound include Rod Dickinson, Thomas Altheimer, Mattin, Tillmann Terbuyken & Thomas Baldischwyler, Jasmin Jodry & Mo Stoebe, Giorgio Agostoni, allsoppfiwelr and Pablo Garcia Valenzuela. Work includes video, performance and text. London Alma Enterprises, to 6 August, Friday–Sunday noon–6pm, free, 07913 653910, thisisland.net

Eco E Narciso
ITALY
Supported by *The Wire*, this project takes the form of a series of sound installations commissioned by the city of Turin and placed at various locations on its network of museum spaces. The installations have been commissioned from a number of leading experimental musicians and sound artists including Bruno Dorella, Marco Milanesio, Fabrizio Modonese Palumbo, John Duncan, Valerio Tricoli, Jacob Kirkegaard, Stephen Mathieu and Steve Roden. A special CD containing extracts from the audio components of all the installations accompanies subscriber copies of this month's issue of *The Wire*. New subscribers can also get a copy of the CD (see page 93 for details). Turin various locations, until September, www.ecoenarciso.it

Folk: The Alan Lomax Archive
USA
Photographs, film, sound recordings and other artefacts from the American folklorist's repository go on display in New York. New York Brooklyn Fire Proof, to 6 August, 001 718 302 4702, bfp.wireandtransit.com

Issue Project Room
USA
Canalside, the circular performance space in Brooklyn with 16 channel speaker system hung from the ceiling, continues its regular interdisciplinary performance programme this month, with live electronics by David Linton, DJ Olive and Amoeba Technology inside enhanced environment installations (4 August), a 12 hour multiarts marathon curated by Bradley Eros (6), Michael Evans's Fulminate Trio (11), Jeremiah Cymerman Trio (9), Matt Davignon with David Linton, Ben Owen, Richard Garet, Sawako & Bruce Tovsky plus video artists Shimpei Takeda and Chiko (20), Aki Onda & Alan Licht plus multimedia artists The Volt Collective (24), Martin Baumgartner, Ikue Mori and DJ Olive (31). New York Brooklyn Issue Project Room, 8pm, $10, 001 718 330 0313, www.issueprojectroom.org

Kaleidoscope
UK
Another packed evening from this occasional multiroomed multimedia night at Whitechapel Art Gallery. Live music from Alexander Tucker, Arthur Brick and Temperatures, plus an installation by Giles Round, a DJ set from Babak Ghazi and video screenings aplenty including work by Takagi Masakatsu and Christian Marclay. London Whitechapel Art Gallery, 11 August, 7–11pm, £5/4, 020 7377 0107, www.k-is-for-kaleidoscope.com

Radio Festival
USA
A day of radio art and performance in rural upstate New York including a microradio soundwalk lead by members of the New York Society Of Acoustic Ecology; sound installations by Michelle Rosenberg and Jeff Fedderson, a project by Karin Bolender featuring FM transmissions activated by a goat, an open group performance of John Cage's *Variations IV* for radios, plus other performances and workshops by Dharma Dailey, Todd Merrell, Lycaon Pictus and Damian Catera. NY Greene County free103point9 Wave Farm, 5 August, 2–10pm, free, 001 518 622 2598, www.free103point9.org

Jock Scot & Gareth Sager: Return Of The Prodigals
UK
Pop Group's Sager provides freeform accompaniment to poet raconteur Scot in an hour of anarchic anecdotes, poignant poetry and booze-fuelled philosophy as part of the Edinburgh Fringe. Edinburgh Gilded Balloon Debating Hall, 10–14 and 26–28 August, 11pm, www.gildedballoon.co.uk

Ultra-red: Silent/Listen
CANADA
San Francisco's socio-political electronic collective present a new exhibition and performance reflecting on 25 years of the AIDS crisis. Toronto Art Gallery Of Ontario, exhibition 18 August–26 November, performances 9 & 14 August, artists' talk 18 August, 001 416 979 6608, www.ago.net/exhibitions/ultrared

Word/Sound
UK
Afternoon sound walk in and around the small Cumbria town of Sedbergh (starting at Sedbergh Tourist Information Centre, 3pm) followed by a one hour performance integrating natural and electronic sounds with poetry readings from ancient sacred texts and contemporary local writers (St Andrew's Church, 4.30pm). Sedbergh, 27 August, 3pm, £6, 01539 622045, www.music-freakout.biz

On stage

A Hawk And A Hacksaw
One man genre-bending performance. Big Chill (4 August), Chepstow Three Tonnes (5), Norwich Arts Centre (8), London Luminaire with Nancy Elizabeth Cunliffe and Team Brick (9), Cheltenham Slak Bar (10), Leicester Summer Sundae (11), Bristol Seymours Family Club with Sunburned Hand Of The Man (17), Brecon Beacons Green Man Festival (18), Reading Fringe Festival (23), Cambridge Palimpsest Festival (26), www.qujunktions.com, www.brokenheartfoundation.org.uk/hawk

Ashtray Navigations + Astral Social Club + Birds Of Delay + The Digitariat
An evening of noise with the headliners playing their first London show in nearly a decade. London Red Rose, 4 August, 7.30pm, £6, 020 7263 7265, www.secondlayer.co.uk

Auto Da Fe
Californian Amps For Christ spin-off performing freeform on a suitcase full of pan-global instrumentation. Sheffield Cricketers Arms, 10 August, 8pm, £4, 0114 272 7904, www.freenoise.co.uk

Broken Social Scene
Chaotic indie post rock assemblage. Leeds Festival (25 August), Reading Festival (27), Oxford Zodiac (28), Cardiff Point (29), Liverpool Academy (30), Sheffield Leadmill (1 September), Stradbally Electric Picnic Festival (2), Glasgow Indian Summer Festival (3)

Crank Sturgeon + Gastric Female + Reflex + Smear Campaign + Gimp Nipples + Coffin Leather + Birds Of Delay
Wild and ugly noise from North American visiting artists backed by fellow practitioners from the North of England. Leeds Fenton, 15 August, 6.30pm, £5/£3, 0113 245 3908, www.qubik.com/termite

Gang Gang Dance
The Brooklyn based experimentalists return. London Luminaire (28 August), Dublin Hub (31), www.upsettherhythm.co.uk

Hair Police
Lexington, Kentucky noise trio tour the UK. Support comes from either Sudden Infant or Putrefier depending on the date, so check local information. London Bardens Boudoir (1 August), Brighton Freebutt (2), Exeter Zephyr Bar (3), Cambridge Portland Arms (5), Nottingham Old Angel (6), Newcastle Cumberland Arms (7), Glasgow venue tbc (8), Edinburgh Henry's Cellar Bar (9), Manchester Phoenix (10), Leeds Cardigan Arms with Feast Of Ishtar and Putrefier (11), Sheffield Cricketers Arms with Sudden Infant, Kreepa, Black Galaxy and Feast Of Ishtar (12), Bristol venue tbc (13), London Gramophone (14), www.harbingersound.org

Isan + Ochre + Cerium + A Lily + Rigil + Sleeprobot
An evening of live performance and video by emerging Ambient and experimental laptop artists from the ixmae collective. London Spitz, 17 August, 8pm, £8, www.spitz.co.uk, www.ixmae.com

London Improvisers Orchestra
Star studded monthly gathering of the capital's free players performing conducted improvisations and other works. London Red Rose Club, 6 August and every first Sunday of the month, £5/£3, 020 7263 7265

Mi And L'au
Finnish-French duo feted by Michael Gira Coventry Taylor Johns (24 August) Newcastle Agora (25) Stockton Georgian Theatre (26) Glasgow Mono (27) Limerick Boat House (28), Belfast Aunt Annies (30) Dublin Whelans with Vetiver (31) Nottingham Social (1 September), Birmingham Custard Factory (2) Leeds Faversham (3) Cardiff Buffalo Bar (5) Brighton Hanbury Ballroom (6) London Spitz with Vetiver (7) London tbc (8) Bristol Cube (9) Isle Of Wight Festival Festival (10), www.younggodrecords.com

Modeselektor + Warm Digits + Narrika
Newcastle all day with live performances plus DJs D_Bradio, Dave Guy, Nik Barrera and Les Puma Newcastle The Tyne outdoors 4pm midnight, free, www.no-fi.org.uk

Corey Mwamba & Orphy Robinson
Improvised duet from two multi-instrumental percussionists who also employ electronics on the hoof. London Whitechapel Art Gallery 4 August, 7pm £5/£4 concessions, 020 7522 7878 www.whitechapel.org

Nem + Makeshift + The North Sea Radio Orchestra
Headliners improvise with electronics and Indonesian gamelan Makeshift are an improvising sax and drums duo and the North Sea Radio Orchestra are a chamber group performing original music London Spitz 31 July, 8pm £5 www.lf-festival.co.uk, 020 7392 9032 www.spitz.co.uk

Solar Fire Trio + 3K Static
Fiery twin sax and drums jazz threesome featuring Ray Dickaty from Spiritualized supported by dadaist soundscapers Sheffield Grapes 11 August, 8pm www.freenoise.co.uk, www.3kstatic.com

Sudden Infant + Nenderson Richardson + Cheapmachines + Eaten By Children
Bank Holiday noise event. London Old Blue Last, 28 August, £4 0871 332 2509

Tongues Of Fire
A riot of reeds, brass and percussion drawing on the sounds of church and chapel of village, street circus and Gypsy bands, Albert Ayler and Sun Ra. Featuring Steve Noble Pete McPhail and Geoff Hawkins Reading Rising Sun Arts Centre 5 August, 0118 586 6785 www.risingsun-artscentre.co.uk, www.tongues-of-fire.co.uk

Tom Verlaine
Guitarists guitarist hits the road London 100 Club (26 July) Cardiff Point (30), Manchester Night & Day (31), Glasgow ABC 2 (1 August), www.marquee.demon.co.uk

Christopher Willits
No Signal and Sprawl present Bay Area guitarist and multimedia artist plus special guests to be announced London Flesprit 15 August, 7.30pm £5 020 7033 9986, www.christopherwillits.com, www.no_signal.net/desonis, www.sprawl.org.uk

Club spaces

Bash
Bashment, dub ragga rockers, roots lovers and soca presented by The Bug & Loefah London Plastic People 31 August and every last Thursday of each month 10pm 2am £5 07832 131168, www.bashsound.com www.plasticpeople.co.uk

Beat-Ting
This Improv and more event on a ship on the Thames is now taking place twice-monthly This month Improv from Steve Noble/Lol Coxhill/John Edwards' sludge rock and transgressive poetry from God's Mama multi-instrumental duo Bucket and poetry from Sue Johns (7 August) Harry Becket Duartet with Nick Stephens Tony Marsh & Chris Biscoe, Alex Ward songs set, guitar drums and vocals duo Truck and poet Paul Birtill (21) London Yacht Club first and third Mondays of month 8pm £5/£3 020 8659 3406

Digital City
All-night "swanked up warehouse party" with Rephlex and Seed Records artists Live appearances from DMX Krew LJ Kruzer MC Riz, DJ Fu & MC MantMast plus DJs VJs and films by Gus Van Sant, Andy Warhol and Spike Jonze London secret warehouse venue 29 July 10pm 6am £7-£8 07855 706405 info@digitalcity.org.uk, www.digitalcity.org.uk

Free Radicals
Free improvisation monthly featuring solo saxophone from Ntshuka Bonga. Songs That Hum featuring Alison Blunt on violin and Jackie Walduck on vibes and a quartet of Brazilian reedsman Yedo Gibson with Frank Charlton Pat Thomas and Marcio Mattos London Red Rose Club 2 August, 8.30pm £5/£3 07778 363492, gerard.tierney@gmail.com

Klinker North & South
The weekly improvised music and off the wall performance club takes a break this month to return in September www.klinkerclub.info

Bay's Jazz
Monthly free improvisation series continues inside this record shop/cafe with pianist David Casal layering his playing with real time samples London Ray's Jazz at Foyles 31 August, 6pm, free, 020 7440 3205 rays@foyles.co.uk

Songbird
A night of contrasting live entertainment including African song from Risanga Shake drone klezmer disco from Entropy Circus poet Frank Bangay & The Topsy Turvy Band plaintive songs from Blanket and French minstrels from Anne Pigalle London Russian Club Bomonti 4 August, 8pm–2am, £6/£4 020 7586 5077

Incoming

Adventures In Modern Music
USA
For the fourth year in a row *The Wire* hooks up with Chicago's Empty Bottle venue in September to present a five day festival of outsider sounds The full line up is: Cobra Killer Tim Hecker Rhys Chatham's Essentialist, Jandek (20 September) Eden with special guest Daghe Badgerlore, Hive Mind The Cougha (21), Tetine, Coleen Yellow Swans Cast King (22) DM Subtle Paul Flaherty/Frank Rosaly Duo Zu (23) Steinski Hamid Drake/William Parker Duo, Trapist, Kayo Dot (24) Chicago Empty Bottle, 20-24 September $15/concert, 001 866 486 3401, www.emptybottle.com, www.thewire.co.uk. In addition a season of music-related films programmed by *The Wire* will run at Chicago Gene Siskel Film Center throughout September www.siskelfilmcenter.org/

Conflux 06
USA
Third annual psychogeographic extravaganza from the Glowlab arts people Situated this time in Brooklyn, 75 international artists offer tours, walks and sound-related events Brooklyn McCaig Welles Gallery 14–17 September, free 001 718 384 8729 www.glowlab.com/lab2/events.php

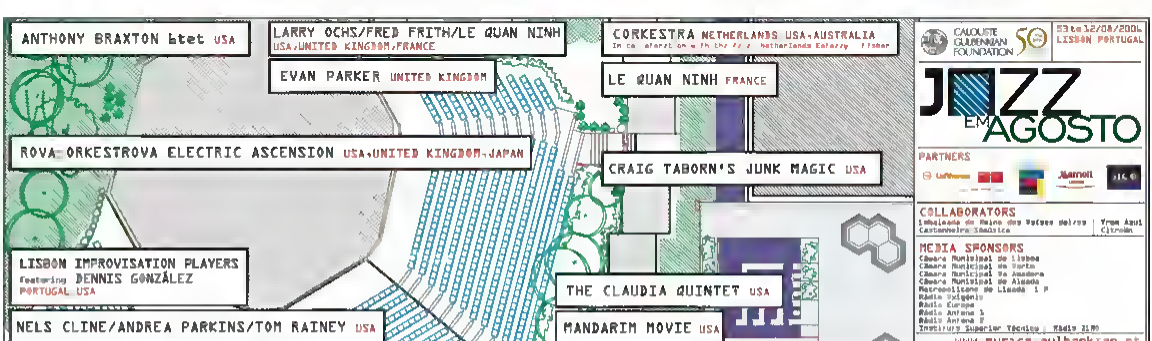
Gaddafi: A Living Myth
UK
Asian Dub Foundation's music theatre and film production in collaboration with English National Opera London Coliseum 7–9 and 14–16 September £94–£10 0870 145 0200, www.eno.org/gaddafi

Guelph Jazz Festival & Colloquium
CANADA
Festival and conference with Bill Dixon & Joëlle Léandre Steve Coleman & Five Elements, Evelyn Petrova, Joe Fonda/Billy Bang/Barry Altschul, György Szabados & Vladimir Tarasov René Lussier Bob Ostertag & Pierre Hébert Lê Quan Ninh Mark Feldman & Sylvie Courvoisier and many others Guelph various venues times & prices 8–10 September 001 800 334 4519 guelphjazzfestival.com

High Zero
USA
Baltimore's annual festival of experimental and improvised music continues Four days of concerts are shadowed by public events in town wherein local and international musicians make music in impromptu combinations As well as the numerous local participants, the following international artists are involved Jac Berrocal Uchihashi Kazuhisa George Lewis, Alessandro Bosetti Cooper-Moore Roger Turner Kyle Bruckman Chiara Giovando, Forbes Graham Leonel Kaplan Christine Sehanoui Dave Smolen, Jackie Stewart and Fuyuki Yamakawa In addition to the main shows of the festival (14–17 September), there will be installations, street performances and public workshops at various sites around Baltimore (7–20) Baltimore Theatre Project, 14–17 September $12-$8/concert, $40 festival pass 001 443 414 5414 johnb@berndtgroup.net

Merce Cunningham Dance Company
UK
Merce Cunningham's 14 dancers perform to David Tudor *Sounding Ocean Diary* and Andrew Culver's *Ocean 1–95* surrounded by the audience who are in turn surrounded by the orchestra London Roundhouse, 21–24 September 8pm Thursday–Saturday 3pm Sun £35–£15 0870 730 1407 www.dancecumbrella.co.uk

Decibel
USA
International festival of electronic music performance arts and New Media. Over 80 electronic music artists from around the world including Green Velvet, Alex Smoke Dexter Bola Thomas Fehlmann (dub set) The Dead Texan, Fax, Telefon Tel Aviv, Apparat Taylor Deupree Funckarma Richard Chartier, Subtle Andreas Tilliander and many others Plus visual artists, installations, live art,



technology workshops, product demonstrations and panel discussions. WA Seattle 14–17 September, $75. 001 206 218 5413. www.dbfestival.com

Indian Summer
GLASGOW
Inaugural live music festival with an "intimate capacity" features The Fall, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Antony & The Johnsons, Yo La Tango, Gang Of Four, Broken Social Scene, 1990s, Optimo and Butch Cassidy Sound System. Glasgow Victoria Park, 2–3 September. 08700 600 100, www.indiansummerglasgow.com

Matmos
UK
Sole UK date for the San Francisco duo who have now added a cow's uterus to their sound sources. London Koko, 17 September. 0870 145 1115, www.koko.uk.com

Nightmare Before Christmas
UK
Pre-Christmas holiday camp noise banquet with artists selected by Thurston Moore. Latest artists confirmed include dkt/MC5 with Mudhoney's Mark Arm, Be Your Own Pet, Gang Of Four, Dinosaur Jr, Dead C, Iggy Pop & The Stooges, Sonic Youth, Deerhoof, Bardo Pond, Six Organs Of Admittance, Magik Markers, Melvins, Wolf Eyes, Negative Approach, Monotract, Prurient, Awesome Colour, Charalambides, The Skaters, Jackie-O Motherfucker, My Cat Is An Alien, Nurse With Wound, Richard Youngs, Wooden Wand, Sunburned Hand Of The Man and Alexander Tucker. Minehead Butlins, 8–10 December. £115/£135. www.atpfestival.com

Cat Power
UK
Chan Marshall returns with the Memphis Rhythm Band for one off date. London Roundhouse, 1 November. £17.50. 0870 3389 1846. www.roundhouse.org.uk

Numusic
NORWAY
New Music festival of predominantly electronica, supported by *The Wire*. Acts include Pierre Henry, Kieran Hebden & Steve Reid, Wolf Eyes, DJ Spooky, Kid 606, Stereo Total, Murcof, Hanne Hukkelberg, Jason Forrest aka Donna Summer, Whitehouse, Belgradsayard Soundsystem, Noxagt & DJ Scotch Egg, Andrew Weatherall, Dälek and Kim Hiorthoy. Stavanger various venues, 6–9 September. info@numusic.no, www.numusic.no

Psychic TV
UK
Three UK dates only for Genesis P-Orridge and his magick show. Sheffield Boardwalk (5 October), Birmingham tbc (6), London Astoria (7). www.myspace.com/ptv3

Sound Forest
LATVIA
Annual festival on island on the river Daugava in Riga. Alongside Baltic artists, international participants include BJ Nilsen, Circle, Elena Radigue & Charles Curtis, Evan Parker, Jamie Lidell & Pablo Fiasco, Kalju Haino, Liars, MoHai, Peter Rehberg, Volcano The Bear and Wolf Eyes. Plus sound installations by Christina Kubisch and Evelina Deicmane & Lucinda Dayhaw, and films about Reynols, Nihilist Spasm Band, John Cage and Pauline Oliveros. Riga Andrejsala, 8–5 September. 00371 2946 4264, www.skanumazs.lv

Spitz Festival Of Folk
UK
Ten well-chosen shows that reflect both roots and shoots of contemporary folk. Highlights include Vativer + Mi And Lau (7 September), Davey Graham + Voice of The Seven Woods (9), Eighteenth Day Of May + The Human Beings (15), Beth Orton & Bert Jansch + special guest (29), Adam + The Memory Band + Aidan Smith (30). 1–30 September, 020 7392 9032, www.spitz.co.uk

Happy entrails: Matmos

JAMES STEARNAGAN (MATMOS)

X Avant
CANADA
New Music festival with Tony Conrad, DM, Joe McPhee, The Dirty Projectors, Deep Dark United, Barnyard Drama and more. Toronto Music Gallery /various venues, 21–24 September, prices tba. 001 416 204 1080. www.musicgallery.org

Yo La Tango
UK
US maverick trio work new album *I Am Not Afraid Of You And I Will Beat Your Ass*. London Bush Hall, 5 September; London Forum, 11 November. yolatango.com

Out There items for inclusion in the September issue should reach us by Friday 4 August

UK Radio

Resonance 104.4 FM
NB Resonance is now scheduled quarterly as of January 2006. The station broadcasts across Central London noon–1am, seven days a week with repeats broadcast outside these times. CD quality Web streaming and full listings at www.resonancefm.com

Adventures In Modern Music
Thursday 8pm. Presented by *The Wire* staff

All New Epistaxis Time
Friday 3.30pm. Radiophonic art

Boiling The Jock
Tuesday 3.30pm. Blues with Joe Cushley

Black Wednesday
Wednesday 5pm. Death Metal

Counter Culture Radio
Thursday noon. With Rough Trade staff

Dead And Alive
Friday 5pm. Modern classical

Far Side Radio
Wednesday 12 noon. With Paul Fisher

Fifty Fifty Sound System
Tuesday 11.30pm. Old Skool dub & reggae

Frequenzen
Monday 10.30pm. Electronic composition

Glammere & Mare
Wednesday 9pm. With Matthew Glammore

Horse Hospital Radio
Monday 11.30pm. With James Hollands

Kitchen Magic Time
Wednesday 4.30pm. Latin & black diaspora

Late Lunch With Out To Lunch
Wednesday 2pm. With Ben Watson

Mining For Gold
Thursday 11pm. With Jonny Brown

Muleskinners Blues
Monday noon. New roots & Country sounds

Muse Luse
Monday 1pm. Portuguese music

(Not The Bermuda Triangle) Again
Thursday midnight. Club 2012's Easy Listening

Now's The Time
Monday 9.30pm. Contemporary jazz

Onkyodo
Tuesday 8pm. Japanese music

OST
Saturday 4.30pm. Jonny Trunk's soundtracks

Radio
Monday 3pm. European indie radio fest

Radio Gallery
Monday 8pm. Anne Colin curates

Back & Ball Fishing
Thursday 1pm. With Duncan Whittaker

Sifting
Sunday 6.30pm. With Simon Fisher Turner & Cassian Harrison

Slam Dunk
Tuesday 10.30pm. Brazilian experiment

Solid Steel
Friday 11pm. With Coldcut

Sounds Of The Universe
Thursday 5.30pm. With the Soul Jazz DJs

Sound Projection
Friday 5.30pm. With Ed Pinsent

The Traditional Music Hour
Thursday 2pm. With Reg Hall

Voice To Voice
Tuesday 8pm. Steve Beresford and guests

BBC Radio 1 97–99 FM

Gilles Peterson Worldwide
Sunday 11pm–1am. Global grooves

BBC Radio 3 90–93 FM

Jazz On 3
Friday 11.30–1am. Jazz in session and concert

Hear And Now
Saturday 11pm–1am. New Music magazine

Late Junction Monday–Thursday 10.15–midnight

Mixing It Friday 10.15–11.30pm. Eclectic mix of avant sounds

BBC Lancashire 95.5 / 103.9 / 104.5 FM, 855 MW

On The Wire
Saturday 10pm–midnight. With Steve Barker

BBC Merseyside 95.9 FM, 1485 MW

PMS
Sunday midnight–2am. Avant sounds mixed

Cable Radio 89.3 FM (Milton Keynes)

Garden Of Earthly Delights
Friday 10pm–midnight. Eclectic event mix

XFM 104.9 FM (London)

Flo Motion
Sunday 10pm–midnight. Leftfield electronica

Links to Net radio broadcasts can be found on *The Wire* Website: www.thewire.co.uk

Subscribe

Subscription options
One year's subscription (12 issues) plus:

- ☐ *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 1–4
- ☐ *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 5–8
- ☐ *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 9–11
- ☐ *The Wire Tapper* Volumes 12–15
- ☐ two extra issues free (with this option your first subscription will run for 14 issues instead of the usual 12)

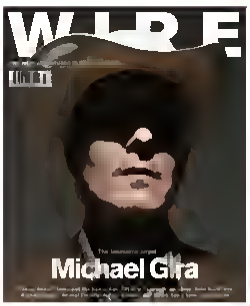
Subscribe online at www.thewire.co.uk or use the form on page 84

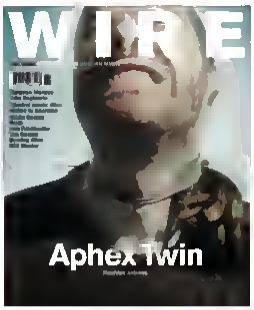
Subscribing to *The Wire* is the best way to get hold of copies of "the most essential music magazine of the contemporary era" *(Forced Exposure)*

It's a fact the most exciting and influential developments in music are happening at the fringes of the culture, below the radar of most entrenched music magazines. Unlike other zines, *The Wire* is uncompromising in its mission to dig out the music that really matters, music that makes a difference. Each issue is filled with indepth coverage of the most radical and innovative musicians (past and present) in the arenas of electronic music, avant rock, hiphop, new jazz, noise, modern composition, traditional musics and beyond. You won't find this kind of informed mix anywhere else. Don't be without it.

Subscribe to *The Wire* and get these benefits

- ☐ **Save money**: wherever you live, a subscription issue will still cost less than if you bought it from a news stand, record store or book shop
- ☐ **Prompt delivery**: you receive copies of the magazine by direct mail. Delivery schedule: UK: 3–5 days; Europe/USA/ROW Air: 1–3 weeks; ROW surface: 4–12 weeks. NB US subscription copies are mailed in the US
- ☐ **Free CDs or free issues**: all new subscribers worldwide receive free introductory CDs or free extra issues (see options opposite for details)
- ☐ ***The Wire Tapper* CDs**: all subscribers worldwide receive future volumes in *The Wire Tapper* series (see opposite page for details)
- ☐ **More free CDs**: in addition to *The Wire Tapper* series, all subscribers automatically receive copies of all CDs given away with the magazine (see opposite page for details)
- ☐ **Special discounts**: all subscribers get discounts on back issues and T-shirts (see the form on page 82), as well as occasional mail order offers on selected CDs and music books





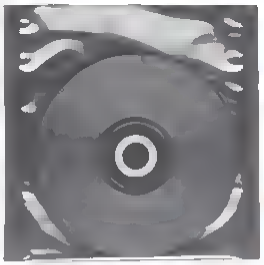
The Wire Tapper

The Wire Tapper 15

***The Wire Tapper* is a unique and ongoing series of CDs that are compiled by *The Wire* staff and given away to all our subscribers worldwide with selected issues of the magazine**

Each CD functions as an accompaniment to the kind of wide-ranging mix of new underground music that gets featured in the pages of *The Wire* each month. Vols 1–5 and Vols 7, 8, 11, 13, 14 and 15 are single CDs. Vols 6, 9, 10 and 12 are double CDs. When you order a subscription to *The Wire* you can opt to receive one of five free introductory packages, four of which include previous volumes in *The Wire Tapper* series (see opposite for details). Subscribers can also get copies of previous volumes in *The Wire Tapper* series with back issue orders (see page 91). The next volume in the series will be given away to all subscribers with copies of the forthcoming December issue.

More free music: In addition to *The Wire Tapper* series we regularly collaborate with a variety of labels and organisations to produce special CDs that are given away exclusively to all subscribers worldwide with selected issues (ie they are not available with copies of the magazine sold in shops). The next CDs in this series will include new compilations from the Eco e Narciso sound art project in Turin (see page 93) and the London Atlantic Waves festival.



The Wire Tapper 1 Issue 170 April 1998
Vega/Vinolo/Vesannen, Miss Mumaster, Mike [illegible] a-(cut) ch Vs Scanner, Scala, Cornelius, Rebecina, Nassim, Moulaut, Sclinx, Kreidler, Dj Food Vs David Byrne, Arto Lindsay, Schneider TM, Porter Ricks, Midnight Funk Association, Mimi, 2nd Gen

The Wire Tapper 2 Issue 177 November 1998
Sticker, Rhys Chatham, Angela Langer & David Cunningham, DAF, Tom Zé, Murderdrum (Percy Howard/Fred Frith/Bill Laswell/Charlie Hayward), Jane Dowe & Terre Thaemlitz, Terwester, Powerfield, Sam Prekop, Puppy, Joel Ford & Ye La Tango, The Pastels, Radiaux, Lubricated

The Wire Tapper 3 Issue 182 April 1999
Supersistant, High Rise, Rothko, We Gas To Rescue Ant, Thurston Moore/Evan Parker/Walter Prati, Medal 500, Pandit Shiv Kumar Sharma, Khan, Hood, Paul Panhuysen, Robert Ashley, Shu Ie Chandra, Void, Rhys Chatham

The Wire Tapper 4 Issue 186 August 1999
FX Randomz, Pierre Bastien, and Pan American & BJ Cole, Vandermark 5, SS+D, Alog, Powerfield, Low Rise, Chref, Resonance & Hi-Bulb Man, Clive Graham, Do Make Say Think, Warm Defender Signal, Klangstabil Unit, Daniel Figgis

The Wire Tapper 5 Issue 193 March 2000
Labradford, Stephan Vanfleteren, Varne/Varsanon/Einhorn, Kimmo Pohjonen, Wire, Stylus, John Weil, Curd Duca, Fennesz/D Rourke/Rehberg, Im Sera Vs Nerve Camp, Daniel Givens, Arne Nordheim, Ye La Tango, Vert, Anaïp Quartet, Mirror Cell x, Fushitsusha

The Wire Tapper 6 Issue 200 October 2000
CD1. The Fall, Finger, Susumu Yokota, Ben Blake, Christian Marclay, Otomo Yoshihide, Senaatseval, General Magic, Pan Sonic, Jan Jelinek, [illegible], HIM, David Grubbs, The Hurricane#1, Angus MacLise, Glass Cage
CD 2. Nurse With Wound, Faust, John Fahey, Nils Økland Ceol, Jenek Schaefer, Current Nanity, Tarwa, Djivan Gasparyan, Peanut Butter Wolf featuring Kracc, I-Sound, BaTonic [illegible] sr-(cut) ch, C Schulz & Hajsch, Tom Recchion, Flurumen, Hermann Nitsch

The Wire Tapper 7 Issue 207 May 2001
Four Tet, Felaprogramming, Daniel Figgis, Jim Hirk-m, Kim Hartley, Anthalas, Ataraxant Orchestra, Begg, Jas Nolte, Steinbrüchel, Mice Parade, Illness Of Safety, Monks Of The Monastery Of Gyöd, That Eardrum, Lasse Marhaug, Max Nagl/Edward Gorey featuring John Tippetts

The Wire Tapper 8 Issue 215 January 2002
23 Skidoo, Jah Wobble & Temple Of Sound, Cornelius, Fog, Goodheart Allen Fiswell Trio, Chas Smith, Michael Jan Fink, Microdef, Electricane, No Neck Blues Band, Set Free Ta Flames, Workshop, Smell Rocks, The Rip Off Artist, Nexagt, Xinlr Supreme

The Wire Tapper 9 Issue 225 November 2002
CD 1. Liars, Themselves, Terwester, Mum, Andrew Sacredo, Supersistant, Pulwechsel/Fennesz, Wazabugy, Aan Chang & Jonray, Deadbeat, Vedrin, The Dots, Sigan, Leafcutter John, Sun
CD 2. Max Tundra, Wire, Sonic Youth/ICP/The Ex, Sigur Rós, John Fahey, A Small Good Thing, The Sea And Cake, Masha Qrelle & Stephanie Polsaprogramming, Electrelane, Ellery Eskelin with Andrea Parkins & Jim Black, Jimmy Lyons Trio, Aman Tolin, D Arcangelo

The Wire Tapper 10 Issue 235 October 2003
CD 1. Gnoll Melvins, Alias, Animal Collective, Mahar Shalal Hash Baz, Sketch Show, Kim Hartley, Mice Parade, Colleen, Themselves, Loren Connors & David Grubbs, Palma Pulpa, Fennesz, Dälek, Four Tet, Rob Ellis, David Sylvian
CD 2. Heat Sensor featuring M Sayyid, Günter Müller & Toshimaru Nakamura, Stefrenn Hakon, Schlammpeitzger, Jah Wobble, Larkach, Lumen, Satrio Wong, Ur Erik Friedlander, Susanna And The Magical Band, Cloga, Sugar & Swing, Satanicpornocultshop, David Grubbs

The Wire Tapper 11 Issue 244 June 2004
To Rococo Rot, Icarus, Joana Molna, Whitus, Philip Glass, Albert Ayler, Chris McGregor & The Brotherhood Of Breath, Matthew Dear, Jah Wobble, Arthur Russell, Henrik Øylandsvik, Green Milk From The Planet Orange Mountains, Slowblow, Un Cadeau Renversé Dans Un Herbier, [illegible] & phil minton

The Wire Tapper 12 Issue 250 December 2004
CD 1. Don Ali Bro & Rob Palmer, Richard Bark Psychosis, Atelier & David Donald, Andy Moor & Yanna Kyriakides, Burnt Friedman & The Nu Dub Players, Anaïp Rock, Pita Velat, Michaela Melian, Chas Smith, Martin Archer, Henry Grimes Trio, The Necks, C Ascolese, Matthew Runner, Stéphane Ryss, Ergo Phizmiz, The Fall
CD 2. Cut Da Snc/Dame Suzuki, Meadow House, Milky Globe, Starlight Soundsystem, Jason Kahn & Gunter Müller, Andrew Poppy, Carter Tutti, Dj Rupture featuring Sister Nancy, Burnt Sugar Vs The Dynamatrix, Am/Pm, David Grubbs & Nikos Veliotis, Gary Lucas & Jozef Van Wissem, Bonnie Prince Billy & Matt Sweeney, Damon Naemi, Fax & Alex Ayuli, Ana Da Silva, Christian Renau, Enigma Device, Shining, M Bentley

The Wire Tapper 13 Issue 256 June 2005
Hanna Hukkelberg, Mandarin Movie, Alexander Hacke, Matt Elliott, Juana Molina, Prosaico, Devotionals, Kid606, Ariel Pinks Haunted Graffiti, John Sarmen, Nick Castro, Junkboy, Akonin, Cornstuck Co, Bombay 1, Fajo, Cremations Orchestra, Fort Royal, Fever Hax, Tin M

The Wire Tapper 14 Issue 262 December 2005
Drew Marshall, Dirty Projectors, Secret Mummy, Cage, Ray Russell, Kieran Hebden & Steve Reid, Back To Camp, Cobra Killer, Gerry Mitchell & Little Sparta, Xol, Merz, Hans Fjellestad, Nels Cline/Wally Shoup/Chris Corsano, Andrey Kvitchenko, This Heat, Mahs

The Wire Tapper 15 Issue 268 June 2006
Humcrush, Leafcutter John, Mech-nefrenek, Revarbopolis, Yanna Kyriakides & Andy Moor, Jozef Van Wissem, Hwyl Nrfiu, Giuseppe Ielasi, Garrett John Wise, Dub Tribe, Mikken, Lawrence English & Ai Yamamoto, Herbert, Sal Slappy, Trevor Watts, Grocer, Spoonculture, Ionaj, Dur, Dirt Gemis, Landet

Full track listings for all volumes are available at: www.thewire.co.uk/subscribe

Back Issues

A fully searchable index of issues 100–203 is available at www.thewire.co.uk. The site includes downloadable articles from sold out issues

17 **Ray Charles** John Gilmore Afro-jazz, Herbie Nichols Daniel Ponce Betty Boop
21 **Chucho Valdes** Chet Baker Michael Nyman Phil Wachsmann Jamaaladeen Tacuma Pinski Zoo
24 **Betty Carter** Paul Bley John Abercrombie Jimmy Smith Maggie Nicols Sidney Bechet, Bill Evans
33 **Beat Generation** Lenny Bruce William Burroughs Lord Buckley Sonny Rollins Dave Brubeck, Hal Russell Edward Wilkerson John Russell
39 **Andy Sheppard** Sheila Jordan Gil Evans Derek Bailey's Company Tadd Dameron
41 **Cecil** Steve Swallow Steve Coleman, Thelonious Monk, Kronos Quartet
42 **Hugh Masekela** Horace Silver Xero Slingsby Ronny Wilson Bud Shank
44 **Jazz Awards** Hermeto Dizzy Gillespie Earthworks Annie Griffin Steve & Julian Arguelles James Carr
45 **Michael Brecker** Dudu Krams Alex Maguire & Steve Noble Robert Fripp Barry Guy

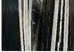
43 **Akemi Kuhn** Billy Jenkins Julius Hemphill, Clark Tracey Frank Morgan Mike Stern
51 **Marilyn Crispell** Caspar Brötzmann Roland Perrin Andy Kirk Robert Fripp Overlooked Music ans part 2
52 **Sonny Rollins** Hank Roberts Ed Blackwell Barry Wallenstein, Marta Arthur Ornette Coleman
53 **Jane Bunnett** Eddie Prevost, Joe Bowie/Defunkt, Bob Stewart, Dianne Reeves Azeleia Hall Jimmy Rowles
54 **John Scofield** Elliott Sharp, Robert Fripp, John McLaughlin, Chet Baker Von Freeman
56 **Judith Weir** John Cage Carla Bley Misha Mengelberg Mike Gibbs Guide to 20th Century Composition
60 **Andy Sheppard** Jack DeJohnette Orlando De La Martinez, Lionel Hampton
65 **Bill Frisell** Anthony Braxton Jimmy McGriff Blind Idiot God John Harle
68 **Chet Baker** Coleman Hawkins Working Week Bob Berg Peter King *Shake Keane*
76 **John Surman** Shankar Krzysztof Penderecki The Jazz Warriors Charles Mingus
77 **McCoy Tyner** Mirmaster Morris Peter Daou Chris McGregor Mary Lou Williams Kenny Barron
82/83 **Quincy Jones** John Gilmore Cecil Taylor Miles Davis on Record pt 3 *Stock Hausen & Walkman*, Critics Choice 90
90 **Prince** Frank Zappa on Record Elliott Carter David Sanborn Barbara Dennerlein Bob Stewart's Jukebox
92 **Van Morrison** Dave Burrell Leon Redbone's Jukebox, Heyday on Record Rebirth Brass Band Test Department
99 **Is Music Dead?** Randy Weston, Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy Fred Anderson & Von Freeman David Toop on Ambient, Negativland Gavin Friday The Ex, London Musicians Collective
102 **Eastern Issue** Trilok Gurtu Sons Of Arqa Joi, Ikue Mori & Catherine Jauniaux, Pat Metheny Steve Martland's Jukebox, Jimmy Witherspoon Arrested Development
103 **The Song & The Dance** James Brown, Frank Sinatra Elvis in the 50s Mike Westbrook, Television, Lenny Heard Ali Farka Toure's Jukebox
105 **Altered States** Cypress Hill The Shamen Charlie Parker Bob Marley part 2, Stockhausen, Reggie Workman Billy Jenkins's Jukebox Big Star
109 **Malcolm X** Living Colour John Adams, Anthony Davis, David Thomas on Soviet pop Greil Marcus on Rock Robert Don Pullen's Jukebox, June Tyson RIP
121 **Elvis Costello's Jukebox**, Charles Gayle Balanescu Quartet, Punk Psychos Angelique Kidjo Rap on Trial Music in the 21st Century
122 **Mick Karn** Tim Buckley Steve Albini's Jukebox Archie Shepp Derek Bailey Disco Inferno Moody Boyz
141 **Marc Almond** Stockhausen vs the Technocrats Aphex Twin Scanner US post rock Jaz Coleman, Eddie Palmieri Wayne Shorter Peter Frohmader Andrew Poppy
147 **Coldcut/Ninja Tune** Hypersymphonism, Ronald Shannon Jackson, Philip Glass's Jukebox, Jak Linbeznt, Photek, Negativland Rhys Chatham Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan
152 **A Guy Called Gerald** David Thomas, Jim O'Rourke meets John Fahey Throbbing Gristle Einstürzende Neubauten, Henry Rollins's Jukebox, Cristian Vogel Lamb
153 **Imaginary Soundtracks** Bandulu meets Julian Cope Steve Reich, Diamanda Galas's Jukebox, Stacey Pullen David Tudor Nico
154 **The Illbient Alliance** (Byzar Wordsound Sub Dub, Soundlab Bill Laswell, Ben Neill DJ Olive) The Primer Stockhausen Jens The Damage James Chance's Jukebox, Charlemagne Palestine
156 **96 Rewind** Lakhach Prince Paul Khan & Jamma Unit Harold Budd's Jukebox, Japanese psychedelia
158 **Can** Chris Cutler DJ Vadim Bandulu, Nommaliza Jah Wobble's Jukebox, Roy Montgomery Pascal Comelade Motorhead Michael Prime
159 **Photek** Robert Fripp, Cologne Central (Mouse On Mars, Mike Ink A Musik Pluramon, Dr Walker) Jeff Mills Sonic Boom's Jukebox The Primer Ennio Morricone Merzbow Third Eye Foundation
160 **Noise With Sound** Pierre Henry AR Kahmen Ivor Cutler's Jukebox Return of the DJ (X-Men Kid Koala Invisibl Skratch Piklz, Peanut Butter Wolf) As One John Russell Workshop
162 **Vienna Tones** (Pelanger & Tosakan Cheap, Mego Sabotage) Charles Hayward Arto Lindsay's Jukebox, Liquid Liquid Haruomi Hosono Surgeon, Merce Cunningham Masaki Batoh
163 **Robert Wyatt**, The Primer Sun Ra Current 93 Stock Hausen & Walkman, Silver Apples Ornette Coleman Terre Thaemlitz Van Dyke Parks's Jukebox FREE postcards Autechre Jah Wobble Stereolab

164 **Plaid** WS Burroughs To Rococo Rot, Pauline Oliveros, Yusef Lateef Graham Haynes, Stereolab's Jukebox, Mats Gustafsson
165 **Jim O'Rourke** Oskar Sala Le Peuf Rock Français (Odd Size, Tone Rec Sister Iodine, Kasper Toeplitz) Butch Morris 4 Hero's Jukebox, Faust, Anonymous Rewas J Saul Kane Hal Willner
166 **Alec Empire** Neurofunk Raves (Source Direct, Matrix Optical Grooverider No U Turn) Hangraaf Chrysalis Bootsy Collins's Jukebox, The Primer Grateful Dead Cyro Baptista Company Flow Tim Berne
168 **Matthew Shipp** Fred Frith Lalo Schifrin Julian Cope's Jukebox, The Primer Field Recordings, Hugh Davies Reg Un Crime Kevin Ayers
169 **Future Sound Of Berlin** (Porter Ricks Chain Reaction Vainqueur Monolake Substance Various Artists)

Terry Callier Suicide's Jukebox Fela Kuti Buckethead Toshimaru Kondo Panasonic Le Quan Ninh
171 **Sonic Youth** Robert Moog Royal Trux, James Blood Ulmer LTJ Bukem's Jukebox 812, Kato Hideki Solex, FREE Savage Pencil Primer postcards
172 **John Martyn** Richie Hawtin, Sun City Girls, Jesus & Mary Chain's Jukebox, The Primer P-funk, Gary Lucas Don Byron Ikue Mori Cut Chemist
173 **Lydia Lunch**, Dr John, Spiritualized's Jukebox, Ken Vandermark, Pluramon Ashra Azusa Plane
174 **John Fahey** Herbie Hancock Sextet, Talvin Singh's Jukebox, The Primer Musique Concrete Easy Listening Apocalypse Arnold Dreyblatt, James Huston Ganger
175 **100 Records That Set The World On Fire** Brauer der Cat Ken Kesey's Jukebox Damo Suzuki Godspeed You Black Emperor!
176 **Harder! Faster! Louder!** (V/VM, Speedranch, Skam Matthew Herbert, Fat Cat) Toru Takemitsu Derrick May's Jukebox, Bernard Parmegiani Ravi Coltrane Chris Watson
177 **Bjork**, Eugene Chadbourne Squarepusher's Jukebox, The Primer James Brown John Meyer Bob Dylan, Alan Licht, Ted & Tickled Too
178 **Portishead**, La Monte Young meets Mark Webber Derek Bailey's Jukebox, Timbaland Marc Ribot Frederic Galliano Jarboe Jeff Noon's Epiphany
179 **David Sylvian** 98 Rewind (Records of the Year) Jim O'Rourke's Jukebox, The Primer Turntablism, Undercurrents 1 Original Electric Sound John Cale Harry Partch, Pierre Henry Red Crayola
180 **Terre Thaemlitz**, David S Ware Will Oldham Autechre's Jukebox, Undercurrents 2: Futurists Western Music Michael Finnissy Martin Tétreault
181 **Nick Cave** Pan Sonic The Primer Ornette Coleman Kevin Shields's Jukebox Maryanne Amacher Joe Morris Undercurrents 3 Music of the Spheres, Fennesz
182 **Arto Lindsay** Genesis P-Orridge Luc Ferrari, Rhys Chatham Natacha Atlas's Jukebox Vinicius Cantuaria Undercurrents 4 The Microphone
183 **Mark E Smith** Alec Empire's Jukebox Peter Thomas Undercurrents 5 The Music of Chance A Certain Frank Stuart Dempster Can live
184 **Stockhausen**, The Dead C The Primer Tropicalia Stock, Hausen & Walkman's Jukebox Undercurrents 6 Autobahn Fever Ozomatli David Toop on Fela Kuti
185 **Carl Craig** Michael Gira Undercurrents 7 Concrete Rock Otomo Yoshihide Kirk Degiorgio on the Fender Rhodes, Nobukazu Takemura Tony Allen
186 **Scanner** Tony Oxley Blixa Bargeld's Jukebox, The Primer Japanese Psychedelia Undercurrents 8 Sonic Art, Piano Magic Ping Research
187 **Gang Starr** Augustus Pablo John Paul Jones's Jukebox Undercurrents 9 Automating the Beat, Ectomorph Joe Gallivan FX Randomiz
188 **Mouse On Mars**, Peter Brötzmann Mickey Hart, Terry Riley's Jukebox Undercurrents 10 Live Electronics Atom Heart, The High Llamas, Walter Marchetti Kit Clayton
189 **Iggy Pop** The Primer Lee Perry Lee Konitz's Jukebox Undercurrents 11 Ecstatic Jazz, People Like Us Pelt Kevin Drumm
190/191 **Diamanda Galas** 99 Rewind (Records of the Year) Mark Perry Angus MacLise Caetano Veloso's Jukebox Matt Herbert, Giya Kancheli Undercurrents 12 Worship the Glitch DJ Scud Susumu Yokota
192 **Ononono Projects** Ryuichi Sakamoto Jonathan Harvey The Primer North Indian Music Kid Koala Lemmy's Jukebox, Ultra-red Dave Pajo
193 **Wire** Rashied Ali Richard H Kirk Bill Laswell's Jukebox, Vladislav Delay Hoze Kimmo Pohjonen, Tara Jane O'Neil
194 **Coil** Morton Subotnick, Gunter Muller Sussan Deyhim's Jukebox, The Primer Einstürzende Neubauten Kid 606 Kim Cascone Biosphere
195 **Sound Art Explosion** Godspeed You Black Emperor! Evan Parker's Jukebox, Laurie Anderson, Dylan Group Davey Williams Greg Kelley
196 **Pole** Harry Smith The Primer Lou Reed/John Cale/Nico, People Under The Stairs Yo La Tengo's Jukebox Arovane Erik M Harry Bertoia

197 **Weird!** (Anti Pop Consortium Mike Ladd, Dose One) 23 Skidoo Kim Gordon's Jukebox, Tangents Solar Myth Approaches William Hooker, Toshimaru Nakamura
198 **Merzbow** The Primer Art Ensemble Of Chicago Steven Severin's Jukebox Phoenecia Simon H Fell Bob Cobbing Blectum From Blechdom Mike Cooper
199 **Royal Trux**, Burnt Friedman Sunny Murray's Jukebox, Tangents Simon Reynolds on [illegible] Francisco Lopez, Luther Blissett, Joseph Suchy Lous V Vliet, Faust
201 **Chicago Stories** (Isotope 217 Chicago Underground Duo, Tina & Orchestra) Sarakho Nemtsov Dan The Automator And N'Tin (K)'s Jukebox Tangents. Music & Architecture Janek Schaefer Yat Kha
202 **Zakir Hussain** Christian Wolff HAA The Primer British folk-rock Otomo Yoshihide's Jukebox, Rob Ellis Bill Wells, Beta Bodega Coalition
203 **Sugar Boo**, Rewind 2000 (Records of the Year) Mark E Smith's Jukebox Amm Broke David Grubbs Tangents Psychedelic Soul Jah Wobble's Epiphany
204 **Tortoise** The Primer The Residents The Secret Museum of Mankind, Gary Lucas's Jukebox, Bob Ostertag Lesser
205 **Talvin Singh** Ornette Coleman Phill Niblock, Stephen Malkmus's Jukebox, Tangents The Blank Generation Thighpaulsandra John Wall Future Pilot AKA
206 **John Cale** The Primer Early Minimalism Tom Zé Keith Rowe, Matmos Richard Norris's Jukebox, 2nd Gen Antibalas Lee Ranaldo on John Fahey
207 **Generative Music** (Oval Eno Autechre) Keith Tippett, Tangents Sound Poetry Current 93's Jukebox, Tench Bardo Pond Phil Cohran Håkon Lithe
208 **Beyond Company Flow** (Def Jux, El-P Mr Len, Mr Lif Rigg Jus Cannibal Ox) Neu! Fred Frith's Jukebox The Primer Fire Music John Duncan Electrelane Scott Pelton
209 **Bedrohead** MicroHouse (Vladislav Delay Jan Jelinek, Thomas Brinkmann) Pauline Oliveros's Jukebox Tangents: Metropolis & The Man-Machine Arthur Doyle Jacques Attali Four Tet, John Hudak Oren Ambarchi Cerrone
210 **Acid Mothers Temple** The Primer Morton Feldman Laurie Anderson's Jukebox, Fennesz, Swedish Ref cola (Kunel Lindblad Ake Hodell Folke Rabe Parson Sound) Prefuse 73 Hamid Drake
211 **Bjork**, Robert Prost Nath, O Bert, Stereolab Mike Patton's Jukebox Tangents Lester Bangs Stephan Mathieu Gregg Bendian Radu Malfatti Lightning Bolt, Cream
212 **Kid606** Techno Animal The Primer Wu-Tang Clan Richie Hawtin's Jukebox, Henry Flynt, Christian Kubisch Oneness Of Juju, Willem Wijnant, Ekkehard Ehlers Scion Henry Cow
213 **Jim O'Rourke** Keiji Sanacho Tangents The Sex at Noise Network, Lol Coxhill's Jukebox, The View From Downtown Bobby Conn Negativland Marcus Rosenfeld Patti Smith
214 **Mercury Rev** The Primer Music of Islam, Cornelius Curlew Playgroup Kirk Degiorgio's Jukebox, Madlib Axel Dörner
218 **Richard Hell** Keith Rowe on Central Africa Tangents. Music slumbering Joelle Leandre's

Jukebox, Florian Fricke, Lamb, Fog
Malcolm De La Rochefoucauld, Lydia Lunch
217 **Sonic Youth**, Sam Rivers, Steinski's Jukebox, Sofia Mitsein Mecanique, Christof Migone, Cex, Thomas Buckner, Rehman Brothers
218 **Alice Coltrane**, Steve Beresford, Tangents: Bootlegs & Plagiarhythms, Rebuilding Berlin Techno, David Grubbs's Jukebox, Taylor Deupree, Vibracathedral Orchestra, Sunn O))), Jerry Hopkins on Frank Zappa
220 **DJ Shadow**, Frederic Rzewski, The People Band, Susanna Ihren, Bernhard Günter, Super_Collider's Jukebox, Marcel, Kjetil D Brandsdal, The Sealed Knot
221 **Keiji Haino**, The Primer: Nurse With Wound, John Coltrane, Wordsound, Philip Jeck, Simon Fisher Turner's Jukebox, Grand opal, DJ /rupture
222 **Tom Waits**, William Parker, Lou Harrison, Arthur Lee's Jukebox, Leif Elggren & CM Von Hausswolff, Boom Bip, To Live And Shave In LA, Tchad Blake, Kevin Blechdom



223 **Boredoms**, Atom Heart, Yasunao Tone, Charlemagne Palestine's Jukebox, The Primer: Miami Bass, Earle Brown, Chebi Sabbah, RJD2, Clarence Barlow, Peaches
224 **Suicide**, John Stevens, Mr Lif, Alan Lomax, Tony Allen's Jukebox, Video Arcade, Deerhoof, Jazzkammer
225 20th anniversary issue: Story of The Wire, Anticon, Kimmo Pohjonen, The Primer: No Wave, Steve Lacy's Jukebox, Asa Chang & Junray, Annette Krebs, Steve Mackay, Bob Cobbing
226 **Jackie-O Motherfucker**, Keith Levene, Acoustic Ecology, Eastworld in Tokyo, Kevin Ayers's Jukebox, Hrvatski, Fursaxa, Frank Denyer, Mark E Smith
227 **Asian Dub Foundation**, 2002 Rewind (Records of the Year), Shandar, Albert Ayler, Henry Grimes, John Sinclair's Jukebox, Schimpfluch, Oxbow, Gert-Jan Prins, Will Oldham
228 **Lou Reed**, Alan Silva, The Primer: Mutant Disco, Spring Heel Jack's Jukebox, Supersilent, Helmut Lachenmann, Out Hud, Charalambides
229 **Faust**, Heiner Goebbels, Joe McPhee, Steve Roden, Paul Dolden, David Toop's Jukebox, Black Dice, Maja Ratkje, Martin Stewart, Ryoji Ikeda, Daphne Oram, Terre Thaemlitz
230 **Autechre**, The Magic Band, Tom Cora, The Primer: Fluxus music, Colin Newman's Jukebox, Donna Summer, Califone, John Tilbury, Michael Gira, Michael Snow
231 **Matthew Herbert**, Eddie Prévost, Nonesuch's Explorer series, The Mego story, The Cramps' Jukebox, Jaga Jazzist, Steffen Basho-Junghans, Sarah Peebles, Akio Suzuki
232 **Yo La Tengo**, The Ex, Mauricio Kagel, The Primer: Soft Machine, David Sylvian's Jukebox, Asmus Tietchens, Sightings, Cliff Martinez, Sun conductor, Nina Simone
233 **Michael Gira**, Arne Nordheim, Rebstomagus, OR Site, Daevid Allen's Jukebox, Stereo and the Space Age, Animal Collective, MF Doom, Sam Shalabi, Lydia Lunch's Epiphany
234 **New Weird America** (Sunburned Hand Of The Man, Tower Recordings, Six Organs Of Admittance, Chris Corsano, etc), The Primer: Fela Kuti, Robert Ashley, Mike Patton's Jukebox, Phew, The Pastels, Nurse, Cedric Im Brooks, Tram
235 **Matmos**, Mike Kelley, Ron Geesin, Kaffe Matthews, Sarah Rasmussen, David Byrne's Jukebox, Robert Wyatt, Ersen Erista, Leafcutter John
236 **Great Lost Recordings**, Miles Davis: Rhythm & Sound, Pinches, Rechenzentrum, Carla Bozulich, Perry Robinson
237 **Aphex Twin**, Taku Sugimoto, The Primer: Spectral music, Chris Morley's Jukebox, Glenn Branca, Earth, Erik Friedlander, Tim Hecker, Will Menter
238 **Raster-Noton**, Will Oldham's Jukebox, z'ev, Blue Gene Tyranny, Luigi Russolo, Wolf Eyes, Lasse Bushlover
239 **2003 Rewind** (Records of the Year), Arthur Russell, Damon & Naomi's Jukebox, Rafil Kochin, Jerome Noetinger, Paal Nilssen-Love, Matthew Bourne
240 **Einstürzende Neubauten**, Sun City Girls, Joe Boyd, The Primer: Charles Mingus, Greg Tate's Jukebox, Portable, Dave Bedford, Toad, Anthony Pateras
241 **cLOUDDEAD**, Gyorgy Ligeti, Art Bears, Mars, Four Tet's Jukebox, Olga Neuwirth, Double Leopards, Bernhard Gál, A Hawk And A Hacksaw, Woody & Steina Vasulka
242 **Ghost**, Rammellzee, Jack Rose, Luc Ferrari's Jukebox, The Primer: Cecil Taylor, Bill Fontana, Dean Roberts, CocoRosie
243 **The State of Song**, Hafler Trio, Takehisa Kosugi, Buck 65's Jukebox, Jim Fines, Nautical Almanac, Steve Hubback, Laurie Spiegel, Oxbow on Dean Martin
244 **Fennesz**, Philip Corner, Vinicius Cantuária's Jukebox, The Primer: Oriental wonderlands, Eric Dolphy, Susan Philipsz, PG Six, Henrik Rylander, Sixtoo
245 **Alvin Lucier**, Damo Suzuki, Ellen Fullman, Devendra Banhart, Sunn O)))'s Jukebox, Bark Psychosis
246 **Wilco**, Phil Minton, The Primer: Noise, Asian Dub Foundation's Jukebox, Hang On The Box, Margareth Kammerer, Beth Anderson, Mark Bain
247 **Derek Bailey**, Jac Berrocal, Kenneth Anger, Tim Barnes, Chris Watson's Jukebox, Text Of Light, Mira Calix, Thomas Melcher, Felix Kubin
248 **Zeena Parkins & Ikue Mori**, Henry Flynt, Mats Gustafsson, The Primer: Psychedelic soul, Jennifer Herrema's Jukebox, Ardan, Comets On Fire
249 **Wolf Eyes**, Albert Ayler, Alvin Curran, Matthew Bower, Simon McRaney's Jukebox, Blevin Blectum, John Butcher, Paolo Angeli, Thomas Ankersmit
250 **In Praise of the Riff**, The Pharaoh Underground (Avarus, Kemialliset Ystävät, Es, Keijo etc), Marshall Allen's Jukebox, Greg Davis, irr. app. (ext.), John Peel
251 **LCD Soundsystem**, 2004 Rewind (Records of the Year), Zeitkratzer, Glenn Jones's Jukebox, Joanna Newsom, My Cat Is An Alien, Afrirampo, Dalek
252 **Anthony Braxton**, Mike Ladd, The Primer: Avant Metal, Soft Pink Truth's Jukebox, Gang Gang Dance, Dylan Nyoukis, Olo, Hugh Davies, Toshiya Tsunoda
253 **MF Doom**, Bill Fay, Hijokaidan, James Tenney, Ken Vandermark's Jukebox, M Ward, Colin Potter, Wally Shoup, Hugh Metcalfe
254 **Mike Patton**, Elliott Sharp, The Primer: Grime, Ira Cohen's Jukebox, Antony & The Johnsons, Richard Barrett, MIA, Venetian Snares, C Schulz, Luke Fowler
255 **Electrelane**, Foetus, Alex Von Schlippenbach, Kek-Z Festrau, Steve Beresford's Jukebox, Brose, Josephine Foster, Keiji Haino's Jukebox, The Primer: Lone Home Improv, Magik Markers, Mandinka, Tony Bevan

256 **Laugh Till It Hurts** (Music in the Realm of the Absurd), Tod Dockstader, Mark Stewart's Jukebox, The Books, Cooper-Moore, Clemens Gadenstätter
257 **Jamie Lidell**, Animal Collective, Ornette Coleman, Keiji Haino's Jukebox, The Primer: Lone Home Improv, Magik Markers, Mandinka, Tony Bevan
258 **Red Krayola**, Pierre Schaeffer, The Story of The Hunt and Cold Storage, Carla Bozulich's Jukebox, Wolf Eyes, Marc Braxton, Björk, Marissa Nadler, The Skaters
259 **Richard Youngs**, Hugh Hopper, Ralf Wehowsky, Broadcast's Jukebox, The Primer: Xenakis, Alexander Hacke, Okkyung Lee, Tracy + The Plastics, Tony Conrad
260 **Boards Of Canada**, Eliane Radigue, The new London silence, The Dirty Three's Jukebox, Jarboe, Alexander Tucker, Birchville Cat Motel
261 **Remake Remodel**: Cover Versions Special, Earth, Steve Reich's Jukebox, The Birth of Japanese Free Jazz, Rolf Julius, Owen Marshall, Mazen Kerbaj
262 **Lightning Bolt**, Ken Hyder, Vashti Bunyan, The Primer: Jamaican deejays, Ray Russell's Jukebox, Tujiko Noriko, Susanne Brokesch, Rodney Graham
263 **2005 Rewind** (Records of the Year), Noah Howard, Volcano The Bear, Tetuzi Akiyama, Nurse With Wound's Jukebox, Burning Star Core, Dan Wilson, Yannis Kyriakides

264 **Edan**, **Derek Bailey 1930-2005**, Brade Pearl, Steve Reid's Jukebox, Battles, Birgit Ulher, Sleeparchive, Miya Masaoka
265 **Phill Niblock**, Quicksilver Messenger Service, Mat Maneri, The Bug's Invisible Jukebox, Wooden Wand, Tape, Keith Berry, Max Eastley
266 **Tom Verlaine**, The Primer: The Fall, Spring Heel Jack, Lindos, Burnt Friedman's Jukebox, Mouthus, The Kerla, Ned Sublette
267 **AGF**, Scott Walker, Ryoji Ikeda, Conrad Schnitzler, William Parker's Jukebox, Sereno Martin
268 **Sonic Youth**, Ekkehard Ehlers, The Primer: John Fahey, Rob Mazurek's Jukebox, Yellow Swans, Terry Day, Harry Bag, Jutta Koether
269 **Current 93**, Die Tödliche Doris, Kid606's Jukebox, Annea Lockwood, Excepter, FM3

Issues not listed here are sold out. Issue numbers not in bold indicate few copies remaining. For further details mail sales@thewire.co.uk

When ordering back issues subscribers get free CDs!

To get a copy of the relevant CD when ordering the relevant back issue, quote your subscription number on the form on page 92. NB These CDs are only available to subscribers. For track listings of all CDs go to www.thewire.co.uk/subscribe

152 **Virgin sampler**
* **The Wire Tapper 1**
177 **The Wire Tapper 2**
182 **The Wire Tapper 3**
186 **The Wire Tapper 4**
187 **Live & Direct 99**
189 **Domino On The Wire**
189 **Domino On The Wire**
193 **The Wire Tapper 5**
195 **Evan Parker's High Tide CD-ROM**
** **The Wire Tapper 6**
206 **Matador's Draw Me A Riot**
207 **The Wire Tapper 7**
211 **Bureelogy**
212 **Exploratory Music From Portugal 03**
213 **Staubgold**
220 **Tigerbeat6. And The Beat Goes Off!**
224 **Fjord Focus**
** **The Wire Tapper 8**
225 **The Wire Tapper 9**
226 **Club Transmediale 03**
229 **Snapshot From The 03 Domino Ten-Day**
230 **-Scope Showcase**
236 **The Wire Tapper 10**
237 **Merke8 03**
244 **The Wire Tapper 11**
245 **Seeing The Unseen: DOB Almanac**
248 **Exploratory Music From Portugal 04**
250 **The Wire Tapper 12**
253 **Snapshot From The 05 Domino Ten-Day**
255 **Merke8 05**
256 **The Wire Tapper 13**
257 **Liquid Architecture**
261 **Exploratory Music From Portugal 05**
262 **The Wire Tapper 14**
264 **Sonic Acts XI: Computer Art DVD**
265 **Snapshot From The 06 Domino Ten-Day**
266 **The Wire Tapper 15**

* only available with Subscription Option 1
** only available with Subscription Option 2

Order form

Subscriptions, back issues, T-shirts
Order online at www.thewire.co.uk

Subscription rates

(12 issues)

UK £39 Europe Air £55 USA & Canada Air US$100/£55
Rest of the World Air £65 Surface £55
Subscription options (see page 80 for details)

- **Option 1** One year's subscription & The Wire Tapper Vol 1–4
- **Option 2** One year's subscription & The Wire Tapper Vols 5–8
- **Option 3** One year's subscription & The Wire Tapper Vols 9–11
- **Option 4** One year's subscription & The Wire Tapper Vols 12–15
- **Option 5** One year's subscription & two extra issues

Issue you wish your subscription to start with (month) _____

Your free CDs will be sent separately to your 1st issue
Tick here if you are renewing your subscription

Order back issues here

(Price per copy including postage & packing)

UK £5 Europe Air £6 USA & Canada Air US$11/£6
Rest of the World Air £7 Surface £6
Please send me issue numbers _____

Subscriber discount: deduct £1/$1.50 from the price of each back issue you order

Order T-shirts here

(Price per copy including postage & packing)

Limited edition T-shirt by Dylan Nyoukis
UK £20 UK subscribers £18
Overseas £22/US$40 Overseas subscribers £20/US$36
Number of T-shirts required (XL) (L) (M) (S)

Standard T-shirt
UK £14 • UK subscribers £12
Overseas £16/US$29 • Overseas subscribers £14/US$26
Number of T-shirts required (XL) (L) (M) (S)

NB XL 47" L 44" M 41" S women's cut

Your details

I am a subscriber, my number (if known) is _____ /TW

Name _____
Address _____

Postcode/Zip _____
Country _____
Telephone _____
Email _____

Subscribtion £/US$ _____
Back Issues £/US$ _____
T-shirts £/US$ _____
Grand Total £/US$ _____

I enclose a cheque or money order made payable to *The Wire* for £/US$ _____
Charge my Mastercard Amex Visa/Delta Switch/Maestro for £ _____
NB All credit and debit card orders are charged in pounds sterling

Card No _____
For Switch/Maestro cards please supply the longest, ie 16 or 19 digit, number

Card Expiry Date _____ Card Valid From Date _____
Security Code _____ Switch/Maestro Card Issue No _____
(ie last three digits on signature strip)

Please supply cardholder's name and address if different from above
Name _____
Address _____

Signature _____ Date _____

Please tick here if you would prefer not to receive occasional mailings from compatible organisations

Return this page (or a copy) to

The Wire Freepost RLUT–LJZX–XYTR 23 Jack's Place 6 Corbet Place London E1 6NN UK Tel +44 (0)20 7422 5022 Fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011
subs@thewire.co.uk

No stamp needed if mailed in the UK. Payment by credit card UK Sterling cheque international money order or US dollar cheque. Please write your name and address on the back of your cheque

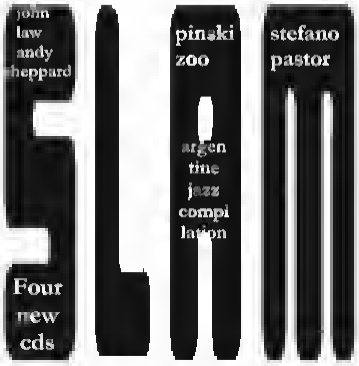
Subscriber special

With this month's issue, all *The Wire*'s subscribers will receive an exclusive copy of a new CD documenting the Eco e Narciso sound art project in Turin

Since 2003, the Provincia di Torino in Northern Italy has been sponsoring a remarkable art project called Eco e Narciso, which aims to integrate various forms of artistic activity (painting, photography, literature, sound art, etc) into the ongoing development and transformation of the local area. This year's project, subtitled Cultura Materiale/Musica, consists of a series of site-specific sound installations placed at various locations on Torino's network of museum spaces: the installations have been commissioned from a number of leading experimental musicians and sound artists, including Bruno Dorella, Marco Milanesio, Fabrizio Modonese Palumbo, John Duncan, Valerio Tricoli, Jacob Kirkegaard, Stephan Mathieu and Steve Roden. In collaboration with *The Wire*, the project's curators, Daniela Cascella and Rebecca De Marchi, have compiled an exclusive CD containing extracts from the audio components of all the installations that is given away to all the magazine's subscribers with copies of this month's issue. The installations themselves will remain open to the public until September 2006. For further information go to www.ecoenarciso.it.

The Eco e Narciso CD is the latest instalment in an ongoing series of discs that are specially produced for *The Wire* and given away to all the magazine's subscribers worldwide with selected issues of the zine. These CDs are only available to subscribers and are not on sale with the magazine in the shops. If you are not yet a subscriber you can still make sure you get your hands on a copy of the CD by taking out a new subscription to *The Wire* this month.

For details of how to subscribe to *The Wire*, turn to page 88 of this month's issue or go to www.thewire.co.uk/subscribe



FROM GOOD JAZZ SHOPS DIST CADILLAC IMPETUS

Or direct from SLAM at www.slamprods.net
Email: info@slamprods.net Tel: 01235 529012

www.burningshed.com | The Black and White Series

Peter Chilvers - Piano

Echoing the powerful and ambitious 1970s solo piano suites by the likes of Keith Jarrett and Chick Corea, Peter Chilvers' Piano is a powerful masterclass of understated invention

Roger Eno - Fragile (Music)

With traces of the cool Minimalism of Erik Satie and Harold Budd Fragile (Music) represents a supremely moving statement from one of British music's lost treasures.

Also available from www.burningshed.com rothko, ne-man, porcupine tree hugh hopper mike figgis chroma key hatfield & the north, 21st century schizoid band and much more

www.burningshed.com | info@burningshed.com | c/o window house, 74 thorpe road, norwich nr1 1ba UK

STAALPLAAT

FM3

mort aux vaches
Buddha Machine
T-Shirt's
& loops on Yokomono 2

www.staalplaat.com

next up on riot season

shit and shine
Jealous Of Shit And Shine
RS-CD-DVD / RELEASE SEPTEMBER

Musclehead Vs Brian Lee Kings the all new + fresh 7+ album 'Of Shit And Shine' + bonus CD of the new deleted vinyl album 'You're Lucky I'd Have Friends Like Us'
Check website for further details & myspaces site for mp3's

the riot season mailorder dept

AS WELL AS BEING ABLE TO BUY RIOT RELEASES VIA THE WEBSITE, WE NOW ALSO HAVE THE 'OTHER SHOP' AREA WHERE WE STOCK RELEASES FROM LIKEMINDED ARTISTS & LABELS

www.riotseason.com
www.myspace.com/ltsriotseason

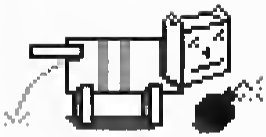
DISTRIBUTED BY BMD / REVOLVER / HAUSMANN / SUBATOM / FLIP / CONSPIRACY / FORCED EXPOSURE

second layer records

Sonic Youth Rather Ripped LP £10.99
Burning Star Core Sold Alive cassette (ltd.155) £6.99
Minutemen 'We jam econo' The Story Of... 2DVD £11.99
Loren Connors Night Through: Singles And Collected Works 1975 2004 3CD £17.99
Rhys Chatham Die Donnergotter CD/2LP £11.99/£11.99
Acid Mothers Temple & The Pink Ladies Blues Featuring The Sun Love And The Heavy Metal Thunder CD/2LP (ltd 281) £11.99/£11.99
Mark Fosson The Lost Tokoro Sessions newly discovered archival recordings from 1977 £11.99
Boris Pink 2LP (ltd 2500) £10
Moondog Rare Material 2CD+booklet £14.99
Tom Rafler Trio / Colin Potter / Andrew Liles Three Eggs CD (ltd 1000) £11.99
Maher Shalal Hash Bar Funk Départ £8.99
Melvins Houdini Live £11.99
Bill Fay Group Tomorrow, Yesterday & Tomorrow LP £11.99
more the The Modern Dance brand new remastered dual-disc edition CD/DVD £11.99
Tajiko Noriko Shoja Tsuhi+ new release £11.99
Tarikhsana Preparing For War - Special Edition Box-Set 2CD+DVD £14.99
Wolf Eyes & Anthony Braxton Black Vomit £11.99
Dead Machines The Night Calling LP (ltd.500) £12.99
Sublime Frequencies brand new titles in stock: CD each £11.99 / DVD £10.99
Earth Mass 3:Thrones And Dominions CD/2LP £8.99/£11.99
Alvarius B S/T CD release of first LP £13.99
V/A Imaginational Anthem Vol.2 feat James Blackshaw Tobias Burke, Jack Rose, Peter Lang, Jose Gonzalez, Christina Carter & more £11.99
Birchville Cat Metal Chaos Steel Skeletons 1-3 2CDR (ltd 100) each £11.99
Sir Richard Bishop Plays The Sun City Girls 7" £3.99
V/A California feat The Shakers, Joe Culley, Yellow Sunns John Wiese, The Cherry Point, Ange Par Christ & many more 10LP box-set (ltd 1750 copies) £call
Black Sand Desert Choking On Grave Soil new solo project from Grim of Hive Mind £8.99
Burning Star Core West Coast Spring 2004 LP £11.99
Rhys Chatham An Angel Moves Too . CD/LP £11.99/£11.99
V/A Free Lunch feat Wooden Spoon, Eidetic Band, Ladyscreamer & Rob Mallender 2LP (ltd 550) £10.99
Drinala Negative Capability / What Is Real And What Is Not each £10.99
V/A Keats Rides A Harley excellent early hardcore / post-punk comp from 1981 newly released with bonus material feat. Meat Puppets, Drinala, 100 Flowers, Gun Club & loads more £10.99
Cal De Fan Sabbatin / Cant 7" (ltd.2000) £4.99
Marshaw Mirage Vol 1 £10.99
Legendary Pink Dots Alchemical Playschool CD in soapstone box (ltd 400) £47.99
Dub Trio New Heavy £11.99
Tom Carter Bridge Music CDR (ltd 150) £7.99
Ron Anderson The River Hole. CD/2LP £11.99/£11.99
Holy Ghost S/T new group feat Ariel Pink and Matt Fishbeck £11.99
Magik Markers For Sale Jane CD £11.99
Mungt S/T £10.99
Devendra Banhart Cripple Cove 2LP (ltd 500) £11.99
V/A Voices Of Dada archival interviews and phonetic poetry by Marcel Duchamp, Tristan Tzara, Hans Arp & more £10.99

Fast delivery / Telephone orders welcome / Cheques, cash & postal orders accepted / Credit card & Paypal / Call for a catalogue if you don't have internet access

secondlayer.co.uk
secure online payments tel: 07855 140 992

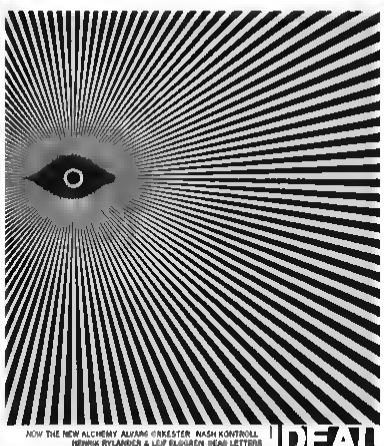


BOOMKAT.COM

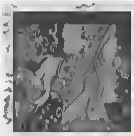
the Moglass
- Sparrow Juice
ns45CD

Andrey Kiritchenko/ the Moglass/Courtis
ns49CD

WWW.NEXSOUND.ORG



Vetiver



Between
CD (DiCristina)
A beautiful mini album from Andy Cabic featuring live material, radio sessions and home recordings

S/T CD (DiCristina)
Debut release featuring Devendra Banhart, Joanna Newsom, Hope Sandoval and My Bloody Valentine's Colm O Ciosoig

DiCristina

New album *To Find Me Gone* available now
available online at **www.midheaven.com**
forte music distribution - www.fortedistribution.co.uk

epic45
'slides' mmm002

mmm003 july skies
'where the days go'

full length CD album
including 4 bonus tracks

"Their sound successfully blends acoustic instruments with some lazy lead programming producing songs which are ambient pastoral and thoroughly modern."

www.epic45.com
www.myspace.com/epic45

19 track collection of radio sessions,
ep tracks, unreleased material
and reworkings

july skies uk live dates w/ secret shine
sept 16th flapper & firkin, birmingham
sept 23rd louisiana, bristol
more tbc

www.julyskies.com
www.myspace.com/julyskies

makemine music

forthcoming on PsychoNavigation

OUT NOW – David Bickley: "Still Rivers At Night"
Coming Soon – Electric Penguins:
"Goodbye From The Electric Penguins"
www.myspace.com/electricpenguins
Roedelius (Cluster): "Snapshots / Sidesteps"
buy all releases online at:
www.psychonavigation.com

SIXTY NINE MILLIMETRES WIDE
EIGHTY TWO MILLIMETRES HIGH
WIREADV
ERTISING
CONTACT
ANDYORSHANE
+44(0)2074225014
ADS@THEWIRE.CO.UK

volcanictongue.com

Yellow Swans/Grey Daturas *Copper Silver* 2xLP brand new ltd 525 £14.99
Hijokaidan *2nd Destruction* 2LP IRD art edition box ltd 250 Vinyl On Demand £call
Sunn/Wolf Eyes *The Beast* CD De Stijl last copies of this legendary collab £10.99
Wooden Wand & The Vanishing Voice *From The Road Volume 2 3 4* CD-Rs £6.99
Magik Markers *Feel The Crayons* LP Not Not Fun 1st ed. ltd 500 last copies! £13.99
Roky Erickson and the Aliens *The Evil One* 2LP complete gatefold £14.99
Abortion 8 (solo Sun City Girls) s/t CD *Abduction* release of 1st LP £13.99
Mouthus *Slave Vibrator* LP Our Mouth ltd 500 brand new £call
Richard Youngs/Andrew Paine *Sonic* CD-R Sonic Oyster new £7.99
Keiji Haino *Affection* + 18 other Haino, Fushitsusha back catalogue on PSF £12.99
V/A California 10xLP(!) box set [21 bands inc Skaters, John Wiese, Yellow Swans, Damion Romero, Open City, The Cherry Point, Rubber O Cement & more) £call
V/A New England 5xLP box set Con't, Prurient, Sickness 1st ed last copies £call
Raccoo-oo-oon *Is Night People* CD Release the Bats new £10.99
Spark Trio (w/Bao Mosho) + all other new releases on the always-great Utech £7.99
Phantom Family Halo *Legend of Black Star* LP members of Sapat £11.99
Burning Star Core *West Coast Spring 2004* LP What The? Records ltd 300 £12.99
V/A 18 new Sublime Frequencies CDs and DVD Cambodia Algeria etc £13.99
Charles Gayle *Three Zero* CD Tompkins Square solo piano [!] £8.99
The Beat Merchants *The Beats Go On* LP UK mid-60s punk R 'n' B band £14.99
Owl Sounds Exploding Galaxy CD-R Colour Sounds Recordings ltd 50 £6.99
Virgin Insanity *Illusions Of The Maintenance Man* LP De Stijl last copies £15.99
Revue Ou. Sound Poetry An Anthology 4xCD last Alga Marghen new issue £49.99
Malone Shalid Hash Bus *Faux Départ* CD Tib Tab new lop-sided big band act £8.99
Ake Hodell *Verbal Brainwash And Other Works* 3xCD Fylkingen essential £19.99
Shadowman LP finally released members of Double Leopards Marbara £14.99
Kidd Jordan/Hamid Drake/William Parker *Palm Of Soul* CD Aum Fidelity £12.99
John Fahey *Blind Joe Death* LP Takoma 1st LP mono repro gorgeous £11.99
Mr Dorgon *Malmoya* & 11 self-released CDs w William Parker Cromwell et al £8.99
Chie Mukai *Crossing Solo Improvisation* CD-R There one of her best £10.99
Ex-Cocaine, Sick Llama, Evil Moisture 7" lathes & new comp AA Records £call
Tara Jane Oneil *To Trace A Rambling Mississippi Records* LP ltd 500 new £10.99
Prashrooscope (MI IAA) & 1 Pie Disc LP *A Silent Place* ltd 500 £12.99
Stan Reed/Gregor Jobs/Frank Rosenta *Apoplexia 1973* CD NB/Wenque £11.99
Arrington De Dionyso *Breath of Fire* CD K bass clarinet/throat-singing £10.99
Jandek *Glasgow Sunday* DVD Corwood totally essential £9.99
Jandek we now have EVERY CD release to date to would complete your set £7.99
Violent Students *Time to Surf* cass ltd 100 acid punk drug-rock ala Rainbowed £5.99
Tina & David Meltzer *Green Morning* LP Beat affirmation West Coast rock £16.99
Jutok Kaneko *Solo Live At Jerry Jeff* CD-R There ltd to 400 totally incredible £10.99
Anseus 2 LP Bl Cycle brand new Finnish massively hazy wave £14.99
Odd Clouds & 1 Ypsilanti Records ltd 300 Detroit based duo free jams £11.99
Greg Malcolm *Hung* CD Celebrate Psi Phenomenon all live recordings £9.99
Conrad Schnitzler 1 different CD released all ltd to 800 Captain Trip £13.99
Mesyuki Takayanagi *Action Direct Live* LP CD Tiliqua last copies £23.99/£14.99
Jackscone *Mind Music Machine* LP ltd 500 killer SAV X artwork to boot £12.99
Ted Daniel *Sunset & Is The Beginning* 2 new CDs, trumpeter Black Wrestler £11.99
Sickness *Sought For Skying* LP Hospital unlikely monk classic noise side £14.99
Washington Phillips *What Are They Doing* 7" LP Mississippi ltd 900 £10.99
Alastair Galbraith *Morse*, Gaslight & Talisman CDs essential reissues £11.99
The Cherry Point *Black Witchery* CD PACrec & all other new Troubleman releases £7.99
Wolf Eyes, Skull Defekts *I'm I Am Your Angel* LP Fang Bomb ltd 500 £11.99
Ran Blake *All That Is Tied* Tompkins Square CD 30th anniversary ESP side £8.99
Saehiko Ito *Never Alone For* CD There unbelievable solo female zero-fluxus £10.99
1/3 Octave Band *Navigation By Light* Celebrate Psi Phenomenon CD-R £7.99
Black Sand Desert (Hive Mind) *Choking On Grove Soil* CD PACrec new £7.99
Jim O'Rourke *& Oscillators 87 Guitar 88* LP No Fun new ltd to 500 £14.99
Lasse Gamble *Memory Collapse Evolving Ear* scrabbly zone-jabs CD £7.99
Raccoo-oo-oon/Woods *Pre-American Lands* LP Not Not Fun w rabbit foot! £12.99
Red Kites *Vermelaha* CD-R U-Sound amazing UK space/flux ala Nico/Jandek £8.99
Ecstatic Peace Poetry Journal *Spring Summer 2006* w T Moore & more £7.99
Sir Richard Bishop *Plays Sun City Girls* 7" live Morden Tower ltd 500 £4.99
V/A *Lost Kind Words (1926-1953)* LP Mississippi Records fantastic folk-blues £10.99
Ora/Six Organs of Admittance split 7" Holy Mountain wow £4.99
The Plastic Cloud & 1 LP Lion ltd 700 one of the greatest psych LPs ever! £20.99
V/A *Imaginational Anthem 2* CD w Christina Carter Blackshaw Basho+++ £8.99
Kaleidoscope/Fairfield Parlour *Please Listen To The Pictures* 2xLP Circle £26.99
Campingsex 2xLP Explendor Geometrica 3xLP & all other Vinyl On Demand £call
Tovah Olson (Dead Machines) *Cabin Fever* LP American Tapes ltd 200 £17.99
Family Underground *Raising The Labyrinth* CD-R self-released new £7.99
Prurient *Point And Void* CD Ninth Circle Music ltd release one of his best! £10.99
Lionel *Mystery Revolution* CD Digitalis & other new Dnos titles in stock £8.99
Siloah & 1 LP legendary European stoned communal cultic freakout £18.99
V/A *Free London* 2xLP Be!Weird ltd 500 expanding free folk tongues £15.99
Ashtray Navigations new CDs CD-Rs on Chee Monk, Baixos, Mousebrs, etc. £call
Mouthus/Cousins of Reggae & 1 LP Olde English Spelling Bee ltd 500 £12.99
Joji Yuasa *Obscure Tape Music Of Japan Vol.4* CD Omega Point £14.99
John Wiese *Black Magic Fond* CD Blossoming Noise harsh noise dynamism £9.99
Ben Reynolds *Outmospheric Arts Of The Outmosphere* CD Digitalis £8.99
Looners *Othe Gour Hend* 2xCD-R Ruby Red new weird Portugese jammers £11.99
Zaimph *Live Hounds* CD-R Marcia Basset Hototogisu Double Leopards ltd 100 £7.99
Creation Music Ensemble w/Arrington De Dionyso assorted CD-Rs £7.99

http://www.volcanictongue.com
email: volcanictongue@yahoo.co.uk
phone: 0141 204 3322
Visit the shop. Tues-Sat 11AM-6PM
1129 Argyle Street, Glasgow G3 8ND

Premier source for new second-hand and rare underground LPs, CDs, CD-Rs, DVDs, cassettes, lathes, books/mags & associated sub-cultural ephemera. We stock free folk, psych, Japanese underground noise, avant-garde, free jazz, blues, experimental, garage punk/DIY drone, industrial, sound poetry, prog, americana primitive, doom, private press, acid folk, classic 60s/70s rock, basement scum & assorted outsider modes. Full reviews on site. Sign up for our weekly updates. We accept payment via major credit/debit cards, Paypal, cheques, POs.

Entr'acte Summer 2006

New!

Scott Taylor/ermeixner
Please keep clear at all times
Entr'acte 34 (CD)

Recent releases

Joe Gilmore & George Rogers
Elself
Entr'acte 33 (3" CD)

Esther Venrooy
Shift Coordinate Points
Entr'acte 30 (LP)

Forthcoming

Mouths/Haptic
Split
Entr'acte 37 (LP)

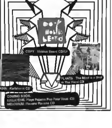
DJ Ordeal
Sea/Seagull
Entr'acte 39 (LP)

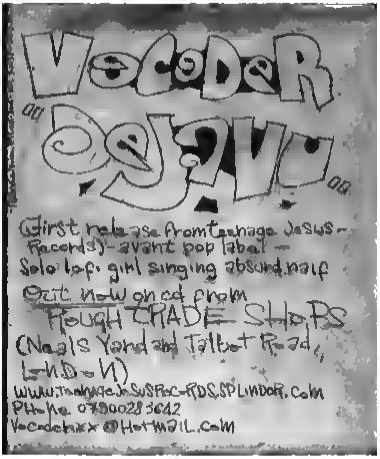
entracte.co.uk

//////////////////////// jonathan weiss ////
> THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION --------
//////////////////////// cyrus frisch //////
> VERGEEF ME ------------------------
//////////////////////// mika taanila //////
> AIKA & AINE ----------------------
//////////////////////// david cronenberg //
> STEREO/CRIMES OF THE FUTURE ----

REEL23
LIFE IS DATA
PROGRESS IS OPTIONAL
www.REEL23.com

AUDIO DREGS
www.audiodregs.com





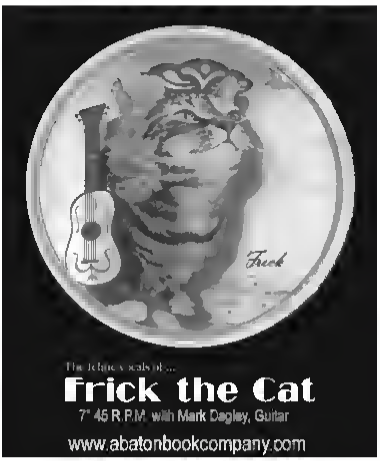
www.myspace.com/varispeed
www.myspace.com/crawlspace
www.myspace.com/thegianteyes

www.mutating.co.uk

www.weirdsville.com
www.weirdsville.com
www.weirdsville.com
www.weirdsville.com

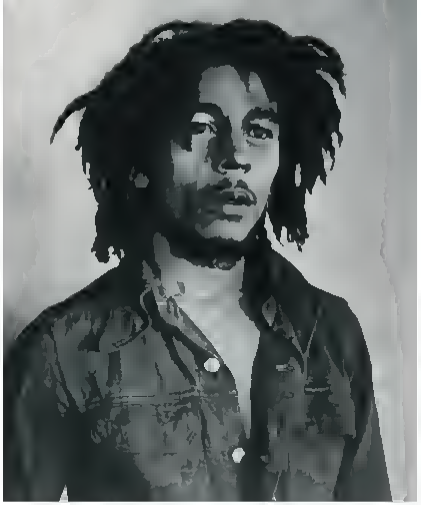
Remote Control Frequencies

20,000 CD & 180 gram LP
experimental hip hop | subaquatic noise rock
www.secretlifeofsound.com



Epiphanies

When it comes to communication, you can't beat drums. Vivien Goldman reflects on the constant, empowering pulse that's marked the changes through her life in music, from Bob Marley to Chicks On Speed



Steeled pulse: Bob Marley

People tend to reduce the essence of African music to the drums. Fela Kuti's son Femi once insisted to me, but really melody, and particularly harmony, were equally if not more important. True, although the old pirates whom Bob Marley sang of in "Redemption Song" knew how important the drum was – that's why the British banned virtually all drumming in their colonies. New Orleans is such a deep musical well because when captive Africans of different nationalities were permitted to drum together in Congo Square, their cross-pollination began programming a pan-African-American rhythm vocabulary that came to underpin blues, rock and all other associated branches of that musical tree of life.

Thinking about how drum patterns evolve and both reflect and trigger change in the people playing and listening, reminded me of one series of subterranean nights that's been on my mind a lot recently, particularly as I've just written a book about it. So please fly back with me through time to early 1976, when Bob Marley and The Wailers were recording *Exodus* at Basing Street Studios off Ladbroke Grove, a converted church so expressive of the era that brown shag carpeting covered the walls like deep-pile indoor ivy. The Wailers were all on their own exodus in London, having just escaped a traumatic politically motivated assassination attempt at Bob's home in Hope Road, Kingston – now the Bob Marley Museum.

One particular radical drum rethink happened during those sessions that underlined a generational sea-change. As usual, the studio was packed when they mixed "Exodus", and everyone registered how Carlton Barrett's unconventional, disco-inflected drumming was a radical change for reggae. At that point, disco was about to become the glittery monster that swallowed up the careers of a generation of musos, but even though the shift in drum pattern was more associated with black America, or even Germany, the spontaneous adaptation pleased everyone except the diehard roots reggae fans, who gave up on The Wailers even while their global sales zoomed. The subtle, trailblazing fusion was encouraged by both Chris Blackwell, the founder of Island Records who functioned as the album's executive producer, engineer Karl Pitterson, and Barrett's bass playing brother, Aston 'Family Man', the group's de facto musical director. They all understood how The Wailers wanted to grow reggae without diluting their rebel Third World stance. But Carlton reached his limit when he came to the studio one night, having missed the session for "Waiting In Vain", to discover that the group had used one of their new toys, a first generation drum machine, and his services on the track were not required. Carly flipped and complained bitterly about being replaced by a machine, evidently predicting the imminent mass takeover of musicians by synthesizers.

Of course, Carly's paranoid instincts were spot on. The differences hit me hard when I heard another altered drum pattern a few nights ago, seeing Chicks On Speed perform at New York's Museum Of Modern Art. Effervescent, capricious and blessed with a Marx Sisters lunacy, the Chicks reminded me that some three decades had in fact passed since I first wrote about Women In Rock, back when a chick with a guitar was as noteworthy as quintuplets. (They hadn't yet invented IVF.)

The Chicks channelled the girly musicians I used to write about and sometimes also jam with, like The Slits, The Raincoats and Delta 5. Wearing a frothy skirt of multicoloured netting and what looked like rather painful black duct tape on her nipples, one Chick launched a programmed beat that seemed oddly familiar. Right before the vocals came in, I realised it was a speedier, electro take on Delta 5's agreeably stroppy vintage single, "Mind Your Own Business". Despite the shift in groove, Chicks On Speed stayed faithful to the original's insistent assurance. The expression had changed, but the rebel girl stance remained. It hit me like a drumroll that the change wasn't just in the drum pattern, but in our lives.

Chicks on Speed owned the stage with an assurance that also comes from knowing that, freaky and free as they are, their business operation is sound and functions independently. Their gig is viable. Most of the 70s/80s typical girls', including The Slits, Lora Logic and X Ray Spex, were always marginalised as volatile novelties by the record industry.

While they played, the Chicks screened footage of themselves and friends cavorting naked on a rooftop, with the impish insouciance of a Dick Lester-era Beatles flick. Even in today's quite prudish New York, no MoMA guard came rushing to pull the plug. It was art, after all, and also an elated pagan, pansexual Bacchante frenzy flickering behind a giant sculpture by Rodin. At a moment when pole dancers, strippers and hoes in general dominate so much hiphop discourse, without controlling the conversation, it was refreshing to see females get naked because they want to, filming themselves and controlling the use of their work. Definitely different from the reaction I got from my editor at *Melody Maker* when I rushed into his office in 1979 waving the first Slits album, *Cut*, with its sleeve of the trio naked and daubed in mud, and begged him to let me review it. The editor looked at the sleeve, blanched, and gagged. "But they're so fat!" he finally exclaimed of the three regular to slender young women. "How could they do it?" Although they only got to make one more album, The Slits had clearly pressed a button marked ESCAPE – and 30 years on, the door had swung open for Chicks On Speed. Their different drums marked a flightpath.

But even today's programmed drums usually revolve round ancient beats. They work for a reason. Reggae is often called heartbeat music because the rhythms of the Rasta nyabinghi drums mimic that of the human heart at rest. I found myself unexpectedly testing that theory at a recent reading for *The Book Of Exodus* at McNally Robinson, a hip indie bookstore in New York's SoHo. I was accompanied by a local conscious DJ, Res Kush, and Jah Jerry's Village Drums Of Freedom. As planned, I read solo, and then the drums beat through the break. When I began again, the drummers played a final flourish so I could continue alone. But their rhythm caught me as if I was body surfing a tremendous wave. I knew I had to change, adapt my plans. "Keep playing," I whispered, and as I started reading, the drums sustained their shifting pulse. The familiar throb carried me like a tide as I told the dramatic story of Bob Marley's betrayal by men he'd welcomed into his home, who ruthlessly planned to sacrifice him for political gain. The nyabinghi drums that gave Marley strength urged me on and controlled me, and on that steamy Manhattan night, everyone present was on the same frequency. ☐ *Vivien Goldman's* The Book Of Exodus: The Making And Meaning Of Bob Marley's Album Of The Century *is published this month by Aurum Press. Her 1981 single "Launderette" produced by John Lydon, will be reissued shortly, with new remixes, on Chicks On Speed Records.*

The Wire T-shirts 2006

The Wire T-shirt comes in two styles: a standard black shirt printed with *The Wire* logo; plus a series of limited edition shirts featuring specially commissioned designs by a variety of underground artists, musicians and organisations. These special edition T-shirts are printed in limited runs of 100 shirts each. Once these have been sold, that's it, they won't be reprinted. For details of prices, sizes and how to order, turn to page 92

Dylan Nyoukis *Little Elk Inside Wino Lodge*

A new piece of artwork from the family man of UK noise, member of Blood Stereo, Decaer Pinga, Ceylon Mange et al. Printed in red and black on an olive green shirt with *The Wire* URL printed in red on the right sleeve. Limited edition of 100 shirts

The standard T-shirt

A revamped version of our standard shirt, with the magazine's newly stripped-down logo printed in yellow across the front of a black shirt and our URL printed in yellow on the right sleeve

OSUNLADE PRESENTS YORUBA RECORDS CINCO ANOS DESPUE SJR LP/CD 144

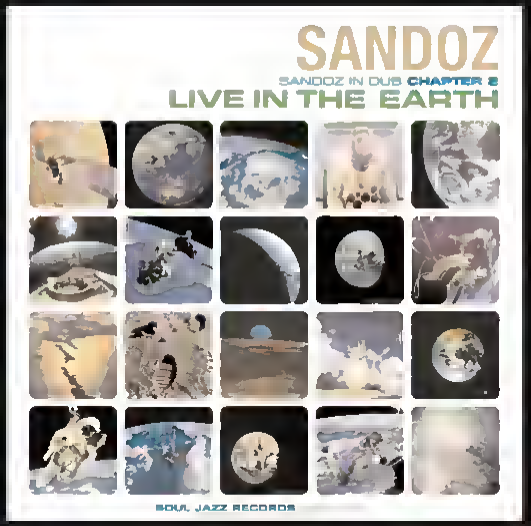
Mighty two CD release of the best from Osunlade's many production works and artists that he has worked with over the past 5 years released on his own label, Yoruba Records. Featuring all the collectable first tracks released originally in New York and long out of print, (such as Erro "Don't Change" and Osunlade "Ochun's Arrival"), as well as numerous Yoruba Soul mixes and classic tracks from artists such as KB, Djinji Brown, Atelewo, Nadirah Shakoor including new and unreleased versions.

STUDIO ONE SCORCHER VOL.2 SJR LP/CD 143

The latest Studio One release to be released on Soul Jazz Records features killer instrumentals from a stellar line-up of Jamaica's finest ever musicians. This album features many of the musicians involved with Studio One who literally defined Reggae music. From the Skatalites members Tommy McCook, Roland Alphonso, Jackie Mittoo to killer sidemen such as trombonist Vin Gordon (A/K/A Don Drummond Jnr), saxophonist Cedric "Im" Brooks, keyboardist and Twelve Tribes of Israel member Pablove Black.

ESG KEEP ON MOVIN SJR LP/CD 138

REL DATE 3RD JULY 2006 The legendary ESG return with their first new album in nearly five years on Soul Jazz Records.



SANDOZ LIVE IN THE EARTH SJR LP/CD 150

REL DATE 29TH MAY 2006 New album of electronic and digital dub and reggae from legendary post-punk pioneer Richard H. Kirk (founder of Cabaret Voltaire)

LISTEN TO SOUL JAZZ RECORDS' **SOUNDS OF THE UNIVERSE RADIO SHOW** ON **RESONANCE 104.4 FM** IN LONDON OR ON THE WEB AT RESONANCEFM.COM. SHOW IS BROADCAST LIVE EVERY **THURSDAY AT 9.30PM.**

SOUL JAZZ RECORDS

www.souljazzrecords.co.uk Distributed by Vital in the UK